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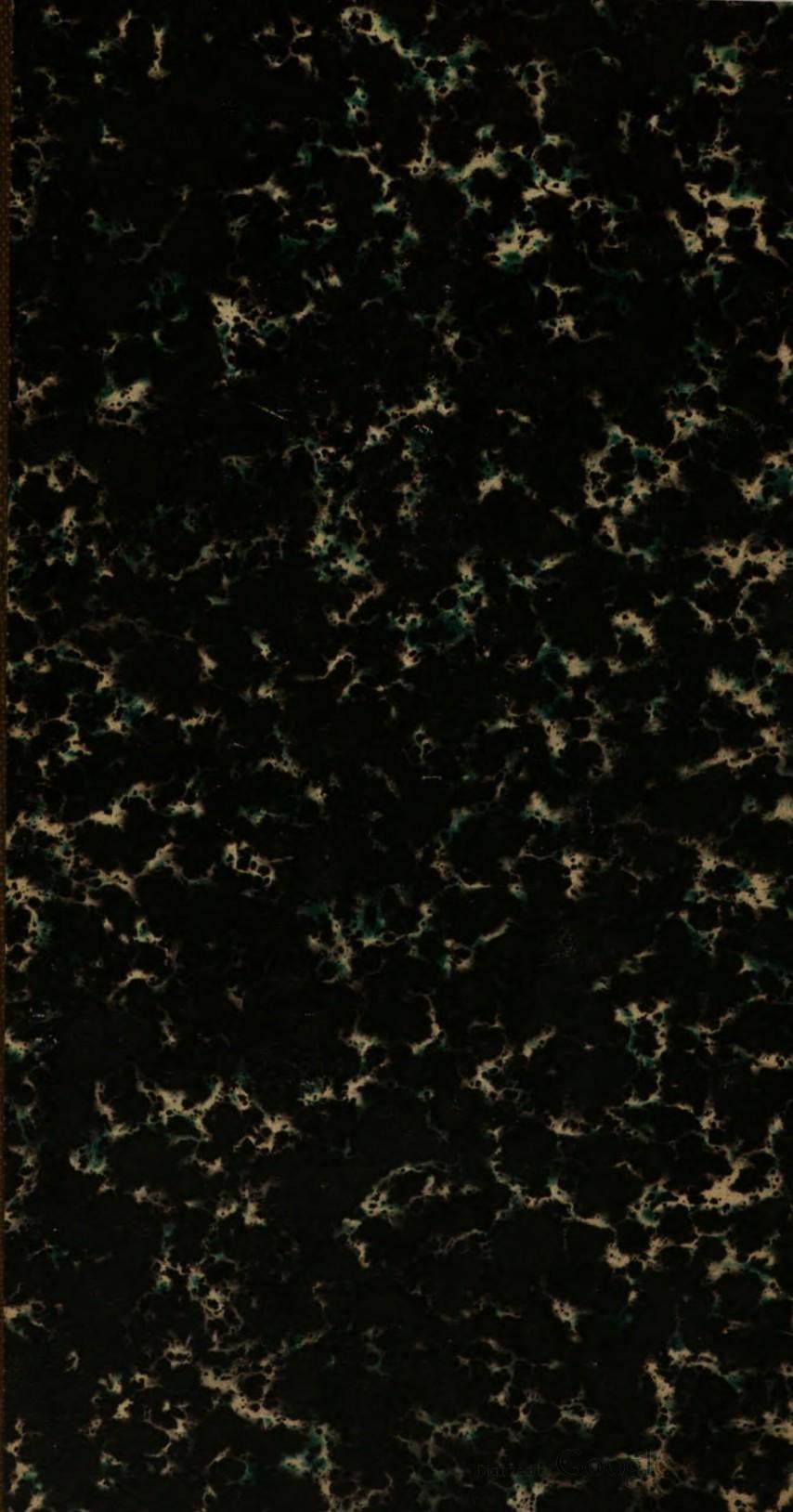
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THE  
MONTHLY  
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
AND  
INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIX.

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SECOND SERIES, VOLUME XVII.

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F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

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SAINTHOOD IN CÆSAR'S HOUSEHOLD.

A SERMON BY THE EDITOR.

*PHILIPPIANS* iv. 22: — “The saints that are of Cesar's household.”

THIS incidental allusion informs us that already, in Paul's day, there were Christian disciples in the Pagan Palace of the World. Jesus was confessed, it seems, not only “before men,” but before emperors,—men that, in irresponsible power and savage cruelty, had almost lost the nature of men.

Faith has won its grandest conquests on straitened and sorrowful fields. If the strength and joy of believing are proportioned to the weight of the crosses borne for it,—and such a rule as that does appear to have place in the spiritual economy,—then it is in some such post of perplexity as a Cæsar's household, some age of persecution or close corner of peril, that we must look for the bravest witnesses to truth. So keenly has this been felt by some adventurous souls, that they have positively longed for fiercer onsets of trial than our common and easy fortunes bring, giving their religious constancy a chance to prove itself in-

vincible. Sir Thomas Browne, with his unbounded veneration, had an appetite so hungry for this stimulus to trust, that he says, in one of the passages of his Treatise on the Religion of a Physician, "I bless myself and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles, and that I never saw Christ nor his disciples; for then my faith would have been thrust upon me, and I could not have enjoyed that greater blessing promised to all that see not and yet believe." He envies the old Hebrews their title to the only bold and noble faith, since they lived before the Saviour's coming, and gathered their confidence out of mystical types and obscure prophecies. Modern society does not abound in instances of such enthusiasm for believing. More persons seem to be asking what is the minimum of faith that can be made to serve for safety,— how much knowledge will release them from here, and divine indulgence there,— than how affluent a measure they may be privileged to keep in reserve. We eulogize virtues that flourish only in a favoring soil and climate. We palliate and excuse the deficiency, when honesty is missing in the household of Cæsar,— in seats of power or wealth or folly, in office or at court, in Washington or in Paris. We forget that the current piety of the Church, of society, and of the market sinks and dwindles inevitably, unless it is replenished by the energy of those valiant examples who will dare to bear testimony and be true in the very palaces of power and fashion and mammon.

Of the line of Roman Cæsars,— that race standing apart, of whom it has been well said, by a scholar competent to speak, that there met in them "all the heights and depths which belong to man, all the contrasts of glory and meanness, the extremities of what is highest and lowest in human possibility," — the personage whom Paul speaks of here as having saints in his household was the sixth from the founder. Nero was a prince that as far surpassed others in infamy as Augustus did in royalty; a man who, if every soul beside himself in his household had been a saint, concentrated

inhumanity and pollution enough in his person to have darkened all their virtue by the blackness of his unnatural crimes ; a man that expended more ingenuity in contriving new modes of dishonoring humanity than most Christians have in serving it, and who earned the reputation of introducing into history, as facts, crimes so enormous, and combinations of wickedness so revolting, that but for him they would have been held too fabulous for the wildest fancy ; a man that hunted up and down his vast domains to find some fresh species of murder, with exquisite and aggravated accompaniments enough to season it to his monstrous appetite, with the same eagerness that gluttons search out a fresh delicacy for a sated palate ; a man that tried three different ways of butchering his own mother, and at last despatched her by a vulgar execution, in a petulant rage at being baffled so often ; and who added the tyrant's caprice to the incendiary's, by undertaking at once to throw off the suspicion of his own agency in the diabolic conflagration of his capital, and to comfort his bloodthirsty temper, by imputing the fire to the innocent Christians ; who tortured his Christian subjects by unheard-of torments, dressing them in the skins of wild animals to provoke dogs to tear them to pieces, or wrapping their bodies in clothing smeared with pitch, and then setting them on fire to light up the Roman night with their burning ; a man, in short, that wrought so awful an impression of his attributes of superhuman atrocity on the minds of the believers of that age, that a common rumor went abroad among them, after his horrible death, that he would return again alive to vex the world anew, and to be the Antichrist of prophecy.

In the household of such a man and such a Cæsar it was that the Apostle, himself now a voluntary prisoner at Rome, awaiting his trial and probably his martyrdom, found "saints," — saints that he mentions with special honor, when he sends their message in his letter to the friends at Philippi. There, and then, if nowhere else or since, we can all feel that it was something heroic to be a saint. By con-

trast with so dark a depravity, and in the teeth of so relentless a spite, "professing Christ" had a meaning; to be called a Christian cost sacrifices that deserved the name. Saintship shone, then, with a palpable glory; and no man could fail of seeing whence the light came. The followers of the Crucified, and the lovers of the world, were separate companies of souls; the sword and the lions pronounced the distinction between them with emphasis. No wonder Paul thanks God that even then the faith of the *Roman* Christians was spoken of in all the world.

Across the chasm of almost eighteen hundred years, beyond an ocean that is narrowed now by the Christian civilization which those saints installed, we are speaking of it,— thanking God, too, I hope, for his own wondrous providence in his Church,— thanking Paul's pen that has left us this bright trace of a precious martyrology,— thanking these saints of Cæsar's household themselves, for the mighty arms of faith which they reach over to us, to encourage our confidence, to quicken our unbelief, to reinspire our too sluggish zeal.

Possibly it may be found that there is just as real and deep a distinction now as then, between him who serveth God and loveth the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and him who serveth and loveth not. Possibly it may appear, that the glory of an actual saintship, the veritably faithful spirit, is just as pure and lustrous now as then. Possibly we may see that yet there are saints in Cæsars' households, and that there is as good cause to venerate and to multiply them, as when the gladiators waited in the ring, and beasts licked up their blood from the sand.

For, the substance of all sainthood that has vitality enough to survive in households of Cæsar is this,— that its virtue is so built on interior foundations, and its religious faith so rooted in the spiritual Source and Divine Master of its life, that no outward opposition avails to break it down, or even to interrupt its worship. You see, at once, how this carries the spirit of it out of the first age, and beyond Nero's

palace; how possible it is, and how much wanted also, wherever an adverse influence frowns on Christian purity, or hinders Christian fidelity, and therefore how the subject is reduced at once to a practical study. For that influence may proceed from things not held in much suspicion;—from a false social standard; from a set of surrounding associations hostile to holiness; from a dominant worldliness in a nation, or a city, or a college, or a literal household; from an inhuman course of legislation; from maxims of pretended honor really barbarous; from customs of evasion and apology, or of self-indulgence and sensual excess, of profaneness and cruelty, that creep in among loosened principles, as well as from courts and tyrants' thrones.

There are three or four special traits essential to this *sainthood in Cæsar's household*,—whoever the Cæsar may be, and wherever his house may stand. The first of these, we shall agree, is Courage. Christianity has not only room, but favor, for every noble sentiment in human nature; and so she offers even to the veteran soldier, and to the enthusiastic youth, a field for all his bravery grander than any of his battles, in the resistance of moral invasion. Accordingly, we find that, very soon, Christianity seized on some of those rough warriors that never quailed themselves, but had terrified and conquered the world. Mention is incidentally made of one convert who was “a centurion of the band called the Italian band,” and some of these believers about the person of Nero must probably have been guards of his palace. On one of the early Christian monuments at Rome there is an epitaph of a young military officer, saying that he deemed himself “to have lived long enough, when he shed his blood for Christ.” But Christ’s religion courts no consideration from armies. Its courage is of another kind,—the courage that bears wrong, but will not commit it,—that saves life, rather than destroys it. It is a courage that springs from an unspotted conscience, and wins the triumphs of generous good-will; the courage that goes

into, and out of, all companies, counting-houses, caucuses, and churches, with an uprightness not to be bent, whether you bring threats, or sneers, or golden baits to tempt it; a courage that lifts up an unblenched face in the most formidable array of difficulties, satisfied to stand on the platform of the New Testament, and on God's side, to listen to the encouragement of the beatitudes and to hold to the breast-plate of righteousness. And, as I suppose it really takes about as much unadulterated fortitude, if all things are brought into the account, for a young girl, to-day, to maintain a truthful and devout conversation,—that is, to be a Christian,—as it did for St. Agnes; or for a student to carry an undefiled soul through an apprenticeship or a university, as it did for Vigilius to go by night from his post in the palace to hear an epistle read from one Paul of Tarsus, when it was whispered about Rome that the Apostle had sent a letter to his brethren there;—so wherever such a Christian courage in duty *is*, there will be saints of Cæsar's household.

And if there are, a second of their qualities, always attending the highest kind of courage, but very difficult to be united with its counterfeits, you will find to be Modesty. It does not appear that these devout persons in Rome set themselves up to revolutionize religion, or to be patterns of perfection. They did not call themselves saints; Paul called them so. They did not boast of their religion; there was too much solemn sincerity in it. They did not lurk about the temples of idolatry, to mock its soothsayers, and to snarl self-righteous slanders about its priesthood. They knew the joy of their own believing, and the blessedness of their communion with Jesus; and cared more for fellowship with the Redeemer than for admiration from the citizens. That was *their* Christian modesty. Disjoined from their fortitude, it might have degenerated into timidity. And that is often our danger. There are some persons—we all know such—of diffident dispositions, that err in not mixing enough boldness of resistance with their good nature or amiability.

They remain inefficient disciples, because they shrink from the public notice of taking up the cross. This is to turn one of the most beautiful of Christian graces, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," into a deformity and an offence; it robs the Master of the testimony that is his due, and it glides easily into a selfish and sluggish indifference. It sometimes happens that there are individuals among us placed in a very literal resemblance to those that were saints in the household of Cæsar. In a state of society like ours, nominally Christian, but often more careful to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, than unto God the things that are God's, there will occasionally be instances of single believers in large groups, or communities, of practical unbelievers. While the main current of speech, feeling, and habit runs one way, and that to self-pleasing, some one living a higher life, having a spiritual aim, pledged secretly to the law of Christ, and devoutly desiring above all things to take up the cross and come after him, is sorely perplexed with the trial of a petty and cowardly persecution from those that ought rather, if not perverse in their depravity, to revere the better heart as a heavenly presence amongst them. And *then* this very trait of modesty, a virtue in its place, threatens to become a traitor, to intimidate the trembling purpose and draw back the soul from God to folly. This is the position of all threatened minorities. They will get strength for the fiery trial by going back to see how the inmates of a palace full of gluttony, licentiousness, and all royal vices held their allegiance fast.

But to imitate that successful blending of modesty and courage, they will want a third quality, namely, Independence. The question of duty once settled, all gates but that which leads to acting it out must be shut. And beyond that point, all arguments from custom, from the general expectation, from popular applause, from public or private gratification, are impertinent; as much so as for the little band to hesitate whether they should lose caste by going out one

day fifty miles from the capital, as far as Appii Forum, to meet the despised prisoner, who was conducted in from an Eastern province as an accused insurrectionist, after he had made Felix tremble, and half persuaded Agrippa. Remember, they were living in the centre of the great world's energy and splendor, as well as of its corruption, and in the very focus of its intelligence, as well as under its hottest hatred. Independence was a virtue quite indispensable to them ; but not a whit more so than to us. For, every day, Providence, through our own instincts, pushes us into some crisis of moral peril, where, if we do not act simply of ourselves, and take our direction at first hand from the Spirit, our integrity itself is gone.

And superadded to independence and modesty and courage is Constancy. There must have been a great many days when it would have been easy, and very convenient, for these valiant saints in Cæsar's household to slip round into the old comfortable heathenism again. Inducements were not wanting. For the ignorant there was personal safety. For the cultivated, Seneca was alive, competent to commend the Pagan philosophy in its purest aspects and its Stoic severity, and professing himself, Jerome said, ambitious to be to Heathendom what Paul was to the Church. But they held fast. They might be hunted out in their obscure retreats, and might see their teachers slaughtered, as good Stephen once was, the moment the benediction had passed his lips ; but they gathered again the next evening, and other hands, willing to be mangled by the same martyrdom, broke to them the bread of life. The Emperor might send them out to build his baths ; they raised no civil rebellion, but, while they bent to their slavery, knelt and prayed to the Father. Arrows might pierce their bodies ; but, as you see in the picture of Sebastian, they believed that angels would draw all the pain of the weapons out, and the Lord Jesus receive their spirits. Extermination itself would not alarm them ; Diocletian afterwards fancied he had killed the last,

and set up a column to show that the whole Christian sect was extinct. But faith is prophetic ; and although they could not foresee, what actually happened, that their sculptured images should one day crowd the Pantheon, and the temple reared to a heathen goddess be dedicated to the mother of their Christ, they did foresee that they should all stand, with white robes, and palms in their hands, and songs on their lips, before God, in another temple, to go no more out.

God is asking constancy of *us*. You do not need that I should remind you what ever-besetting and fearful tempters are waylaying your steadfastness. If you swerve from Christian consistency ; if you go from prayers here to profanity and passion in the paltry annoyances of the week ; if you purpose, and will not perform ; if you talk of heaven, and live only for self ; if you profess Christianity at church, only to dishonor it by your daily infidelity, — then it wants no judgment out of yourself to tell you, that you belong not to the saints of Cæsar's household, but among its sinners.

Our Nero is self-love. The senses are the Cæsars of all ages. Fashion is a Rome that commissions its legions and spreads its silent empire wider than the Prætorian eagles. The reigning temper of the world is the imperishable persecutor and tyrant of the faithful soul. And so, in all our New England, in every home and street, seminary and dwelling, there are chances for the reappearing of saints in Cæsar's household. Wherever a fearless man deems any bribe to do wrong, whether it come in cunning insinuations or open bids, and whether it offer him promotion, better wages, a larger house, more luxuries or leisure, or easier tasks, — deems it all an insult to his clean heart, and so spurns it instantly away, as a disgrace that would soil his spirit more than the dirt of any drudgery would his hand ; wherever an incorruptible merchant refuses to conform to popular deceptions, at the risk of losing trade, or exercises as unsleeping a vigilance over every stroke of his pen, and

every branch of every transaction, when no eye but God's looks down on his desk, as if the whole board of the public exchange were watching him, or scorns to take up subterfuges which commercial customs may wink at and excuse, and does it because God's eye is the guide of his life ; wherever a righteous mechanic refuses to let down his performance to the variable standard of thoroughness or shabbiness extant in his class ; wherever an honest statesman stands above his party, the moment his party cast their principles into a lottery, and will not put on the robe of office so long as it hides in its folds the hypocrite's curse ; wherever a consistent theologian keeps a conscience as well as a pulpit, and will not compromise his exhortations and prayers by the bigotry of a sect or the reverence of a salary ; wherever a self-commanding woman is greater than the extravagant edicts of the fashion-makers, and dares to be a rebel against wasteful and ambitious competitions or a society speaking polite lies ; wherever young and joyous persons fear God too wisely, and venerate duty too sacredly, to scoff at religion, or laugh at temperance, or tolerate impure companions, under any tempting ; wherever a disciple of Christ is not ashamed to own and praise that holy Lord, by whom only he has forgiveness, though unbelieving associates taunt and ridicule his constancy ; — there you behold “ saints of the household of Cæsar,” of Roman firmness but of Christian holiness, the true succession of immortal confessors to the truth, the moral Apostolical lineage of Christ's unterrified witnesses, and heirs of his kingdom.

Most of our knowledge of these old Roman Christians comes by the way of the Catacombs, — that subterranean passage, reaching out many miles, from Rome to Ostia, stamped, on all its walls, with the sculptured and pictured symbols of early Christian ideas and the funereal inscriptions of the men that lived in and died for them, preserving in the silent burial of fourteen hundred years these traces of martyrs and confessors, but uncovered at last by the enterprise of dis-

covery, and made to rehearse the lost history of the first struggles of our religion in the capital of the world. There you may read what it was to be a saint in the household, or even in the city, of the Cæsars. You may see how prayers that could not be stifled went up from caverns, with no doubts that they should find their way to the ear of God through the rocky roof, sooner than the shrieks and incense from the shining heathen temples above. There you will see how Providence, honoring humble instruments, as his method is, used the vulgar sand-diggers that excavated the Campagna, after they were converted to the new doctrine, to act as guides to their brethren of the young Church, providing a hiding-place for it in the scene of their former labors. You behold the long tiers, or alcoves, of the graves of those who, having died in faith, inherit the promises. No symbols of hateful passion, no tokens of revenge for the wrongs they smarted under, no wails of heathenish despair, no signs of bloody altars ; — but, instead, the tokens of peace, hope, and joy ; pictures of love ; legends of reconciliation ; a monogram of the Saviour ; a lamb ; a branch of palm ; a cross ; some epitaph commemorating a " friend of all men," " an enemy of none," " one meek and lowly," those that " sleep in Jesus," or others " borne away by angels." Everywhere you see traces and proofs of that heavenly temper, that pure and prayerful spirit, that disinterested and self-denying piety, that influence from on high, which you know was never the product of the Roman nature, never caught from Roman philosophers, never fostered by the Roman armies, never ordained by Roman law, never inspired by Roman mythology, — the gift of God, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the heritage of his Church, the new creation, the *παλιγγενέσια*, the regeneration of the Holy Spirit.

In the sixteenth century, the Catacombs, that formed both the church and the cemetery of the early Roman Christians, were thrown open to the light. Notice now the change that passes on the outward position of these sacred memorials.

good ; not without nurturing Christian faith and hope in many souls ; not without doing much more than the world knows for the spiritual quickening, comfort, peace, strength, and regeneration of individual souls ; but still not answering fully to the true idea of a Church of Christ.

May it not be, that our discussions have been too general and vague, having too little regard to the specific wants of our churches as they really are ? The Christian Church is indeed a " broad church," and destined to grow in breadth and depth till the kingdom of God comes in power and glory. It is a " church of the future " as well as the past, for Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and the hope of the coming ages must rest in the uplifting and redeeming power of his truth and spirit. But while we rejoice in the hopeful vision of a " future " church, we must not forget the imperative wants of the *present*. While we picture in glowing rhetoric the beauty of the " broad " church, we must not forget that *Christ's Church* has *depth* as well as breadth ; and that, for the opening of those deep well-springs of living water from which all reliable breadth must flow, we must look to individual hearts nurtured and formed anew by the Christ spirit. If we suffer ourselves to be so enamored with the bright prophecies of what the Church *will be*, as to direct our thought and interest from what she *is*, from what she needs *now* to aid her in her holy mission, we shall prove ourselves false prophets and blind guides, ignorant of the deep spiritual law by which the future is the natural outgrowth of the past and the present. To show ourselves the true prophets of a higher form of church life, we must give ourselves heartily and earnestly to the work of making our churches *now* what our hearts tell us they may and ought to be.

The Gospel idea of the Church of Christ seems to be very simple, clear, and tangible. It does not require many words to define it. All admit that the primitive and general meaning of the word Church is assembly, a congregation ; its

particular or Christian meaning is an assembly or united body of Christian believers in Christ. Its basis was as simple as its character,— faith in Christ. All who were drawn to Christ by faith, and thus became his faithful disciples, were of his Church. We read at first of no organization, no signing of creeds. All was simple and plain. Open belief in Christ was the sign of union with the Christian body. They needed no other bond. For that faith they were willing to live and die. In the strength of that faith they went forth to labor, and sacrifice, and die, if necessary, in the sacred cause of their Divine Master.

It is beautiful to trace the simplicity of nature so distinctly in the origin of the Church. There seems to have been nothing arbitrary or forced about it. The union was spontaneous. It was the natural outgrowth of faith and love in their souls. It was not established; it grew. Beneath the light of Christ's spirit and truth it grew, as the trees and plants grow beneath the summer sun and gentle shower. Wherever the rays fell on waiting hearts, there a church sprung up. It did not require many people to make a church. We infer from what Paul says of "the church in the house" of Philemon, Nymphas, and others, that a believing household was called a church. It was not the number that made a Christian church, though the original meaning of the word was "assembly." It was the spirit of faith and love,— faith in Christ and love of God and one another,— that could make a church of the living God out of a single household, or any "two or three" that might worship or labor together in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

This fact has doubtless confirmed many, who have broken away from narrow and rigid systems of church government and discipline, in the impression that no church organization at all is necessary.

But we should not adopt this notion too hastily. Let us follow the early Church a little further, and see if they did not find some systematic methods of action necessary in pros-

ecuting the work committed to their charge. The Saviour, so far as we know, left them no form of church government. He left them what was better, his spirit and truth, to point out the work, and suggest such forms as might be needful. And scarcely had they begun to comprehend the nature of Christ's kingdom, and the work to be done for their own hearts and the world, before they began to feel the necessity of method and rules of action, — of church regulations.

The methods they adopted were simple and natural, adapted to present want. For the purpose of religious instruction, the edification, increase, order of the Church, certain persons were chosen. Some labored in word and doctrine ; some seem to have had a general oversight of special interests ; some looked to the temporal affairs, distributing to the necessity of the poor and needy ;— each ministering according to his gifts, under such regulations as were found necessary to meet the wants of the times.

And so in every age, in every community of Christian believers, some method, some definite plan, is found to be necessary in order to efficient and united action in the work of Christ.

Sweet and grateful as individualism may seem to us in the study, it does not answer in the heavy, every-day work of life. The very idea of a church implies union. Church action implies united action ; and united action, to be methodical, reliable, and efficient, must be organized.

It is not the organization that makes the church, but the *church* that makes *it*, adopts it as the basis of united action, and as an aid in carrying out its Christian purposes. Created as it is by the church, of course it may be modified, changed, or set aside for something better, whenever the church may choose.

If we inquire now for the kind of organization adapted to the wants of our parish churches, the answer will depend upon the idea we hold of the nature and office of the Church, the work it has to do in the world. If we accept the idea

that seems practically to obtain in many places,—that the Church is simply a body of communicants, whose chief distinction is in the observance of the Lord's Supper once a month, or two months,—why, then there may indeed be no need of any organization or covenant, or any other visible sign of Christian fellowship in the work of Christ.

Such a church may perhaps very consistently remain “invisible.” But I trust there are few who can accept such an idea of a Christian Church, few who would limit the objects of the Church of Christ to the observance of rites, however sacred. There is little danger, probably, of our attaching too much value to the symbolic rites of our religion, so suggestive of our obligations to God and Christ, and the daily crosses and duties of the Christian life; but to suppose that Christian churches have no object beyond this, is sadly to mistake their character and work.

The one grand object of the Church of Christ must obviously be to promote the work of Christ on earth. It must aim at nothing lower than this. As the regulations or covenant the Church may adopt do not constitute the Church, but are only an aid in promoting its grand objects; so the ordinances of Christianity, though far more sacred in their character, and of higher authority, do not constitute the Church, but are a gift to the Church, like the truths they represent. They are sacred symbols of great spiritual truths which Christ has left for the use of the Church, for its growth and strength; not the object for which the Church exists, but a part of the sustenance on which it feeds. The one great object of the Church, from age to age, must be to promote the kingdom of God,—to bring individual hearts and the world under the redeeming and hallowing influence of Christ's spirit and truth; and prayer, preaching, sabbaths, ordinances, and covenants are all means for the attainment of this end.

Paul's idea of the Church was that of a living, working body, with Christ for its head. It was a union for mutual

help in the Christian spirit and life. Each had a work to do. Not the same work, but work adapted to his powers. Every member was alike honorable,—the eye, the ear, the hand, the foot,—each doing its legitimate work, guided and quickened by the prevailing spirit,—a desire to advance the Redeemer's kingdom within and around.

It is a sad thing for any church when it loses sight of this fundamental truth,—that it is to be a living, working body for the kingdom of God. It will soon wither into barrenness, and have only a name to live, if it sees no mission to accomplish, no work to be done for Christ. And yet is it not too plain for a question, that this idea of the Church as a working body is but dimly apprehended? It seems sometimes as if joining a church were considered one of the last duties of life,—not to be utterly neglected, but to be put off as long as decency will permit; as if the open avowal of one's faith in Christ, and the free proffer of one's sympathy and aid to the fellowship of the Church, were a sort of pious closing up, instead of an earnest beginning, of the Christian work; as if the Church, instead of being a working body for the kingdom of Christ on earth, were only an ark of safety for one to flee to, and be at rest in, after giving their best powers to the world, not to say the flesh and the Devil.

But what sort of a witness for Christ in the world would such a church be? "Ye are the light of the world!" What sort of a light would such a church radiate? "Ye are the salt of the earth!" How much preserving power is there in such salt? Paul tells of the "effectual working" of the Church. What sort of effectual working can be predicated of such a company of believers? Is it not plain that no church can be a "living body," preserving a true and vital union with its head, without working together for the heavenly kingdom? It must justify its title to the Christian name by doing, or at least seeking to do, some Christian work; by making itself felt as a Christian power in the world.

If we accept this as the true idea of the Church, then the

organization we need is one that shall set forth this idea simply and briefly, and indicate some methods by which we may be aided in the work. We believe there are not a few who are just now looking and asking for something of this kind. Many of our church covenants are felt to be unsuited to the idea of the Church we have tried to set forth. Where they are satisfactory, let them be fondly cherished. We love the old better than the new, when it truly fits the object proposed. Change for the sake of change, especially in things around which holy associations have entwined themselves, we deprecate. But where they are felt to be really unsuited to their object, they will not be likely to retain any associations that will make a change for the better painful. We suppose that in the covenants of our liberal churches there is considerable diversity. Mainly, however, we apprehend, they are modified forms of the old orthodox covenants, minus the creed, or such parts of it as are absolutely opposed to our settled convictions. It is not strange, therefore, that this *residuum* should be neither one thing nor another. It is not orthodox; it is not liberal or independent. And yet it often contains promises that conscientious persons shrink from making, and recognizes doctrines more or less distinctly about which the Saviour said nothing, and concerning which good Christian men have differed for ages. Is it not plain that such covenants are a hinderance, not a help, to the Church? They repel a class of honest and sincere believers in Christ, who would gladly avail themselves of the fellowship of the Church, and co-operate with them in every good word and work, were it not for this initiatory pledge. Should we not seek for some basis of church fellowship and action more accordant with our idea of a Christian Church? We want nothing long or complicated, but brief and simple in its character,—the simpler the better; not entering minutely into specific plans of action, but only indicating with sufficient clearness the true idea of the Church as a working body for the kingdom of God,—“a church, not of creeds,

but of Christ," based not upon uniformity of dogma, but upon unity of spirit and purpose in "seeking first the kingdom of God."

We know of a church in Massachusetts who, after giving the matter some serious thought, have adopted the following "Principles and Regulations." We submit them, not as a model, but as a possible aid to such as are interested in the subject of church organization, and as suggestive of the *kind* of church basis that may be suited to our wants.

*"Principles and Regulations of the First Congregational Church  
in ——, adopted July 6th, 1857.*

"OUR FAITH is in God, the Heavenly Father; in his Son Jesus, the Saviour; in his Holy Spirit, the Comforter; and in the religion taught and exemplified by Christ, according to the Scriptures.

"OUR OBJECT is to make a worthy confession of our Christian faith, and to co-operate in the use of fitting means for the promotion of the kingdom of God in our own hearts and in the world.

"Holding to the rights of the individual conscience, we leave all our members free to go directly to the Scriptures, and all other sources of Divine truth, to learn for themselves of God and Christ, and Truth, and Duty.

"As members of the Church Universal, we extend to all sincere Christian believers our communion and fellowship, and invite their sympathy and aid in the work of the Gospel.

"Among the many special duties involved in the one great object at which we aim, we would distinctly recognize the following:—

"To seek a true knowledge and a pure practice of Christianity.

"To make our homes the abodes of Christian virtue and grace.

"To bring up our children in the nurture of Christian principles.

"To cherish, and honor by a right observance, all Christian institutions and ordinances.

"To cultivate an affectionate Christian interest in each other's highest welfare.

"To do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God.

"To co-operate in proper and practicable ways for the moral and

spiritual good of the community, and for the advancement of the principles of Christian righteousness in the world.

" As an aid in the work for which we are associated, we adopt the following

*Regulations.*

" There shall be chosen, annually,—

" I. A Pastoral Committee.

" II. A Committee on Benevolent Action.

" III. A Committee on the Young.

" The Pastoral Committee shall consist of the minister and five brothers and five sisters, whose duty it shall be to consult together for the general religious interests of the Church; the lay-members aiding the minister in his pastoral intercourse with his people, in becoming acquainted with their spiritual wants, in promoting a Christian spirit of brotherly love, and in building up a true Church of Christ.

" The Committee on Benevolent Action shall consist of the minister and three brothers and three sisters, whose duty it shall be to devise plans of benevolent action, and superintend the execution of them.

" The Committee on the Young shall consist of the Minister, the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and two brothers and three sisters, whose duty it shall be to look after the interests of the children and youth, to encourage their attendance at the church and the Sunday School, and consult together for their moral and religious interests.

" IV. Any person wishing to unite with this Church shall signify his desire to the minister, who shall communicate the fact to the Church, and, if no objection be made, he may become a member by assenting to the Principles and Regulations of the Church, and affixing his name to them."

This may, at first glance, look too long; but it is simple and plain, and on reading it carefully we see nothing we would care to omit. It is thoroughly Christian in its basis, and yet unsectarian. It is Protestant in its sacred regard for the rights of conscience, and Catholic in its proffer of fellowship to all Christian believers. The leading Christian

duties here set forth are practical and comprehensive. They cover broad ground;—the individual heart; home influence; the nurture of childhood; Christian rites; the tender and Christian interest of fellow-believers in each other's welfare; Christian fidelity in all business and social relations; and union of effort “for the advancement of Christian righteousness in the world.” The “Regulations” provide for that sort of co-operation with the minister in his work so essential to church life, and point to Christian activities in benevolence, and in watchful care of the young, which will return in manifold spiritual blessings upon the church that is faithful to them. The provisions for church committees are taken substantially from the “Articles of Organization of the Church of the Disciples” in Boston,—a band of Christians distinguished for the prominence they give to the primitive idea of the Church, as “one body with many members,” and distinguished also, as we judge, for their church love and church life. This is what we want in all our churches, love and life. We do not suppose that any organization, however faultless, will produce this. “It is the spirit that quickeneth”; a body without a soul is no better than unorganized dust. But neither does a soul without a body seem exactly fitted to this mundane sphere. And the better suited the body is to the character and spirit of the indwelling soul, the more effectually it may accomplish its mission.

But, after all, we gladly admit that the organization is a secondary matter. The essential thing for individuals and for churches is a deeper baptism of the Christ spirit, and a clearer vision of the work to which that spirit calls. Do not our ideas of the Church, its character, its high and sacred mission, lack clearness and tangibility? Is there a grander object for which men or angels can associate, than that of laboring together for the upbuilding of the heavenly kingdom in their own hearts and in the world? How far it transcends in importance all the secular and transient objects for which men are so ready to labor and sacrifice! What

a mighty power for good resides in every Christian church, if faithful to its trusts ! How much it may do for the growth of the Christian spirit, for the nurture of faith and hope and love, for the strength of Christian principles, and the doing of Christian work in the world,— how much to keep the great objects of life distinctly before the soul, and to stimulate men to labor for them with undivided hearts !

Let us look a moment at such a church, embracing, not, as now, only a small part of a given congregation, but all who believe in Christ and are sincerely seeking the Christian life. See them laboring together, harmoniously, lovingly, for a better knowledge and a purer practice of Christianity ; helping each other to a brighter faith and hope ; keeping the golden chain of Christian fellowship bright and burnished ; feeding the lambs of the flock ; bringing them early to the baptismal font, and consecrating them to God in that touching symbolic rite ; seeking to nurture them with the Christian spirit, to store their young minds with Christ's truth, and warm their hearts with his love ; young men and maidens coming reverently to the communion, and gladly to every Christian work, feeling no shame at being thought religious, but a sacred joy in seeking to become more thoroughly Christian in heart and life ; men and women in mature life, in the midst of harassing cares and wearying duties and fierce temptations, seeking to apply the sacred principles of the Gospel to all life's experiences ; old persons, full of years and Christian wisdom, bringing the fruit of long experience to counteract the erratic tendencies of youth, and chasten too sanguine hopes ; all looking to Christ as the way, the truth, and the life,— all, as individuals, and as a body, laboring together for the overthrow of wrong and evil, and the establishment of the right and the good,— for the promotion of purity, peace, liberty, holiness, and love,— the kingdom of God on earth.

Is not such a church worthy of our reverence and love ? Was it not something akin to this in spirit and aim, that

Paul had in view, when he said, "Christ loveth the Church, and cherisheth and nourisheth it"? Such a church must be loved by Christ, since it is animated by his spirit, and is seeking to do his work in the world.

Have we such churches? Do we need them? What may we do to build them up in all our parishes? May the Spirit of Truth help us to answer these questions wisely.

W. P. T.

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#### LETTER ON SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

You have asked my aid and guidance in the spiritual life. So far as it lies in my power to bestow it, it shall be yours; only remember that every individual soul has its own peculiar wants, trials, and discipline, and that there may be difficulties in your path against which you must struggle alone, seeking only the Divine aid. Yet there are mutual needs and trials, in which, as disciples of the same Master, and learners in the same school, we are sacredly bound to aid one another, and to lend the helping hand to those who need the sympathy and aid which we may have craved, at times, in vain.

Your difficulties are neither strange, nor altogether peculiar to yourself, as you seem to imagine. You can hardly truly have studied the inward life of Paul, or that of any earnest Christian, without learning that it must be through these secret conflicts, these hours of darkness, these moments of clouded faith, these deep struggles with inward sin and restless longings to be freed from its power, that the spirit, true to itself, is finally led to its true rest,—the repose of the Saviour's breast.

I rejoice to see these feelings at work within you. I know you cannot, *will* not, rest where you are; and even these hours of darkness give the promise of a brighter, clearer

day, than the dull, cold light of self-satisfied indifference. You *must* press forward! The stake is *too* great, the prize *too* glorious, for you to yield to heartless apathy, or ready discouragement, because the clear, full sunlight dawns not at once upon your path. First the cross, then the crown! First the effort, the struggle, the conflict,—then the reward of a childlike faith, the hand consciously resting in that of the Redeemer!

You say, “I do long and pray to be Christ’s true disciple. I have sacredly chosen the path of life. In the secrecy of my soul I have solemnly consecrated myself to my Master’s work, but I do not find that I grow in Christian attainments. Selfishness still rules my spirit, indifference creeps over me, hasty words are uttered, passion gains the mastery, and I fear that I have deceived myself in ever thinking that I have been spiritually renewed.”

But let me ask, Do not these very sins trouble you more, make you more restless, than they once did? Are you not more awake to their power? Do you not desire more truly to be freed from them? Is not conscience more quick and active? Do you not *hate* sin, the sin within you, as never before?

Believe, then, that your first steps *are* in the right path, and that by patient endeavor and earnest prayer the victory will yet be yours.

But you say again, “I cannot realize my Saviour’s love and presence as I wish, and often in prayer God seems a mere abstraction, afar off, and a veil I cannot remove or pierce clouds my spiritual vision. I strive to pray, but the words rebound lifeless upon my own heart, and my spirit seems shut in by walls, which the most earnest longing for faith cannot surmount. At such seasons, could I but for *one* moment look upon the Saviour’s countenance, and in and through him see the Father,—could I but kneel at his feet, and, with the poor, blind beggar of old, exclaim, ‘Lord, that *my* eyes might be opened!’—could I but see one glance

of that eye of love and pity resting upon *me* in rebuke or encouragement,— I could not, would not, again distrust ; I would press on through any conflict, any trial, and the most rugged path would seem bright and joyful."

" Could I *but* see!" Ah, my young friend, here lies your very struggle, and the field for your true victory! Had we "the open vision, for the written word," we should no longer need to walk by faith. But God, in his unsearchable wisdom, chooses this way to *test* the reality of your faith, and the fulness of your obedience. To be faithful in duty, watchful for opportunities of doing good, gentle and kind in speech, self-denying in conduct, persevering in prayer, even when no answering voice whispers peace and encouragement to your soul,— to do, to act thus, simply because you know *God commands it*, that it is his will and law,— and so to strive, earnestly strive, to trust his love,— do not such endeavors evince a more loyal, obedient, childlike spirit, than if your pathway were constantly lighted by the brightness of an unclouded heaven and the clearness of a sunlike faith? When tide and winds are in our favor, and a favoring breeze fills the sails, we may seem, indeed, to make more rapid progress; but little effort is required, and therefore little personal strength is gained. But if the winds rise, and the waves beat, and amid the darkness we steer our path, with the eye fixed steadily on the distant beacon-light that guides us homeward, our nerves are braced, our powers are strengthened, our whole being invigorated by the required effort and toil, and home seems doubly dear, after the tempest and the danger are past, and we rest in the haven of peace.

And *has* not God given you, at times, an answer to your prayers, though not in just the way you desired or asked? Has he not strengthened you for duty, quickened your conscience, elevated your desires, given you the very longing that leads you to seek to know him more truly, to love him more fervently ?

Turn away from your dark and sometimes morbid self-in-trospection, and look up to the cross! Forget self, and dwell on God's infinite love, in coming so near to us in Christ. Dwell on His precious promises, and do not *allow* yourself to doubt their eternal truth, as given for your support, help, and encouragement. Such doubting, when your prevailing and true aim is for Christian discipleship, is sin; for it implies a distrust of His word, whose very name is Truth.

Take the Saviour's loving words of hope and assurance, and apply them to your own secret longings and wants. Trust his assurance of pardon, pledged and sealed to you in his cross of shame and agony. "I know my sheep, and am known of mine; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my Father's hand. He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

Too long have you dwelt upon self alone; and finding darkness and evil there, the shadows of self have clouded your vision, and dimmed your faith. *Look up*, as well as within! Look to Jesus! See his love, and, kneeling at his feet, trust your spirit in his holy keeping. He will never be found faithless to his promises, by one sincere, earnest, seeking spirit.

But you say again, "My feelings are so dead, so cold and indifferent! There is no glow of warm emotion and love, as I think of God's goodness; all within is so lifeless, that I despair of ever living by the constraining power of Love. My heart seems all dry, barren, and unfruitful."

Here, again, lies your field of conflict, the *trial of your faith*. Have you sought by meditation and prayer to rouse these slumbering powers, to quicken these dormant feelings, — and yet sought in vain?

Not in hopeless doubt or in dreary loneliness are you to rest; but resting in God, not *away* from him, quietly and patiently to wait that baptism of the Spirit you so earnestly crave. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

Too apt are we to feel that *all* depends upon ourselves,—that we can bid the tide of emotion flow at *our* bidding through the secret chambers of the soul,—that by our attainments, in some way, we can merit the reward of faith, and the assurance of pardon and acceptance. It is true, it depends upon ourselves, and only upon ourselves, to *open* the secret recesses of the soul, to pray Him to enter who ever stands at the door and knocks, and who promises, with the Father, *ever* to abide in and with us. But having thus opened the heart, thus turned the most longing desires and aspirations of the soul where alone they can find their true response, having yielded our being to the Father's guidance, then let us wait, *patiently wait*, his will.

The fulness of spiritual influences, so earnestly desired, he withholds, only to impart finally the higher blessing of an unquestioning trust. He would teach us our *entire* dependence upon him;—a lesson never learned by many calling themselves Christians, and perhaps only understood, in its deepest significance, where these hours of darkness, these vain attempts at prayer, these longings for a deeper love and faith, have led the soul to prostrate itself in entire self-renunciation and humility before the one great Quickener of the spirit.

Truly has it been said, “The soul can never truly see God, until everything earthly and selfish within it has been entirely swept away.”

There must be, deep within your soul, would you gain those noble heights of spiritual attainment to which you so earnestly aspire, an entire self-renunciation, a willingness to give yourself wholly into God's keeping, and let him do as seemeth to him good, bestowing upon you joy or sorrow, light or darkness, comfort or destitution of spirit. Not until such a willing and entire surrender of self has been made can there enter that peace that passeth understanding, the fruit alone of an unquestioning submission.

And does not God teach us by this inward destitution,

this powerlessness on our own part to quicken the secret emotion and love, that we are *wholly* dependent upon him,—that the gifts of the Spirit lie in his holy keeping, to be dispensed freely indeed, but in their rich and deep fulness only where the soul asks, and waits, and *trusts*, with the confiding faith of the little child?

Go to Him with a true, Christ-like submission, ask that all pride may be cast out, all self-seeking done away; that his Spirit may purify your soul from all inward evil, and that you may be able to trust yourself wholly in his hand. Lie still there. Wait his will. He wounds only to heal, tries your faith only to bestow the infinite blessing of an unquestioning trust. “When the child places his hand within that of the earthly parent, there is an entire trust in his heart that casteth out fear; and he walks amid the darkness with no thought of gloom; and thus when man, with a like trust, places his hand in that of his Heavenly Parent, the true peace of God enters his heart.” And just so far as he forgets self, and looks habitually out of himself to God and to Christ, will the Holy Spirit dwell within him, and the peace that passeth understanding fill his soul.

It is no vague, unmeaning state of which we speak. It is a *possible* possession to every heart, gained only through the narrow but rugged path of an entire self-renunciation. Do not fear to enter that path. Do not tarry in it because of its difficulties and trials. *Christ* has trodden it before you, and his hand is your guide and support, his words of promise your sustaining help, though no human friend be near to cheer and to sympathize with you. You may walk in darkness, but if your feet have *entered* the path, fear not! “At eventide it shall be light,” though the morning, and even the noon-day hours, are shrouded in gloom. “Though thou passest through the waters, He is with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee.”

Light shall spring out of darkness, and the joy of a triumphant faith, and the brightness of a celestial peace and

trust, shall gild with holy radiance the pathway to your home ; and when, the veil for ever removed, the darkness for ever passed, you lean upon the Saviour's breast, and in him see the Father's reconciled countenance, will not your journey to that home, lonely as it may have been as regards human sympathy, dark, sad, trying in its inward experiences, yet seem radiant with God's love and truest compassion ?

Turn not away from the mercy-seat, though clouds darken your vision ? Forsake not the altar of communion, though your heart seem dead to feeling, and no warm glow of emotion suffuses your soul. Forget not to follow Christ in daily duty, though thorns and briars encompass your path. The prize of your high calling is before you. The race *must* be won, the crown of victory gained ! Defeat, loss, suffering, shame, must ensue, if the combat be given up ! Safety, peace, eternal life, are promised only as the reward of a *victorious* faith ! Angel voices whisper to you in deep and pleading tones from the spirit-land, "Come up hither !" And the Saviour's words in every hour of weariness and darkness *will* come to your waiting soul : " As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved *you*. He that *overcometh* shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name from the book of life, but will confess his name before my Father and his angels."

" Though earth-born shadows now may shroud  
Thy thorny path awhile,  
God's blessed word can part each cloud,  
And bid the sunshine smile.

" Only believe, in living faith,  
This love and power divine,  
And ere thy sun shall set in death,  
His light shall round thee shine.

" Press onward still, with hope unchilled,  
By faith, if not by sight,  
And thou shalt find his word fulfilled,—  
'At eve it shall be light.' "

H. M.

## THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE SICK-ROOM.

THE sick-room is not only the scene of trials to be endured, and of consolations to be enjoyed, but also, strange as it may sound, of conflicts to be maintained. Every path of our pilgrimage is beset with temptations, and even the invalid, enfeebled in body and mind, has his own peculiar ones to encounter. Nor must he plead his weakness as an excuse for inaction, for God never appoints us any work which he does not give us power to accomplish, and in that very weakness will his strength be made manifest. These temptations concern our relations both to God and to those around us.

First in importance, we may place the danger of repining at the discipline God has laid upon us. This may be very much increased by our previous character. In the somewhat modified words of another, "it is not easy to be a submissive sufferer, unless one has been an obedient child"; and if the little disappointments and vexations of every day have been met with a complaining spirit, and its trifling sacrifices to duty and the comfort of others unwillingly made, we are but poorly prepared for the greater sacrifice of health, with all its means of enjoyment, and the more severe infliction of physical suffering. If God has not been "in all our thoughts," if we have never bowed to his authority in the course of our daily lives, we shall be most likely to dispute it when his chastening hand is laid upon us, and that course is arrested. We are interrupted, perhaps, in the full tide of youthful pleasure, amid the pressure of household and maternal cares, or the successful pursuit of wealth; and if they have been the absorbing interest of the heart, how galling to our spirits the yoke of the sick-room! Let us learn, then, in health to be prepared for that season which must inevitably come, and which comes quite as often to the young, in the flush of their early hopes, and to vigorous manhood

in its energy and self-confidence, as to the aged, infirm, and despondent. Let us prepare, not by anxious forebodings and vain imaginings, but by a constant sense of our dependence on the Maker of our frame, and an habitual obedience to his physical and moral laws. If we "seek first his kingdom" in the freshness of youth and health, and listen to his voice amid all the deafening uproar of busy life, we need not doubt that "all things else" really needful and desirable "will be added to us," and for the rest we shall hold them too lightly to resign them with a struggle.

But if in our days of health we have eaten and drunk, and planted and builded, unmindful of the coming of the Bridegroom, our task will be tenfold harder, but it must be accomplished. If sickness do not *find* us children of God, let it *make* us such. It will be of no avail to resist the mighty hand that is laid upon us, and a rebellious spirit will only aggravate the evil. Conscience will tell us, that the very morbidness with which we shrink from the chastisement proves the necessity of its infliction. The same spirit which shows itself unreconciled to sickness in the aggregate, would prompt us to murmur at the minor evils almost necessarily included in it,—those little vexations and disappointments against which the most watchful affection cannot always guard, the failure of some anticipated gratification, the neglect of an attendant, or some defect in the arrangement or location of our room. Even when we seem to ourselves and others to be cherishing a very resigned frame of mind, these little troubles may have great power to disturb our equanimity. It is the part of true wisdom, in sickness as in health, to look at the bright side of our lot, to pass by its privations and disadvantages, and dwell upon and even magnify its alleviations and compensations. The fluctuations of our physical system may seem to us a more legitimate cause for complaint, and from the nature of the disease, or the temperament of the invalid, it may often be a very hard struggle to maintain cheerfulness, or even seren-

ity; and we know that God looks with compassion on all involuntary failures and occasional lapses. Habitual despondency, however, should not be indulged; it is painful to others, injurious to our own health, and ungrateful to God. It is both our only remedy, and our imperative duty, to yield our will to his, trusting our future entirely in his hands, and receiving sickness, with all its train, as his messengers, whom we may, if we will, transform into angel visitants, and to whose message in the silence of our own hearts we will reverently listen.

Another danger incident to the sick-room is irritability or petulance in our intercourse with those around us. This tendency is so generally, almost universally, manifested in the lighter, as well as the graver attacks of disease, that, were it not for the remembrance of some blessed sick-rooms and hallowed death-beds, where a dove-like gentleness seemed ever to dwell in the heart, and breathe from the lips, we should be tempted to believe it irresistible. In regard to this infirmity, as the other, from the nature of the disease, or the temperament of the patient, it may be very difficult to guard the tone and manner from impatience, when the words themselves are not blamable. The kind-hearted, who would not intentionally cause a moment's pain, even to a stranger, may continually grieve by their hasty words the very beings dearest to them, and on whose tender assiduity they are constantly dependent. But the Christian should consider no deviation from the law of love as innocent, or excuse it to his own conscience by the plea of constitution or circumstances. When excessive languor renders it a burden for us to speak at all, or nervous excitability will scarcely allow us to speak gently, let us remain in silence, if possible, until the perturbed spirit is calmed, or at least until we can look up for aid to Him who can alone say to the troubled elements within us, "Peace, be still." Let us consider that we are about to wound those hearts which are so tenderly anxious to spare us every pang, and to prepare for

ourselves bitter regrets when the occasion is past. Above all, let us remember Jesus, ere we give to love and kindness the return which hatred, persecution, and agony could not extort from him. In his own words to his sinking disciples, of whom "the spirit was willing, but the flesh weak," let us "watch and pray lest we enter into temptation."

Another danger, nearly allied to the last, and perhaps including both the others, is selfishness in its manifold aspects. It presents itself under disguises so plausible and subtle, that we are easily led astray. It tells us that our first duty is to ourselves, the care of our own health and comfort. It is true that the care of our health is a duty incumbent upon all; a religious duty, not a selfish one, if that be not a palpable contradiction, for we may be influenced both by an immediate regard to those in attendance upon us, lest our imprudence should cause them trouble, and by a distant hope of prolonged opportunities of usefulness. But we must discriminate, for *forgetfulness* of self is a still higher duty than *regard* to self, and the latter is too easy and pleasant to be very often neglected. If we step aside from the narrow path to either extreme, let us be sure that it is not that of selfishness; for better would it be to endanger our physical health, than to suffer our hearts to be indurated in an habitual indifference to the claims of others. The invalid frequently esteems it his peculiar privilege to entertain his visitors with minute and wearisome details of his own symptoms, unmindful that those who listen are occupied with cares, joys, and sorrows of their own, from which he withholds his sympathy. He might find, on inquiry, that their trials and maladies, though differing in kind, are as severe as his own, and if they are happy, favored with health and the power of locomotion, which are denied to him, let him perform the more difficult duty of "rejoicing with those who rejoice."

But this egotism, wearisome and annoying though it be to those exposed to it, is venial compared with that worse than thoughtless insensibility so often manifested in more

important matters. When an invalid considers that the health and comfort of those in attendance upon him, and whose services he vainly thinks to compensate with money, are wholly at his disposal, and that he is at liberty to sacrifice them to his whims, and delay or abridge their needful rest and nourishment without any sufficient cause, he cherishes a spirit similar in kind, if not in degree, to the tyrannical slaveholder whom he condemns. When his slightest wish must be complied with at the precise moment he chooses, though it demand many laborious steps from an already weary frame,—for such selfishness sickness can be no apology, in the eye of God or man. We should regard the well-being of those in our employ, whether in health or sickness, as a trust committed to us for which we are responsible. It should cause us pain, if the severity of our disease obliges us to make unusual demands upon them, and we should embrace the first opportunity to relieve them, and as far as lies in our power to atone for the exaction by some additional indulgence. Their health, happiness, and improvement are as valuable as our own; the former perhaps more so, if they depend upon it for their daily support, and we should regard it as our sacred duty to promote them by every means in our power. Let us not only allow but urge them to take regular exercise in the open air, so especially necessary for those confined in a sick-room; let us place before them instructive books, and afford them leisure to read them; let us interest ourselves in their joys and sorrows, and aid them by that counsel which even the sick can bestow,—and we may render this relation what it has so often been, a source of mutual pleasure and benefit, not a toilsome round of thankless duties. Let us even forego some gratification or attention with which we can dispense, that they may have a little time for rest and recreation. Let us guard against the slightest inroad of selfishness, nor flatter ourselves that our natural disposition exempts us from danger in this respect. Self in some form is always striving to be predomi-

nant, and it is only by hard struggles that it can be kept in its proper place ; and if we relax our vigilance, it will insensibly gain the dominion over us, and in the season of recovered health, when all is hopeful without, we may wake to the sad consciousness of the hardening process which has been going on within.

Let us seek, then, as far as possible, that the atmosphere of our sick-rooms shall be one of serenity, gentleness, and love. Clouds may occasionally overcast it; but if the *true light* is shining behind them, it will soon beam forth, and disperse them all, until a settled brightness shall rest upon the scene. Let not our hearts faint, though our efforts may often seem unsuccessful, for God will ultimately bless and reward every sincere endeavor. On our sick-beds, with wasted frames and enfeebled limbs, we may achieve victories more glorious than the most renowned battle-fields can boast ; for “greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.” We are not alone in the warfare, for “those that be for us are more” \* and mightier than those that be against us, and the eye which faith has opened, and sickness purified, to discern spiritual realities, shall see the “chariots and horses of fire” encompassing our path, and aiding us in our conflicts.

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#### THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.

THE law of attraction in the material world, uniting in one sympathetic whole all material bodies, near or remote, is an emblem of the finer influences which unite all intelligent beings in one vast community of interests and affections. Not the inhabitants of this world alone, but probably of all worlds, are thus bound together,— the loftiest and the

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\* 2 Kings vi. 16, 17.

lowest touched by common sympathies, so that even among the angels of God in heaven there is joy when one sinner on the earth repenteth.

In our material wants and interests we are all of us, like members of a common body, dependent on one another. The pulse in the neck or arm hardly vibrates more in accordance with the motions of the heart, than the prices current in Boston, New York, or New Orleans rise and fall with every movement registered in the markets of London or Paris. And not only are the great commercial centres thus intimately connected, but the same influences run through all classes of society, and into the remotest settlements. An insurrection in India, a war or the failure of a crop in China, is not only felt in every important market-town in Europe, but it reaches us and affects the evening meal of those who have their home on the borders of Lake Superior or by the waters of the Upper Missouri. The failure of the cotton crop in our Southern States, a serious falling off in the supply of gold from California or Australia, or a superabundant harvest through the valley of the Mississippi, may be felt in the Chinese seas, and by the waters of the Ganges and the Brahmapootra.

The failure of a great insurance-office in Ohio may at a critical moment so shake the confidence of the mercantile community, and indirectly create such a panic, as to lead to a state of general distress and a series of measures which shall derange the whole business of the country, baffle the wisest calculations, make rich men poor, close the market against almost every product of industry, take away the daily labor, and with it the daily bread, of hundreds of thousands, and thus threaten, to some considerable extent, the worst evils of famine at a time of unparalleled abundance.

This is in fact the condition of things that we are now committed to for the passing winter. There never in this country was a period of greater industrial enterprise and success than apparently existed here four months ago.

There had unquestionably been much extravagance, both in our habits of living and our methods of doing business. With the ardor of a young and vigorous people, glowing in anticipation of the boundless wealth that lies before us, we have undoubtedly borrowed too much from the future, and in this way crippled our resources. But on every side there was the richest promise of abundance. From the ocean and the land there seemed to be everything to reward the efforts of the enterprising and the industrious,—harvests of gold and of grain, the fruits of the earth and the fruits of mechanical and manufacturing industry,—when suddenly all this enterprise is paralyzed. The wheels of vast manufactories are stopped. Bales of goods lie uncalled for in the warehouses. The grain lies useless in the hands of the farmer. Railroad cars are empty. Ships lie idle at the wharves. The ablest merchants are overwhelmed with reverses. The aged, who had hoped in their declining years to live on the slender income from the earnings of a lifetime, find their supplies cut off or materially diminished. And, as I have already said, thousands on thousands are turned away from the employment by which they were to earn bread for themselves and their children.

A more striking illustration could hardly be given, of the way in which one class of persons and interests depends on every other. If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. What have the railroads of the West or the manufactures of New England to do with the Ohio Trust Company or the New York banks? Yet so are all the mercantile and industrial interests of our country bound up together, that extensive failure or derangement in any one department falls as a blight on every other; and falls in the end most severely on those who at first would seem least likely to be affected by it, namely, the laboring classes. Where agricultural products fail, all the resources of the country are shortened. Every branch of industry is made less profitable. There is less business for railways and ships and merchants.

The cost of manufacturing is increased by the higher prices of food. But the heaviest weight of the calamity falls on those who labor day by day for their daily bread. Where others are called to give up a portion of their luxuries or comforts, they are not deprived of luxuries, for they never had them; nor of comforts alone, for they were few; but they are straitened in the very necessaries of life,—obliged to deal out with parsimonious hand the bread and the meat which may give them the strength to labor.

But times like the present fall with still greater severity on these laboring classes. In the midst of great commercial revulsions and disasters, we sometimes say: "It is all very well. These men have been heaping up riches, and living like princes with every luxury that wealth could buy. It is all right that they should have their reverses. Let them suffer." It is all right. These commercial reverses have their lessons, and many a noble-minded man, with his dearest business hopes crushed to the dust, has bowed himself before the dispensation of a kind Providence, and with tears of humility and gratitude has taken to heart the lesson which this sorrowful dispensation has taught. Many an affectionate and noble-minded man has looked with a new interest on those whom God has given him, and pressed them to his bosom with a new intensity of feeling, now when he knows that under God there is nothing between them and want but his own strong arm and brave and enterprising mind. Blessing and honor and success go with him in his work,—the best wishes of the good, the favoring smile of God's providence, the love and confidence of those dearer to him than fortune and life, the cheering approbation of his own heart.

But while those who stand aloof have been more than half rejoicing in these mutations of fortune, they forget who it is after all on whom the blow must fall most heavily. The same causes, whatever they may be, that have begun by deranging the mercantile business of the community, spreading disaster and ruin there, visit every branch of industry.

The frugal woman who owns a few shares of railroad or manufacturing stock finds herself cut off from her customary means of support. She who has been supporting herself and her aged parents by her works of elegance and taste, finds that in times like these there is little call for works like hers. And how are they to live? Needlewomen are thrown out of employment, mothers with little children, and young women with no way left in which they can earn an honest living. Workshops are closed. Factories are stopped. There is hardly a village among the mountains of New England where there are not whole families cut off from the employment by which they were to live. It was hard enough in times of scarcity to pay the prices which were asked for food. Still they could increase their efforts and meet the demand. But now, while food is abundant, it is not within their reach. And where shall we see a sadder sight! Strong men, willing to work, and yet, because no work is to be had, obliged to see their children suffering from cold and hunger,—this is the terrible extremity of evil, seldom seen in this land, to which thousands are likely to be reduced in consequence of the commercial revulsions during the last few months.

So closely in our material interests are we all bound together. And this is but an emblem of the moral and spiritual relationships by which we are all members one of another. We are united by common burdens and a common faith, drawn together by a common destiny, before which all wherein we differ falls from us like autumn leaves. We are united in one great community, not only of material, but of spiritual interests. He who contributes to the faith, the moral elevation, the religious happiness of one, contributes to the good of all. He who enables one to triumph over temptation, makes the victory of others more easy, and adds to the moral forces of the community. He who understands the inward life of one, the most eminent or the most obscure in the land, understands the inward capabilities and wants and resources of all, and sees how we are

all bound together by the affinities of a common nature, as well as by the pressure of common interests and a common destiny.

The finer our moral perceptions, the more readily do we recognize this common dependence and our mutual obligations. It was beautifully said of a good man who, in the fulness of years and of generous deeds, died a few years since, "Every winter wind that smote the dwellings of the poor chilled him, and every institution or effort which could benefit them found in him an aid which waited not for the asking."

Here is indicated the true relationship between man and man, and the true Christian feeling with which we are to regard one another. If we are not involved in the same pecuniary losses or trials as our neighbors, we ought to feel for them, to do what we can to relieve them, and thus in a higher sense to suffer with them. As members of a Christian community, we have no right to stand selfishly apart, and look with unconcern on the sufferings of others.

We are now undergoing a winter which must fall with peculiar severity on large classes of the community. All around us during the cold weather there must be an unusual amount of suffering from the want of employment. As members of a great Christian brotherhood, we cannot fold ourselves up in the warmth of our own comfortable condition, and reject all claims on us for active sympathy and aid. We cannot thus violate the great law of life, and live.

But what shall we do? As to the particular methods of action each one must decide for himself. But *every one of us must do something*. There is hardly a man, woman, or child belonging among us in health,—is there one beyond the age of infancy? — who cannot do something for those less prosperous than himself. Do we sufficiently value the privilege, do we sufficiently recognize the obligation, of setting apart something for works of charity and mercy? During the past summer I found a sick woman, who had no claims

of friendship or relationship, with her infant child, taken in, watched, and nursed, and tenderly cared for, weeks and months, till death mercifully released her from her sufferings, by a family who were themselves probably as destitute as any virtuous and industrious family among us. It was a lesson of Christian sympathy and self-sacrificing kindness which cannot be forgotten by those who saw it, and which will not be forgotten in the great day of account.

We are not all asked to make sacrifices like this. But we all of us can make some sacrifices. We every one of us can set apart something for the relief of others, and be ourselves not the worse, but the better, for it. We can give up some luxury for the richer luxury of doing good. We can deny ourselves some little convenience or comfort, and enjoy a purer comfort in the satisfaction of seeking to do something for the relief of the suffering. If you can, it is better for you to administer the relief with your own hand. It may be to some poor relative, or suffering neighbor, — some one whom you have known in better days, or some destitute and helpless child. The kind act kindly done will do you good. The kindly intercourse thus begun will be a blessing to you. When the dark days come, and you are lonely or sick or needy, or in any way dependent, as we all are at times, on the sympathy and kind offices of others, that cup of relief which you have held out to one ready to perish will return, and God's blessing with it, to your own lips.

Let every one of us give up something, retrench in our expenditures somewhere, for this object. The progress of luxury during the past quarter of a century has been almost without example. In our clothing, in the construction and furniture of our houses, there is five, and in some cases ten, times the amount laid out now that would have been thought necessary or proper by people holding the same relative position in the community twenty or thirty years ago. I speak not of one class, but of all classes, except the extremely poor. Of course, where there has been such a general in-

crease of expenditure, such a multiplication of articles deemed necessary to our comfort or respectability, we can fall back a little, and save something for charity without any very great personal sacrifice. This we all of us can do, if we once make up our minds that it is necessary to do it.

But then great discretion is needed in order to know where we can make our retrenchments without aggravating the evil which we would alleviate. To cut off all superfluities at once, would be to reduce to beggary and want thousands of honest laborers, who depend on the production of these articles for their bread. The general giving up of a particular style of button has been known to bring distress on a whole community. Wisdom, therefore, and a careful regard to the interests and wants of others, must be exercised by us in our retrenchments, and in everything that we do for the poor. There is a wise and liberal expenditure on the part of the prosperous, which is a more effective charity to those whom it reaches as the reward of their industry than the almsgiving which turns them into mendicants and takes away their honest self-respect. Above all things, we must beware of creating a class of professional paupers, or of teaching those who can work that it is easier to live without it. These habits of dependence, except when required by the severest necessities, are injurious in every way to those who allow themselves to fall into them.

But there are cases of destitution, especially in times like these, which it is alike a privilege and a duty to relieve. And if—as is the fact with most of us—our incomes are seriously diminished by the general derangement of affairs, and it may seem difficult for us to meet the usual cost of living, let us determine by some means or other not only to do that, but also to lay aside something for those whose necessities are greater than ours. In the sense of personal independence which we shall thus cherish, and the sympathies which we keep alive for others, we shall have our reward. And we can do it, if the soul of generosity and Christian charity is

in us. Sir Philip Sidney could give the water which his dying thirst was craving to the wounded soldier whose necessities were greater than his. The starving man has been known to give half his morsel to his starving neighbor. In that terrific scene on board the Central America, a scene whose horrors are relieved by the acts of heroism and nobleness which marked the conduct of the sufferers, there was hardly one who did not willingly give up his first chance and hope of escape to the women and children. And when, in the darkness of night, they were left, hundreds of them, struggling for life in the waters, there were men who would aid those around them, not only by encouraging words, but by giving up a portion of the plank on which their own hope of life depended.

God be thanked for lessons like these of self-forgetting and self-sacrificing charity! We *can* do something,—we can even from our penury set aside something for those whose necessities are greater than ours. The family of whom I have spoken, who took into their cheerless and ill-furnished home a consumptive mother and her child, could task their already severely tasked strength, could add to the labors of the day and break their needed rest at night, to relieve the helpless and the dying.

Do we sufficiently value the privilege of doing such things? Do we feel what a dignity and moral grandeur there is in denying ourselves that we may do something for the good of others! Do the young thus sustain their manly self-reliance, their sense of personal independence, and their recognition of the claims of all whose necessities are greater than their own? I will close my article by mentioning an instance of this self-denial which is quoted by Sidney Smith as an example of moral sublimity, and which I would commend especially to the young.

“I remember,” he says, “a very striking instance of it in a young man, since dead; he was the son of a country curate, who had got him a berth on board a man-of-war, as

midshipman. The poor curate made a great effort for his son ; fitted him out well with clothes, and gave him fifty pounds in money. The first week, the poor boy lost his chest, clothes, money, and everything he had in the world. The ship sailed for a foreign station ; and his loss was without remedy. He immediately quitted his mess, ceased to associate with the other midshipmen who were the sons of gentlemen ; and for five years, without mentioning it to his parents, who he knew could not assist him, or without borrowing a farthing from any human being, without a single murmur or complaint, did that poor lad endure the most abject and degrading poverty, at a period of life when the feelings are most alive to ridicule, and the appetites most prone to indulgence. Now, I confess I am a mighty advocate for the sublimity of such long and patient endurance. If you can make the world stare and look on, there, you have vanity or compassion to support you ; but to bury all your wretchedness in your own mind,— to resolve that you will have no man's pity, while you have one effort left to secure his respect,— to harbor no mean thought in the midst of abject poverty, but, at the very time that you are surrounded by circumstances of humility and depression, to found a spirit of modest independence upon the consciousness of having always acted well ;—this is a sublime virtue, which, though it is found in the shade and retirement of life, ought to be held up to the praises of men, and to be looked upon as a noble model for imitation."

What this young man did for his own self-respect, and rather than be a burden to others, shall not we do for the relief of others ? At least, shall we not do something, not only for ourselves, but for those around us ? No matter how obscure or unknown the act, it will feed our own souls. It will call down upon us the blessing of God. It will be remembered in the great day when the Son of Man and all the holy angels shall come to meet us in the clouds of heaven.

J. H. M.

## WANTS AND MEANING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, BOSTON, DECEMBER 2, 1857.

BY REV. HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

FELLOW SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL:—

If the prestige of this occasion were other than what it is,—if I were now opening my discourse to a circle of hearers unimpassioned and quiescent, merely curious to learn what amount of interest it may be possible for me, as an individual, to excite, in connection with a threadbare and lifeless theme,—I should shrink from my position in undisguised dismay. But I am encouraged by the conviction, that I appear before you under far different auspices. I feel, with lively emotion, that common sympathies, intense and heartfelt, are circulating among you in advance, and kindly piloting my way. I feel that it matters little, though we be all mindful, that there is not a single topic in relation to Sunday Schools that has not been reviewed and re-reviewed before you, at various times and in various connections, in all the power and beauty of eloquence, and upon which exhaustive treatises do not exist on the shelves of almost every library. Novelty of speculation and displays of personal prowess are not what you desire. No; and if I have analyzed correctly the tone of feeling that usually prevails among assemblages of this character, made up of pastors, superintendents, and teachers, who have met together for mutual edification and encouragement as to their several relations to the Sunday School, you are uneasy during the discussion of questions that concern only the administrative or incidental features of the enterprise, although they may be perfectly pertinent and legitimate. You regard such discussions as a waste of precious time. You realize that all such minor problems will find a sufficient solution, whenever

great, fundamental principles are quick in the consciousness, as impelling, organizing forces. Upon those principles your hearts are fixed. To them you fondly, eagerly, perpetually recur. And I am persuaded, that, as you sit here before me to-night, what you are specially yearning for is a living voice of counsel, sympathy, and cheering impulse, from the depths of a living experience; you would be stirred and energized by transcripts of the life-producing agencies in the heart of one to whom this cause of Sunday Schools is ever teeming with elements of abundant and consecrated life; you would have old things rejuvenated and made vivid and quickening, by the unction with which they come, all alive and aglow, out of a consciousness to which they are eternal inspirations. And so you would return to your labors in the Sunday School, not perplexed and distracted by novel suggestions, however pretentious,—for there can be no novelties on such a theme that are not forced and inappropriate,—but with your confidence renewed, your zeal intensified, your energies stimulated, and your hopes reinspired, to tread yet again, with trustful patience and untiring persistence, the well-worn pathways of former toil.

It is because I have confidence that in some measure, according to the grace that is given me, I can answer such expectations; because, in my humble way and limited sphere, I am an active participant in the toils and trials of the Sunday School; because, amidst whatever obstacles, drawbacks, disappointments, I may encounter, there never crosses my soul the shadow of a shade of wavering, as to the substantive merits of this field of religious activity, or as to the magnitude of its opportunities, and the corresponding pressure of its obligations, but, rather, I am more and more thrilled and vivified, day by day, by its exhaustless appeals to the conscience, the affections, ay, the whole heart and mind and spirit; and because, therefore, I have something to say out of the very inmost depths of my soul,—that I venture to appear before you. I regard my position as one equally of

signal privilege and of solemnizing responsibility. And, for that I am too much interested to delay amidst by-play of any sort, I shall bestow very little time on the dress of my thought, and only speak "right on."

It seems to me, that every other question — whether as regards the just relations of the Church to the Sunday School, the requisites for teachers, the methods of instruction, the subjects to be taught, the material for libraries, and whatever else there may be, of any prominence, pertaining to the subject — depends directly and conclusively on one still more vital question, namely, What is the grand aim and ultimate purpose of a Sunday School? It seems to me, that the conflicts of opinion which are perpetually occurring in these regards, derive their origin from the prevalence of indefinite or clashing views on this main theme; this both foundation-stone and balance-wheel of the whole undertaking. Agree as to that, possessing right conceptions and an adequate appreciation, and everything else will be easily adapted to its appropriate place, with luminous character and nice adjustments. Disagree about it, and you separate from one another, at an angle of divergence that sweeps on until it envolves universes and eternities. And debate thenceforward as you may about subordinate details and issues, — debate and re-debate, — you can never harmonize, never! According as you may be ranged on one side or the other, you will be breathing different atmospheres; you will be irradiated by different sunlights; you will be gazing forth on the sceneries of different worlds; and you will be putting your hands to the plough, in the work of the Sunday School, in husbandries O how different and how contrasted! Therefore, let this grand, primary, elemental truth secure our first and chief attention.

What, then, is the special aim and purpose of a Sunday School?

Let us suppose, in the outset, that no Sunday School had ever existed or been thought of; — only the ancient instru-

mentalities of religious impression were in vogue; namely, stated worship and the preached word on the Sabbath, the occasional weekly prayer-meeting for adults, and the occasional catechetical exercise by the minister with the children;— and, under the influences of such a *régime*, we who are here present to-day had gathered together as so many Christian believers and philanthropists, possessing withal the vital inspirations, the earnest purpose, and the forth-putting energies of a living faith, to take into consideration the condition, prospects, and needs of these United States, in a religious point of view. Enter into this supposition, I beg of you; the Sunday School pressed away into oblivion for the occasion, as though it had never been.

The religious condition and needs of our country,—what should we find them? As one and another among us should rise to utter himself on these themes, what would be the tone, what the burden, of his remarks? He must needs pour out, like Jeremiah of old, lamentation and woe for the sins of the people. He would instance how our rapid accumulation of wealth, the extent and vastness of our scientific and artistic achievements, our wonderful facilities of intercourse and commerce, and the multiplication of our comforts and business, have steadily been impelling our citizens to emphasize the mere accidents of their condition; until on every hand men and women have been brought to consider *themselves*—thinking, willing, loving, immortal creatures as they are—as of slight consequence compared with the material undertakings that circle the brows of art with its coronal of glory; until, indeed, matter has extorted a prominence and a reverence superior to spirit, the individual has been overborne by the organism of society, and the soul has lain prostrate in the dust, while over it the car of material prosperity and social aggrandizement has been flying along on flashing wheels, amidst shouts of triumph, crushing conscience, the moral sense, true aspiration, true culture, true manliness, true progress, into a worse than bloody desolation.

He would instance how thus — and a thrill of agonizing assent would pervade our whole assembly as he should syllable the fearful depravation — how thus the community has recklessly sped on to the very verge of the horrible gulf of a virtual atheism ; the men in busy life practically saying to one another, “ We have progressed quite beyond the ordinary power of God to molest us or make us afraid,” growing rich as to men, growing poor and ever poorer as to God ; how we have so effectually parted with our religious life as a people, that it has been boldly proclaimed in high quarters, and widely acquiesced in as a fundamental truth, that human laws, even in moral connections, take precedence of the laws of the Almighty, and that scruples of conscience are, very likely, the mere bugbears of a sanctimonious fanaticism ; how thereupon dishonesty has intrenched itself amid the muniments of respectability, and integrity would seem to be absolutely dying out ! Worldliness, godlessness, everywhere ! O Christian friends, as we have noted, for the last few years, the ever-accelerating onflow of this mighty tide of materialism over the land, — as we have ourselves insensibly been borne along by the irresistible current, and imbibed from the social atmosphere a portion of the opiates to the spiritual vitality, the practical atheism, that it has held in profuse solution, and we have reeled to and fro, half stupefied, half maddened, by the noxious draught, — we have surely paused sometimes, in very horror ; we have relucted from the insensibility to eternal truths and eternal issues that was gradually stealing over us, and contemplated in agonized foreboding the future of our beloved country. With our hearts in our mouths, in our sore dismay, we have lifted our trembling eyes to heaven, confessing that it were no wonder should the neglected and scorned Eternal One visit, in the awfulness of his holy anger, this apostate world, and impress the sublimities of truth anew on the perishing things of time. It has occurred ! It is history ! The Lord God Omnipotent hath bowed the heavens

and come down ! He has laid his finger in retributive yet merciful intervention on our lately proud and vaunted fabric of prosperity, with its idolized substratum of gold and railroads and steamships and telegraphs, our Babel-tower to defy his greatness, and hurled it, crashing down, into one stupendous ruin ! And this is the lesson that he is writing, in the fire-letters of disaster, on humbled, harassed, perhaps crushed and despairing hearts ; on the fronts of our massive granite stores and banks ; the gateways of our gigantic mills ; our fine mansions and fine apparel ; our mines of gold and facilities of intercourse ; ay, on the lofty pinnacles of this majestic organism of American governmental policy, so arrogant, so presumptuous, and, alas ! so atheistic ;— “ The things that are seen are temporal ! ” “ The things that are seen are temporal ! ” And God only, and the things of God, are supreme and everlasting !

Thus — gathered as I have supposed ourselves to be, to consider the religious condition and needs of our country, Sunday Schools being as yet unthought of — should we be addressed, and thus should we ponder on the fearful truths that would confront us. And, as one continuing the discussion among you, I should remark further, that there is very little hope that the monitions of God, now so vivid and impressive, will be greatly heeded. Let but the present entanglements of finance and currency be disengaged, let confidence return, and business revive again, and, so surely as we live, the tidal wave of daring, triumphant enterprise will dash the spray of its reckless activities far higher against its barriers than before. And how shall we meet these pressing exigencies ? What is the hope of the country ? What can be relied on to restore its moral prestige ? What shall inspirit its institutions with true informing life ? What shall diffuse a religious atmosphere, so that there shall be genial and holy influences to surround the pathways of the generations yet unborn, and rescue them from spiritual death ? O vast, momentous, overwhelming prospects and contin-

gencies! And nothing whatever is before us, absolutely nothing, but to lay a fresh grasp on the youth of the land, and send them forth to encounter the manifold temptations, that will press upon them with ever-increasing violence, panoplied to withstand them ; — to send them forth with the sublime, all-consecrating realization within them, to steady their souls, and shape and establish their principles, and define and pilot their activities, that the only substantial foundations of national or individual prosperity are such as California gold can neither be substituted for nor purchase, yet shall endure when the leads of the Sierras shall be consumed with molten fire ; that there are harvests to be gathered on earth, whose products are inexhaustible and eternal ; that there are possessions and enjoyments which, though the millionaire be stripped of every dollar of his proud fortune, and he be compelled to delve day by day, in the sweat of his brow, for his daily bread, can furnish him forth as no hoards of gold or appliances of luxury have ever furnished him,—ay, that can endow him to move among his fellow-men in native inalienable grace, and all the clustering heraldries of an unmistakable nobility, albeit his limbs be his only vehicle of locomotion, and his home the narrow abode of privation. **THE YOUTH,—THE YOUTH OF THE LAND,—** thus endowed, thus guarded, thus stimulated,—they are the nation's only hope ! And there is only one method to influence them seriously and effectually. There is only one avenue to their affections and their wills. And that is thoroughly radical and comprehensive. No side applications, no half-ways, will be of the slightest avail. Thus it were the weakest, maddest foolery in the world, to rely on any mere objective demonstrations having a look Christward ; on the fact, for instance, that they can utter glibly the shibboleths of creeds, or that they are faithful to the externals of religion, or that they are systematically plied with wholesome moral precepts. As well think to dam up the swollen channels of a mountain torrent with chips and bulrushes ! Ah !

the core of all our evils is to be found, not in the open shamelessness of the recklessly vile,—not in the number of our murderers, thieves, and housebreakers,—but in the stagnant moral and religious atmosphere that prevails in high quarters and respectable society; the multitudes that, in the light of a thorough Christianity, have a name to live, yet are fearfully dead; the refinements of civilization, that are so unhesitatingly substituted for the realities of faith; the rites and ceremonies, that are trusted in to effect a compromise with Heaven in favor of worldliness; the cold, freezing indifference to God and Jesus, the pride and the vanity, that, Sunday after Sunday, the roofs of our stately churches cover in; ay, the apathy and negativeness, a thousand-fold more to be dreaded in regard of disastrous influence than the abominations of overt crime, that are to be found, alas!—alas! too often—at the very memorial table of the blessed Lord! And therefore we must go back of mere externals, if we would permanently impress and modify our youth. We must thrill them with the unspeakable value of their own immortal souls. We must rescue the individual from his false, undistinguished position, as only a unit of the mass, a minute and comparatively worthless piece of machinery in the imposing organism of society, and demonstrate that the human soul is the centre and purpose, the crown and the glory, of the whole material creation. We must open the vision of each precious soul among our youth to the unspeakable realities of the eternal life. We must usher it into that sublime experience, when the spiritual world bursts, in all its transcendent splendors, on the glorified sense; when the spirit becomes conscious of its own existence, lays its hand reverently, in awe-struck appreciation, on its own ceaseless life-currents, and feels them throbbing with the pulsations of immortal being; when, in the void spaces of infinitude, filling them, glorifying them, the Eternal appears, and that felt Presence—far, yet O how near!—enters; with benediction, into the secret chambers of the

spirit, and it becomes solemnized yet enraptured by the consciousness that it is the temple of the living God; when the faculties, created to expatiate and tower among the sublimities of the Infinite and the Eternal, break their fetters and soar to the opportunities of their birthright; when this fair earth, with all its ministrations and allurements, narrows away into the symbolism and agency of a far nobler sphere of existence; Truth, Love, and Right emerge to vision, verities grandly real and supreme; and all the while a form is beside the soul, breathing such tender accents as charmed the multitudes among the hills of Galilee and the courts of the temple at Jerusalem, and a hand is bestowing its genial, hallowing clasp, that invigorates with a healthfulness more abiding than when it lifted the crouching paralytic, and heaven is a present reality, and the soul feels the exhaustless currents and the majestic consciousness of the ETERNAL LIFE!

Such have been the surveys of the condition of our country, and such the estimate of its needs, by one and another of our number, while we have been gathered together, Sunday Schools being as yet unthought of, to discuss these momentous themes. And as we should now be sitting, sad, perplexed, yearning for wise direction, wrestling with God in prayer, for the demonstration of some effective channels of exertion, suppose that one should rise and propose a new agency with the young,— a new organization to supplement the home and the sanctuary,— a new method, through which, with persuasive sanctions, the minister, the parents, the Church, might come in contact with the souls of the youth, and seek to inspire the vitalities of the eternal life,— and should announce the plan of the Sunday School, just as it now exists. O, I believe that on every ear among us, really alive to truth and earnest for duty, that announcement would fall as from prophetic lips! It would be greeted as a very revelation from Heaven. It would rise, on the instant, in goodly proportions, replete and glowing with opportunities.

It would fire every heart with joy, unseal every lip with praise, and polarize every aimless impulse. It would minister to the yearnings of the philanthropist, and brighten the prospects of the patriot. It would present itself as something so simple, so practicable, so legitimate, so rich with promise, that he who should negative it would be pressed aside with scorn, as one defiant of the very index-finger of the Almighty, demonstrative of duty and opportunity. And after maturing our plans, we should separate to further the organization of this new, promising, inviting agency, the Sunday School, with a pleased alacrity and a holy joy.

But, my friends, the Sunday School exists. It is neither a novel nor an untried thing. And, with all its short-comings, it presents precisely the same ideal before the soul, it is characterized by the same possibilities, it offers the same opportunities, that it would if it were the institution of to-day. For its pretensions are not factitious; its methods are not artificial and arbitrary. Who is it that is repelled by its imperfections and disheartened by its failures? Who is it that has the confidence to tell me that he has no faith in it? He knows not what he says. Its imperfections and failures are only the incidents of a semi-faithless administration. Just so far as it is allegiant to its true ideal, it is succeeding, it must succeed. Or else the agencies of the home are a failure, and the agencies of the sanctuary are a failure. All rest on substantially the same foundation, all pursue, in the main, the same pathways of effort, all are subject to the same vicissitudes. What! will you defame the hallowed influences of parental control, the graces and benedictions that cluster around the heaven-instituted domain of home, because so many children go forth into the world, from the domestic fireside, Godless and Christless? Will you decry and scout the power of public worship, because so large a percentage of our congregations receive the seed of the word on stony or frozen ground?

Given a living soul to work through Christ, an immortal

nature to work upon, and opportunity for effort, and you have supplied all the grand essentials, under God, for the spread of the kingdom of Heaven! Shall it be said that the time devoted to the Sunday School is too limited for appreciable influence? An hour a week; fifty-two hours in a year;—O Heaven! what golden, inestimable moments those hours may comprehend! Holy agencies are not measurable by the limitations of time. Is it not within the experience of many of you here before me, that, at some period in your lives, which memory fondly sanctifies, a single look, it may be from an utter stranger, a single sentence or a single deed, observed or narrated in a moment, sunk into your soul, there to prove an everlasting seed-bed of holy impulse, as if you had been touched by some invisible angel's wing, while the celestial visitant went floating by? So, in the course of this hour a week of the Sunday School, some word may be uttered, or some influence exerted, that shall prove the germ of fruit for eternity. Praise be to God, there is proof of this, abundant proof! Many a soul has been saved by the intervention of the Sunday School. Many a pulpit is filled by a pure and earnest herald of the cross, whose spirit caught its first glimpses of diviner things in the Sunday School. Many a desolate wilderness of earth has its devoted missionary, who learned to surrender all things for Christ's sake in the Sunday School. Many a spirit bravely encounters the temptations of the world, that first tremblingly articulated the accents of the eternal life, and arrayed itself in the armor of the living God, in the Sunday School. And by all that is sound in philosophy, by all that is golden in opportunity, by all that is solemn in responsibility, I charge you, do not underrate or disregard the divine sanctions and the rich promises of your vocation! Work on, work on, in faith and love, and bide God's period for a harvest!

And O remember well that the condition of our country to which attention has been directed is no figment of a dis-

ordered fancy. The implorations of a trembling patriotism are heard, side by side with the cry of the needs of individual souls, and the counsels of the Holy Spirit; Jesus is standing over against us all, to-day ; and with outstretched arms, he is pleading with us, " Feed my lambs ! Feed my lambs ! else where shall I look for sheep ? Feed the precious youth with the nutriment of the eternal life ! "

My eye has lately fallen on a sentence from the pen of a celebrated divine, that reads as follows : " With no disparagement to other means of Christian activity in the service of the Church, our country, and mankind, but under a thorough conviction that, when it trenches upon the prerogatives of the Christian parent or the Christian ministry, it has exceeded its legitimate sphere, I believe the Sunday-school system admirably adapted, in the circumstances of our country, to effect, by God's blessing, the end at which every Christian should aim,—the sanctification of our country." What does the writer mean by the prerogatives of the Christian parent and of the Christian ministry ? Does he mean spiritual prerogatives ? Does he mean that the Christian parent and the Christian minister hold certain times, seasons, methods, influences, individuals, in exclusive fee in regard of spiritual impression, and that no one has a moral right to supplement their fidelities or compensate for their defects and short-comings, in such relations ? I am a Christian minister and a Christian parent. Welcome my church and my Sunday-school teachers to aid me, as their minister, in the great work of saving souls ! Free entrance to my domain ! Free participation in my prerogatives ! And for every spirit that shall be made better and stronger by their agency, that shall be awakened to the realities of the eternal world, that shall be fortified against the onslaughts of temptation, that shall be lifted above the power of misfortune, that shall be inspired to live to God's glory, I will devoutly bless his name ! I am a Christian parent, and if the teachers of my children in the Sunday School will but be faithful

## S<sup>E</sup>NS AND MEANING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

the opportunities with them,—if they will reach their mark, perchance, they may do, more successfully than I can myself,—if they will fill them with holy yearnings, and conduct them to the Saviour,—I will again pour out my soul in thanksgivings to the Most High, in the ecstasy of my joy!

I am aware of the existence of an honest anxiety in many minds, lest the Sunday School should prove the occasion of parental negligence; lest the watchfulness and zeal in the cause of the religious education of their children, which are incumbent on all parents, should be intermitted, under the impression that the Sunday School will accomplish all that work. Indeed, a positive charge of the kind is constantly urged against the institution. In former years, I have been greatly exercised by such alarms myself. And it is one of the sternest and most patent of truths, that many and many a child is found in the Sunday School who receives no adequate religious instruction and guidance at home. But I am more and more convinced, day by day, that the existence and opportunities of the Sunday School are responsible for the evil to a very slight degree. I am convinced that it is part and parcel of that relaxation of the old-fashioned, essential stringencies of parental care, which is found to run through every channel and domain of domestic government; and I am led devoutly to bless God for the Sunday School, as a providential instrument to avert a portion of the disastrous consequences that ensue. The negligent parent will continue to be negligent, Sunday School or not. The faithful parent will be persistently faithful, Sunday School or not. He will regard it and employ it, not as a substitute, but as an aid.

I do not purpose to detain you to weariness. But my thought will not have received adequate expression, will not have been rounded out into a due degree of completeness, unless I signalize some requisites of a good Sunday-school teacher, such as accord with the principles and pur-

poses of Sunday-school instruction, as they have been emphasized before you. I will be brief upon this head.

It has been said, that the only hallowed and conclusive purpose of the Sunday School is to aid Christian parents and the ministers of Christ in creating in the souls of the young the awful yet glorious realizations of the eternal life. And it flashes at once across the mind, that, in order to this effect, the soul of the teacher must itself have first possessed the consciousness of those glorious realizations. Now it has been sometimes maintained, that there are certain branches of instruction pertaining to the scope of a Sunday School, such as dry, unimpassioned statistics, geographies, localities, and events, that may as well be taught by persons who are not positively religious. And, moreover, the cry is sometimes heard, honestly,—honestly, I aver, in deprecation of such a position as has been assumed,—“ It is hard enough to get teachers at any rate. We are glad of volunteers in the work, whatever may be their spiritual attainments. They can't be very defective, or they would n't be willing to engage in it. And pray don't discourage them, by demanding too much!” Too much! Demanding too much! Must we not rely on the living, and the living alone, to kindle the fires of life in others' hearts? Can we expect more of the dead, than that they will bury their dead? Pray let there be no misunderstanding here. We must demand enough to fulfil the absolute conditions of success; and we are asking nothing more. It is surely essential, before we can hope to thrill the affections of youth with the consciousness of the blessed clasp of the Saviour's hand, that we ourselves should first have felt the electric currents from that blissful embrace pervading and hallowing our being. Branches of instruction incident to the Sunday School, that may as well be taught by one not actually religious? Not one,—not an isolated one! Not a date, nor a spot, nor a direction, though it be merely whither away is Sinai from Horeb, or on which side of the Sea of Galilee lay Capernaum! It is one of

the chief dangers in our pathway, as Sunday-school teachers, that our instructions will become lifeless and mechanical; that the minds of the young committed to our charge will be dulled to the vitalities of Gospel truth, by having its sacred events, places, associations, and counsels read and commented on, without being vitalized by the spiritual realities that alone can consecrate them. And, as Dr. Channing has well remarked, "there is not so much harm done by giving error to a child, as by giving truth in a lifeless form; and when once a passage of Scripture lies dead in the mind, its resurrection to life and power is a most difficult work." Above all things, therefore, the mind should not be lumbered up with data that are as the mere dry bones of a fresh, healthful organism. It is Calvary and the Mount of Ascension, those twin elevations, towering so loftily up among the events of the great world's history, that throw illumining rays over the sacred plains, the hills, and the valleys of Palestine,—over Idumæa and Egypt,—that gild the summits of Horeb and Sinai,—that cast a consecrating brightness aslant through the ages, into the very garden of Eden. And no spirit that has not been equally vivified by their holy radiance should deal with the particulars, past or present, that owe to them the measure of their sanctities. It is the personal Christ, the Christ of to-day, the Christ of our poor, depraved, needy souls, whose presence and glorious work for man make every spot in his earthly sojourn to glow with lustre, and to be rich in associations; and no teacher should attempt to lead the minds of youth along the Saviour's pathways who does not travel them, for ever and for ever, in the fond embrace of that Saviour, entering into his spirit and partaking of his life.

Furthermore, what is the grand, paramount agency in the moulding of character? It is the unconscious influence of character itself, as it impresses the realities of things. Not counsel, not advice, not warning, not control, but character,—character. Thus, in the home, it is not what par-

ents may be saying to their offspring, but it is what they themselves *are*, in the intercourses of daily life,—what the inspirations, principles, energies, self-denials, estimates of values, hopes of the future, that they may from time to time, and at all times, exhibit,—it is these chiefly that are shaping the souls of their children for eternity. And so is it with the impression made by a Sunday-school teacher. The conviction, silently disseminated by the irresistible eloquence of a Christ-like character, a spiritual mind, that religion is a great reality, will fortify beyond measure all the specific moral teaching that may be attempted. The exhibition of an opposite inner life will nullify the best exhortations that ever emanated from human lips.

Finally, it is personal piety alone that can create and maintain in the teacher that sense of the eternal value of a soul, which lies at the base of all the usefulness of the Sunday School. For it is only a due appreciation of the worth of the soul thus inspired by an experimental grasp of the realities of the eternal life, that will send the teacher to his class armed with that only potent enginery of spiritual success, an intense interest in the personal condition of the individuals of which the class is composed. Believe me, dear friends, that is everything to you,—everything!—an all-controlling, all-consecrating interest in the individual souls that may be committed to your charge. Be void of it, and you add one more to the hosts of Sunday-school teachers who are worse than wasting their time every Sunday that they exercise their vocation, in their lifeless round of perfunctory labors with immortal souls, that, alas! can little afford the loss. Possess it, let your pupils feel severally that they are something more to you than so many fractions of a class,—that you value them inexpressibly, as *themselves*,—as Sarah or Mary or Lucy, as Charles or John or William,—that you could weep over their defects, and rejoice over their growth in holiness,—let this appear in the yearning glance of your eye, the modulations of your voice, the particularity of

your questionings, the inexpressible manner which such an appreciation inevitably produces,— and you have penetrated to their hearts, and won a hold upon them that nothing else in the wide world could give you, and of which nothing in the world can supply the place.

Thus have I endeavored to say, in a plain and direct manner, what I deeply feel that it is most important at this period should be uttered and believed. I have exaggerated nothing. What I have said, I hold to with my whole heart. I magnify my office in the Sunday School, just as I magnify it in the pulpit. For I measure its greatness by the loftiness of its principles, the grandeur of its purpose, the vastness of its possible success.

And have I spoken anything to dismay and repel any soul among you? Have I presented such a portraiture of the Sunday-school ideal, or of the requisites for successful teaching, that there are those who will be led to shrink from continuance in the work in which they have hitherto been engaged, and dissever themselves from the Sunday School? Let me not believe it, I beseech you, of a single teacher among you! Rather let it be our earnest course, if we be conscious of vital deficiencies, to seek the footstool of the Infinite Love; to pour out our soul in prayer for light and life and consecration; to sit at the Saviour's feet until we enter into his being; and so to be lifted up and enlarged and vivified and glorified, that the holy greatness of this cause shall break on our grateful sense, and in humble sacrifice, yet glowing zeal, we shall prosecute in resolute persistence our hallowed toil.

## PICTURES.

## I.—THE BRIDGE.

WHEN rosy twilight filled the west,  
 Upon the bridge I stood ;  
 Before me lay the hills at rest,  
 Below me rolled the flood.

Up from the sea, behind the town,  
 Rose the full moon ; and far  
 Down the steep sky, and farther down,  
 Dropped the dear evening star.

The fretting waters smote the piers,  
 And faintly lashed the shore ;  
 A sound as if of falling tears  
 Swelled sadly evermore.

But in the light the small waves leapt,  
 And seemed alive with glee ;  
 The city, bathed in silver, slept,  
 And silver shone the sea.

## II.—THE COMMON.

OCTOBER sweet, October mild,  
 Looked down into my face and smiled,  
 And led me forth a willing child.

He bade his lightest breezes blow ;  
 Above the river's lazy flow  
 His golden sun descended slow.

Behind me roared the noisy town,  
 Before me, seaward, glided down  
 Boats snowy-sailed and barges brown.

Across the wide, wide stretching stream,  
 Through purple mist, with softened beam,  
 The glories of the sunset gleam.

His pointless arrows slide between  
The glittering branches of the treene,  
And drop among the grass so green;

Fall on the tossing of the lake,  
The children's rocking fleet o'er take,  
Against the fountain column break.

The fountain pours its silver showers,  
The west wind waves the yellow flowers ;  
Behind, the dusky city towers.

All was so lovely and so grand,  
That in a dream I seemed to stand,  
In vanished Arthur's fairy-land,

Till blushing Hesper past from sight  
Behind the hills, and o'er the night  
The waning moon rose red and bright.

### III.—THE NOVEMBER DAY.

THE gloomy doors of night are barred ;  
Thy day, thy quiet day, is gone ;  
It lives in memory alone,  
Serene and holy, and unmarred  
By any harsh or jarring tone.

A pregnant joy that eastward glowed,  
Before the coming of the sun,—  
That touched the hills with Autumn dun,  
With which the valleys overflowed,—  
Brown hollows where dark waters run,

Clogged with a fleet of fallen leaves,  
Launched by the tempest's thousand hands,  
Where now the naked forest stands,  
And here and there a linnet grieves  
For sweet mates flown to other lands ; —

A gentle gladness gliding o'er  
 With silent charm from sky to sky,  
 And where the pine-woods sleeping lie,—  
 Sleeping and sighing evermore,—  
 Staying the light clouds floating by ;—

Made thy dear day a Sabbath day  
 For Nature's worship and for mine.  
 O maiden ! all the praise be thine,  
 For that thou taught'st me how to pray,  
 And gav'st the round world for my shriné.

## IV.—THE WINTER NIGHT.

I SAW the sun go down behind the trees,  
 And quench his glorious light ;  
 The western rose of twilight seemed to freeze  
 Before the breath of Night.

She from the gloomy level of the main  
 Clomb upward to her throne,—  
 She led the shivering stars across the plain,  
 While Hesper hurried down.

F. B. S.

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STILL ANOTHER "SIDE OF THE QUESTION."

SINCE "One Side of the Question" presents the great difficulties which lie in woman's path in finding for herself a remunerative field of usefulness, when it is a matter of necessity that she should do so, and "Mistaken Methods" are brought forward to show what she must *not* do,—though the latter side of the question is somewhat suggestive of what she *may* do,—still it seems there is a sphere which has thus far failed of being well filled, and which few, if any, fit themselves regularly for, though the remu-

neration would be far more satisfactory than that of the needle.

The field which is thus comparatively unoccupied will at once be recognized by any one who has attempted the almost hopeless task of finding a person competent to fill, even temporarily, the mother's place in a household, when sickness, death, or necessary absence have made that place vacant. A nurse, indeed, can minister to the sick, and ignorant servants can perform the coarse manual labor; but who shall do the thinking, and planning, and economizing? Who shall preside at table, and shed sunshine in the house, and care for the deserted little ones, physically, mentally, and spiritually? I said *spiritually*, for many little feet have gone astray when the watchful mother's care has been suspended or removed for ever.

"Educate one's self for a housekeeper," says some fastidious milliner's apprentice (just now out of work), "and to keep other people's houses!" And why not, indeed? It is unfashionable, certainly; but it is to be hoped that, when females are obliged to earn their own support, they will be brave enough to be unfashionable; and why should it be more unfashionable to keep your friend's house, than to make her bonnets or dresses, or teach her children, or sew for the shop-keepers?

It certainly would be more healthful than plying the needle, and ought to be more agreeable than teaching to those individuals who are not so "oddly constituted" that they find no "bitterness in school-keeping."

In many households there are grown-up daughters whose chief joy and duty it should be to minister to a suffering member of the family, and to preside when the mother is providentially removed; but too often they are found useless in a sick-room, unless it be to "fan the sufferer, or smooth the pillow, or bring fresh roses or the cup of cold water." They have read in the magazines that these are beautiful privileges and duties; and so indeed they are.

But those other imperative though homely duties which all sickness creates, are not in their "order of exercises"; and hired strangers do for the sick mother what it should be the daughter's privilege to do.

And in such households, and those where there are no daughters or other relatives who may be called upon, how cheerfully paid, how kindly welcomed and even loved, would be the gentle, refined, and educated lady-housekeeper, who might be summoned to preside in the afflicted family!

How many persons, advanced in years, and feeling unequal to the burden of household cares, reluctantly give up their homes, and go to board with their children, or with strangers, when, if a person suitably qualified could be obtained, they would thankfully resign their responsibilities into their hands, and rest quietly in their homes amid the old surroundings, enjoying the comforts of housekeeping without its cares!

And what more congenial employment could be found for that "large lurking class of single women composed of the poor relations of the more fortunate, doomed, until Hymen or death takes pity on them, to wear out their days in genteel poverty"? Certainly, if they came to this employment bringing a loving and faithful spirit, they might soon afford to pity many of those whom "Hymen" has taken.

And as it is true that "a good housewife is a thousand times better than a poor governess," one ventures to add, "*than any* governess, however good"; for the governess and teacher are more than half suspected, in these days, of being "strong-minded," that opprobrious epithet, from which most true women shrink. And as it is taken for granted that "the desire of every young woman to have a happy home of her own is too deeply rooted in human nature to be disregarded," they should not forget that those who fill the domestic niche well are most likely soon to find such a niche peculiarly their own.

To fill it well, however, needs *practical* knowledge of the

of our time. Using a little of the author's plainness of speech, we should say that he treats many subjects here which can never, by any possibility, be treated wisely or powerfully, except through an honest and consistent faith in the whole religion of the New Testament, and in the distinctive offices of Christ; that it handles emotions too profound and too holy to be touched flippantly, even for the purpose of amusement; that, while the tone is sometimes too light for an earnest man, the topics are too august for a banterer; that a cold breath of cynicism and disbelief sometimes comes up from the page like a flaw of east wind; and that, in its low and unworthy estimate of noble, truthful, simple, faithful Christian womanhood, we pronounce it false and evil,—the writing of a man who, from disease, or breeding; or other sad fortune, does not know the sex of the mother that bore him. This fatal defect vitiates all his philosophy of marriage, and fills it with mischief. On the other hand, the book has excellent sentiments, records sound maxims, enunciates some high principles, professes earnestly to believe in God, and, in its way, quotes the teachings of the Saviour. Were there more system and less brilliancy,—more logic and less paradox,—more of a simple desire to make men better, and less to make them wonder,—perhaps we should understand it and appreciate it better than we do.

*Here and Hereafter: or, The Two Altars.* By ANNA ATHERN. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—It is a great public good to have books put into the market which one can buy and place in the hands of young or old, without a shadow of misgiving, and with a firm conviction that the reader can only be made better by them. This may be affirmed, without hesitation, we believe, to be the character of "Step by Step" and "The Two Altars." Of course they are not equally attractive to every class. They are not remarkably "brilliant" or "original." Clear of false sentiment and false rhetoric, presenting rational views of human life and duty, genial without folly, interesting without high-seasoned descriptions or morbid passions, natural without being commonplace in their portraits of human experience, religious without cant, and scrupulous without prudery, they are, to the inward nature of those for whom they are designed, nutritious and beneficent. They contrast with most novels of the day as substantial and agreeable food with confectionery and *pâte de foie gras*. They are just good enough for "human nature's daily food." For

many reasons we rejoice in their evident success,—a success as creditable to the community that buy as to the author that writes. It is too late to recommend the book before us; but we gratefully record the fact that its many merits have been found out so soon.

M. T. S.—We find the imprint of the “Massachusetts Temperance Society” on a little volume, of uncommonly beautiful execution, which may serve as a gift for the holidays. It begins worthily with a portrait of the veteran Temperance advocate, whose name alone is authority for the cause, Dr. John C. Warren. Besides this, there are many other engravings, likenesses, and illustrations, very neatly done. The literary contents are a history and constitution of the Society, annals of the cause generally, with incidental arguments, extracts from Dr. Warren’s journal, the testimony of Dr. Carpenter as to alcoholic drinks, and Bishop Potter’s well-known address on the drinking usages of society. It is a worthy memorial and manual of that estimable and useful association, which had Hon. Samuel Dexter for its first President, and has Hon. Stephen Fairbanks for his present successor. The book is sold by Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

*A Pronouncing Spelling-Book of the English Language.* By J. E. WORCESTER. Hickling, Swan, and Brewer.—Nothing need be said of this standard text-book, except that it proceeds from the highest orthoepical authority of the country, and is adapted, in our opinion, quite as much to guide the teacher as to help the pupil.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., EDITOR.

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VOL. XIX.

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THE ACCOUNTS OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.\*

THE resurrection of our Lord is the central and crowning fact of Christian history. It was the grand topic of Apostolical preaching to Jew and Gentile, on the day of Pentecost in Jerusalem and on Mars Hill in Athens. It inspired every sacrifice and compensated every pain of the first witnesses for the Gospel, and it has given a composing faith in immortality to every Christian sufferer since. It transformed the intellectual and moral life of the doubting, timid disciples, till they went forth to herald the glad tidings unalarmed by the fury of mobs or the threatenings of rulers, disregarding shame and torture and the terrors of death. It has kindled hopes and aspirations throughout the ages which have enabled the frailest to bear every trouble and master every obstacle, and lighted up the despair of the doubting with the radiance of heaven. Paul had reason then for affirming that "if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

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\* Matthew xxviii. 1-20; Mark xvi. 1-18; Luke xxiv. 1-49; John xx. 1-29; xxi. 1-24.

Objections, of course, have often been raised to the credibility of a fact, which decides the question whether Christianity is true or an imposture and a delusion ; but the belief in the Saviour's resurrection has never been and never can be torn from the hearts of his disciples. Before the tribunal of the world, the great miracle stands proved beyond cavil. Still, the most unquestioning believer of the New Testament is compelled to acknowledge that there are difficulties in accepting and reconciling all the circumstances connected with the resurrection which are recorded by the four Evangelists ; and many sincere inquirers are troubled because they are unable to answer the arguments of superficial critics, though they themselves do not doubt "that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." For the purpose of relieving such believers as are anxious to give a reason for the faith that is in them, we propose to examine the alleged variations and discrepancies in the accounts of our Lord's resurrection, and discover, if possible, whether those discrepancies invalidate the testimony of the Evangelists, or whether, on the contrary, they do not, as Griesbach says, show how extremely studious the writers were of truth, and how scrupulously they followed their documents, so that in fact their best harmony lies in their differences.

At the outset, we wish to make a few statements and observations to indicate the principles on which our inquiry is made.

1. A predetermination to make all the accounts harmonize at all hazards, is as weak and dishonest as a predetermination to find irreconcilable discrepancies. The Gospel narratives have as much claim to an impartial hearing at the bar of common sense as any other narratives, and are to be interpreted by the same rules. A distorting of the plain meaning of words is as culpable on the side of right as on the side of wrong. As a distinguished commentator of the

Episcopal Church has said: "Christianity never was, and never can be, the gainer by any concealment, warping, or avoidance of the plain truth, wherever it is to be found." The only intelligent and manly mode of proceeding is to seek conscientiously for the real meaning of the writers, and to acknowledge fairly whatever discrepancies, real or apparent, may exist.

2. A Divine revelation is entirely distinct from the record of that revelation; God's handiwork is perfect, but man's description of it may be imperfect. The facts which make up human history are real events, but compilers of those facts may make mistakes in stating them; so the incidents of Christ's life on earth are everlasting realities, but the accounts of them are liable to the inexactness which is found in the most accurate and honest compilers,—all that the Evangelists laid claim to be.\* The only theory of their inspiration which can abide close scrutiny is that of Henry Alford,† viz.: "The working of the Holy Spirit on the sacred writers was *analogous* to his influence on every believer in Christ; viz. in the retention of individual character and thought and feeling,—and in the gradual development of the ways and purposes of God to their minds."‡

3. The Gospels are fragmentary, not complete biographies of the Saviour. They were written for different readers and with different objects. Both the important and the unim-

\* The only allusion of an Evangelist to himself is in the introduction to the Gospel of Luke; which to suppose him to have written "if he were under the conscious inspiration of the Holy Spirit, superseding all his own mental powers and faculties, would be to charge him with ascribing to his own diligence and selection that which was furnished to him independently of both."

† A well-known clergyman of the Church of England, who has written the best commentary on the New Testament in the English language.

‡ This is not inconsistent with the profoundest theory of *plenary* inspiration, which asserts, in the words of the commentator above quoted, that the sacred writers were influenced by the Holy Spirit for their work, "in a manner which distinguishes them from all other writers in the world, and their work from all other works." See Alford's Greek Testament, Vol. I., Prolegomena, pp. 15–24.

portant omissions indicate the eclectic method on which the Evangelists proceeded in compiling their histories. Matthew writing for Hebrew converts, Mark for the Gentiles, Luke for the general use of Christians who had before been dependent on oral instruction, John to demonstrate the character of Jesus as the appointed Messiah and as the means of eternal life,—each would record what substantiated his special purpose. At the same time their want of literary skill would prevent their producing a perfect, systematic treatise, containing only thoughts and circumstances pertinent to their specific object,—a fact in itself a remarkable proof of the authenticity of their Gospels. In consequence of this imperfect and fragmentary nature, “the Gospels imply throughout that the great outlines of the ministry of Jesus, and the more striking immediate results of what he did and taught, were already known to their readers. They suppose, in like manner, their readers to be already acquainted with many circumstances attending particular events and discourses of our Lord, which circumstances are not brought into view in their narratives.”\* This continual assumption of such knowledge on the part of their readers is especially to be noticed in the accounts of the Saviour's resurrection, and it may account for all the diversities in arrangement and connection which present such difficulties to us.

4. We shall not attempt to construct a formal harmony of the details in the four distinct accounts of the resurrection. Any such harmony must inevitably rest on violent transpositions and arbitrary hypotheses, which do not seem to spring from that highest reverence for the sacred records which will not allow us, *for any purpose*, to “handle the word of God deceitfully,” and which seem, besides, to weaken rather than strengthen the evidence for the grand central fact of our Lord's resurrection. On the other hand, the discrepancies in these narratives really make for the

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\* Norton's Internal Evidences, p. 106.

credit of the writers ; for, as Professor Norton has said, "Different original accounts of the same series of events, when they agree in the main facts, but are inconsistent in minor particulars, confirm each other ; since they show that the narrators give independent testimony, and had each separate sources of information" ;\* on the contrary, perfect agreement would argue collusion in the writers, or a mutual copying of a single authority. This would be the verdict of common sense everywhere,—in common life, in courts of justice, in the study of history.†

Two very natural considerations will account for all the alleged discrepancies in the Evangelical accounts, and incidentally help to establish the main fact they relate. The first consideration is, that the state of mind in which the disciples were on the morning of the resurrection — their grief, shame, and despair, and then the astonishment, the alarm, the agitation, the confusion, produced by the news that their Master had risen — would naturally prevent their having at the time a careful, logical idea of the exact succession of incidents, and would make them unable afterwards to recall them all in the precise order of their occurrence. It would have been a very suspicious self-possession that enabled them to take such a calm survey of that morning's events, as to remember them with unvarying exactness. The second consideration is, that the accounts were not written down at the time, but afterwards, from the oral testimony of the Apostles and other witnesses ; and they laid the main stress on the grand fact of the resurrection, which they preached everywhere and always, while the details were not so frequently repeated, and the precise order of the occur-

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\* Norton's Internal Evidences, p. 82.

† A remarkable instance of the existence of an undoubted fact under a varied narration is presented in the extant accounts of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, which contain far more numerous and more important discrepancies and contradictions than the accounts of the Saviour's resurrection. They are described very clearly in Norton's Internal Evidences, pp. 70 - 84.

rences was deemed a matter of little consequence. Hence, the discrepancies in these records are much more frequent than in those of Christ's miracles and preaching, which were repeated in detail.

We cannot better close these preliminary remarks than in the words of the learned and liberal commentator to whom we have already referred :—

“ The only genuine harmony of the Gospels will be furnished by the unity and consistency of the Christian’s belief in their record, as true to the great events which it relates, and his enlightened and intelligent appreciation of the careful diligence of the Evangelists in arranging the important matter before them. If in that arrangement he finds variations, and consequently inaccuracies, on one side or the other, he will be content to acknowledge the analogy which pervades all the Divine dealings with mankind, and to observe that God, who works, in the communication of his other gifts, through the medium of secondary agents, has been pleased to impart to us this, the record of his most precious gift, also by human agency and teaching. He will acknowledge also in this the peculiar mercy and condescension of Him who has adapted to universal human reception the record of eternal life by his Son, by means of the very variety of individual recollections and modified reports. And thus he will arrive at the *true harmonistic view of Scripture*; just as in the great and discordant world he does not seek peace by setting one thing against another and finding logical solution for all, but by holy and peaceful trust in that Almighty Father, who doeth all things well. So that the argument so happily applied by Butler to the *nature of the revelation* contained in the Scriptures, may with equal justice be applied to *the books themselves* in which the record of that revelation is found,—that ‘He who believes the Scriptures to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in them as are found in the constitution of nature.’” \*

The Evangelists have made no attempt to describe the scene of the resurrection, for the simple reason that they had no means of information concerning it. The precise

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\* Alford’s Greek Testament, Vol. I., Prolegomena, p. 23.

time and manner in which the Saviour broke the bonds of the grave are not narrated for us, and it is worse than useless to conjecture and imagine them. The gloom and despair of the mourning disciples through the Sabbath we can easily conceive, though the Evangelists have not dwelt at all on their personal griefs. But when we seek to picture to ourselves the operation of divine energy which summoned the Prince of Life from the cerements of the sepulchre, we begin to trench on ground too sacred for human feet. Reverential faith is a nobler attitude than doubting curiosity.

All that we know of the events between the burial and the discovery of the resurrection may be briefly stated. At the end of the Sabbath, the women who had been such faithful disciples to the last determined to complete the embalming of their Master's body early on the morrow. But very early that morning, before their arrival, there was a great convulsion and shock\* at the tomb: "for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead." And now the women hasten to perform their work of love. As it is in the accounts of their visit to the tomb that the most important variations and discrepancies in the history of the resurrection occur, we propose to examine them in detail.

1. *The time.* According to Matthew, they came *as the day was dawning*; according to Luke, *at dim dawn*; according to John, *while it was yet dark*. So far there is perfect agreement, but Mark's expression is, "very early in the morning," *the sun having risen*. The discrepancy is indeed very slight, but it is marked enough to show the independence of the narratives. Only a slave of the letter, or a wilful scoffer, — who play into each other's hands more than they suspect, — will find any serious difficulty here. There is a little

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\* Σεισμός does not mean an earthquake, but a violent commotion, a shock.

difference; but underneath the variation there is an entire harmony in what is essential, for all agree that the women came *very early in the morning*.

2. *The number of the women.* According to Matthew, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came; according to Mark, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome; according to Luke, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, Joanna, and other women; while John mentions only Mary Magdalene. These differences, however, do not, of themselves, necessarily imply any real discrepancy; because "the mention of a few does not deny that there are more," and each Evangelist mentions the names which most readily occur to his memory, or which seemed to him most conspicuous.\* Just as—to use the illustration of Dr. Robinson—if one writer, in narrating the visit of Lafayette to this country, should refer to Lafayette alone, another to Lafayette and his son, another to Lafayette, his son, and his secretary, there would be a difference, but not a contradiction, in the accounts.

3. *Incidents at the sepulchre.* As the women were on their way to see the sepulchre and complete the embalming, the thought occurred to them that they might find a difficulty in rolling back the stone. It is evident that they had heard nothing of the guard placed there by the chief priests and Pharisees. But, to their great consternation, they found the stone already removed and the sepulchre open. So far the four accounts agree.† But Matthew describes the appearance of one angel on the outside of the tomb, while Mark says there was one on the inside, and Luke two on the inside, and John makes no allusion whatever to any angel.‡ The accounts of the first three Gospels cannot fairly

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\* That Mary did not go to the sepulchre alone may be fairly inferred from John xx. 2, *οὐκ οἶδαντες*, "we do not know."

† We suppose the description by Matthew of the rolling away of the stone, with the commotion and the angelic appearance, to refer to events which occurred before the visit of the women.

‡ The angels whom Mary saw were not the same with these; for they appeared to her *after her return from the city*.

be reconciled, though many singular attempts have been made by the harmonists, which only show their skill and disingenuousness in distorting texts. And certainly the confused reports of several frightened women cannot be expected to conform to each other exactly. The accounts now seem artless and truthful; did they correspond perfectly, they would seem artful and suspiciously elaborate.

The narrative of John is entirely at variance with the first three Gospels, unless we make the supposition that, when the women found the sepulchre open and apparently rifled, Mary Magdalene stopped for no further examination, but ran back in alarm to tell the disciples that the Master's body had been stolen. This supposition is so simple and natural, so much in accordance with Mary Magdalene's character, that it does not seem unfair to adopt it; and we shall therefore proceed on that supposition.

After Mary Magdalene had gone, the other women remained, and saw the angel or angels, and received their message,—the substance of which is the same in the three Gospels, though the words are not, a fact that brings difficulty only to the advocates of a verbal inspiration. The women hurried away, amazed and alarmed, and, according to Matthew, "did run to bring his disciples word," and, according to Luke, told all these things unto the eleven; but according to Mark, they fled in terror, and *did not deliver the message at that time.*\* We do not think it possible to make these two statements harmonize. Mark ends his Gospel abruptly here, when he had recorded, probably, all he knew about the women,—the rest of the Gospel being a supplement by another hand, and "containing the substance of their author's information respecting the appearances of our Lord." Mark's account seems less certain and less specific than Matthew's and Luke's, and less natural too, so that we should give the preference to the latter,

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\* That seems the *obvious* meaning of Mark xvi. 8.

and suppose that the women did tell the angels' message to the Apostles, which they received "as idle tales, and believed them not."

As the women were going away, they were met, according to Matthew, by Jesus himself, who suffered them to accost him and gave them a message to the disciples. Of this interview neither Mark nor Luke seems to have been aware. The author of the supplement to Mark's Gospel expressly states that Jesus was *first* seen by Mary Magdalene, and the two disciples at Emmaus knew only that the women had found the sepulchre open, and "seen a vision of angels, who said that he was alive."\* The experience of Mary Magdalene was probably confounded with that of the other women, as they had gone to the sepulchre together. "But what wonder, if the reports of such a day of anxiety and confusion were themselves disjointed and confused?"

Meanwhile, Peter and John, alarmed by the news brought by Mary Magdalene, ran to the sepulchre to make it sure.† John, in his anxious enthusiasm, outran Peter, and looked into the sepulchre, but did not go in, either from reverence or a natural aversion. The impetuous Peter went directly in, and described to John, as it seems, the condition of things, and then the beloved disciple followed, "saw, and believed." As to *what* he believed, commentators have differed; some supposing that he merely believed the truth of Mary's report of the body's removal, others that he believed, from what he saw, in his Master's resurrection, though "as yet he knew not the Scripture." That is, he believed it on ocular evidence, not on *a priori* grounds. The latter interpretation appears to us to suit the context better, and to preserve the meaning of a moral belief to *πιστεύειν*, which is the usage of John.

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\* Luke xxiv. 23.

† Luke xxiv. 12 mentions Peter alone; but that is no contradiction of John. Besides, Cleopas, in v. 24, says, "Some of us went," which may imply that he knew Peter did not go alone.

"Then the disciples went away again unto their own home," "wondering in themselves at that which was come to pass." But Mary remained weeping before the sepulchre. And as she wept, she stooped down and looked in, and saw "two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." She tells them the cause of her grief, "in the simplicity of her heart, without thinking immediately on supernatural aid."\* As she turned then, she saw Jesus himself, whom she did not recognize, but supposed to be the gardener.† To his inquiry why she wept, she made the same answer in substance. With the simple pronunciation of her name in the tone she had so often heard, her risen Lord reveals his presence and dispels her mourning. She exclaimed, "Rabboni," and apparently ran to embrace his feet. But he forbids her,— "Touch me not," ‡—and then dismisses her with a message to his disciples, which she delivered ; but, according to Mark, they did not believe her report.

This account of the interview with Mary completes the history of the incidents which occurred in the neighborhood of the sepulchre. Three other appearances of Jesus on the day of the resurrection are related by the different Evangelists.

1. *To two disciples on the way to Emmaus.* This appearance is alluded to in the supplement to Mark, and fully described by Luke, while it is not noticed by Matthew, John,

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\* Tholuck *in loco*.

† Why she did not recognize Jesus, we have not been told, and it is idle to conjecture. It may have been, because she was not expecting him, because her eyes were blinded with tears, because her face was not turned toward him, or because he put on an unusual appearance.

‡ The explanation of these words given by Tholuck *in loco*, with which the views of many other eminent critics coincide, seems most appropriate. "In her sudden surprisal, Mary now imagines that she sees in her risen Saviour a higher being. But Jesus wishes to direct her to the fact that his glorification was still future. That Jesus wished to indicate to her something similar to this, becomes evident from his calling the Apostles his brethren, and God his Father and their Father."

or Paul. The accounts, which are too familiar to need citation, coincide except in a few unimportant circumstances. Luke says here, that the women who returned from the sepulchre had seen a vision of angels ; Matthew, that they had seen the Lord himself. Luke says the two disciples did not know Jesus, "because their eyes were holden" ; Mark, because he appeared "in another form." Luke says that the eleven already believed in the resurrection, on the evidence of Simon Peter, when they arrived with the news of his appearance on their walk ; Mark, that the eleven did not believe their story at all.\* These differences are such as would naturally arise in independent accounts of such an incident, especially when one is a full narrative and the other a brief summary.

2. *To Peter.* This is hinted at by Luke, but asserted by Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 5. Of the particulars no record has come down to us. Whether it took place before or after that on the way to Emmaus is uncertain.

3. *To the assembled disciples.* This appearance is briefly described by Mark, probably alluded to by Paul, and fully narrated by Luke and John. The several accounts are not identical, but they are similar enough to prove they describe the same interview, and they contain no discrepancies. The variations consist chiefly in additional statements made by one or the other. According to Luke, the disciples were assembled at their evening meal,—the doors being shut, John adds, for fear of the Jews. As the two disciples were relating their Master's appearance to them on the way to Emmaus, "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them." But the sudden appearance of one whom they were disposed to believe still dead, filled them with terror, and they supposed

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\* A comparison of the two accounts makes this evident. Luke xxiv. 33, 34 : "And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them (i. e. the eleven), saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." Mark xvi. 13 : "And they went and told it unto the residue ; neither believed they them."

that they had seen a spirit. Jesus assured them of his personal identity, of his bodily presence, and showed them his hands and his feet, and partook of food. He upbraided them with their unbelief in his resurrection, and interpreted the Scriptural references to his sufferings and resurrection. He spoke of their commission to preach the Gospel to all the world, and of the power from on high with which they should be endued, "breathing on them, and saying, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." \*

The account of this interview in the supplement to Mark evidently epitomizes what took place on several different occasions; it represents, at any rate, the ascension as taking place immediately after the words attributed to Jesus at this interview were uttered.† Luke also, knowing, *when he wrote his Gospel*, of no later appearance of Jesus than this, gives "a summary of many things said during the last forty days before the ascension;—they cannot have been said *on this evening*; for after the command in verse 49, the disciples would not have gone away into Galilee." ‡

Of the appearances of Jesus after the day of the resurrection we have at least three accounts, none of which present much, if any, difficulty.

1. We have, first, the appearance eight days afterwards to the disciples in the presence of Thomas, when "that rationalist among the Apostles," as Olshausen calls him, received the tangible evidence of his Lord's resurrection which he had demanded; and so furnishes us, too, with a proof of the great fact he was so slow to believe. "Dubitatum

\* We do not attempt to interpret this act with the accompanying words.

† "After the Lord had spoken unto them," can only in fairness mean, *when he had spoken these words*. All endeavors of the Harmonists to include in them 'all other words which he spoke,' will have no weight with an honest reader, who looks to the evident sense of his author alone, and disregards other considerations. We never shall read or comment on Scripture with full profit, till all such subterfuges are abandoned, and the Gospel evidence treated in the clear light of an intelligent and honest faith."—Alford, on Mark xvi. 19.

‡ Alford, *in loco*.

est ab illo," says Leo the Great, "ne dubitetur a nobis."\* This familiar narrative is peculiar to John.

2. The disciples had returned to their usual occupation of fishing, probably as a means of livelihood before the time appointed for the meeting on the mountain in Galilee. While thus toiling for their daily bread, seven of them being together, Jesus appeared to them, and proved his presence by the miraculous draught of fishes. It was during this interview that he thrice asked Peter, "Lovest thou me?" This account is peculiar to the supplementary chapter of John's Gospel.

3. The third interview took place on the mountain where Jesus had appointed, and is described only, and in a fragmentary manner, by Matthew. Probably more than the eleven were present; for, after the two appearances in Jerusalem, it could hardly be possible that "some" of the eleven "doubted." Perhaps the "five hundred brethren at once," of whom Paul speaks, were present; but that, of course, is a mere matter of conjecture.

Other appearances of Jesus, which are implied in the "many infallible proofs" mentioned in the first chapter of Acts, and which are asserted by Paul in 1 Cor. xv. 5, and the final appearance at the ascension, we shall not examine. We now propose to recapitulate the accounts of the resurrection given by the four Evangelists, using as far as possible the very language of their records, and noting the most important variations and discrepancies.

Upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, came to see the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre? But they found the stone already rolled away. For there

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\* Quoted by Tholuck.

had been a great commotion ; the angel of the Lord had descended from heaven and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. And for fear of him, the keepers became as dead men. Mary Magdalene, hastily concluding that her Lord's body had been taken away, ran to tell Simon Peter and the disciple whom Jesus loved. Meanwhile, the other women, entering the sepulchre, saw an angel, who said unto them, Be not affrighted : ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified : he is risen ; he is not here : behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee ; there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.\* And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre ; for they trembled and were amazed. And they told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest ; and their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.†

When Mary Magdalene had brought the startling news, Peter went forth, and that other disciple, and ran to the sepulchre ; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre. He stooped down and looked in, yet went he not in. Then Peter, coming up, went in and saw the linen clothes and the napkin. Then went in also John, and he saw and believed. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home, wondering in themselves at that which was come to pass. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre, weeping ; and as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and saw two angels in white. She told them why she wept, and, turning round, saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. To his inquiry why she wept, she answered, Because they have taken

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\* Matthew speaks of one angel on the outside ; Mark, of one on the inside ; and Luke, of two on the inside. The message of the angel is somewhat variously reported in the form of expression.

† Mark implies that they did not deliver the message at that time. Matthew relates that as they went they were met by Jesus. The compilers of the other two accounts seem never to have heard of this interview.

away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. Jesus said unto her, Mary! She turned, and said unto him, My Master! When she had received a message for the disciples, she came and told them that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her. After that, on the same day, he appeared unto two disciples as they were walking to Emmaus. Some time during the day Jesus appeared unto Simon Peter also. Afterward he appeared to the eleven, as they sat at supper the same evening, and gave them tangible proof of his resurrection in the body. Eight days afterwards, he appeared to the disciples in the presence of Thomas, who had not been present before, and had refused to believe their report,— and compelled him also to be, not faithless, but believing. After these things, Jesus showed himself to seven of the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias, and once more on a mountain of Galilee to the eleven and others. Beyond this there is no definite record of his appearance till the final meeting on the Mount of Ascension. And it came to pass, while he blessed them there, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.

We have completed our survey of the Evangelists' accounts of the resurrection of our Lord. Whatever discrepancies exist in them are such as to corroborate the great truth that underlies them all; in short, we have four independent accounts, by faithful witnesses, of an event which is established in the heart of the Christian world as the most vital of all historical facts. We can adopt, in speaking of these accounts of the resurrection, what has been said of the entire narratives by a writer who cannot be suspected of any undue bias in favor of such a fact.\*

“Their authors tell the story with such simplicity, with such unbounded carelessness, with such an entire absence of any thought but of stating facts just as they seemed to them, that the Life of Jesus, as

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\* A History of Jesus, by W. H. Furness, pp. 285 – 287.

it is told in the Four Gospels, appears emphatically to have written itself. These writings 'grew as grows the grass.' In fine, the more I have studied them, the more deeply am I impressed with their character as matchless specimens of truth-telling; not that their authors always state things just as they were, but they always give us the facts, with childlike freedom and simplicity, just as they apprehended them. And in no part do these records more fully breathe the life of truth and nature, than in their accounts of what happened at the sepulchre on that morning when Jesus reappeared alive. So wonderfully true are they to all those passions which were then in full play, to the wonder, the fear, the joy which were all awakened, and which thrilled through the whole story, that it is upon the character of the testimony thus afforded to the resurrection of Jesus that my faith in this fact mainly rests. The fact itself is involved in the thickest mystery. Nevertheless, that he was alive again on that memorable morning it is out of my power to question, surrounded though the fact is with inevitable difficulties. It is attested by evidence which no human mind had any thought of furnishing,—the evidence of Nature, of God himself."\*

T. T.

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### THE MIRACLE OF THE MANNA.

THE scrap of primitive history to which the account of this miracle belongs has an interest beyond that of the mere facts it narrates. The facts are simply these. The Israelites, some fifteen months after leaving Egypt, came into a desert region, where they began to fear that they should perish from hunger. Under this apprehension, they broke out into a violent upbraiding of Moses for leading them into such peril. In the midst of the excitement Moses summoned

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\* The common harmonistic views of the narratives of the resurrection may be found stated in popular commentaries, and in Sears's *Athanasia*. They are ably argued and set forth at length by Dr. Robinson in his "Harmony," and in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for February, 1845.

them into solemn assembly. Aaron then addressed them, reproving them sharply for their murmurings, and for their want of faith in the Mighty Hand which was leading them along step by step; promising them, also, that they should soon see the Divine goodness manifested in an abundant provision for their sustenance. They waited not long for the promise to be fulfilled. At evening flocks of quails came up and covered their camp, and in the morning, where the dew lay upon the ground, there appeared, when it was dried up, a small round substance, which they had never seen before, that proved to be nutritious as bread. Being ignorant of its nature, they were instructed by Moses minutely as to the gathering, preparing, and preserving of it. They were directed to gather, each one, in the morning, enough for the day, and no more; not a particle to be kept over night, because if it were it would surely decay and become offensive. Yet on the *sixth* day they were instructed to gather enough to last over the *seventh*; and were promised that what was thus kept over, notwithstanding its perishing nature, should be perfectly sweet and sound when they came to eat it. Moreover, when they were putting in practice these instructions, they discovered that on the morning of the *seventh* day no manna at all was deposited: enough on the *sixth* for two days,—none whatever on the *seventh*! So they beheld in their daily food a fresh creation of the Divine power, from which there came to them a new call to trust in the Lord with all their heart.

These are the main facts. And they show a providential interposition which involves *truths* more important than the facts themselves. Like other history, they bring useful lessons to the present, and hand them on to the future. It is the same with all God's doings: they have ever a moral meaning independent of their immediate physical effects,—a meaning, too, in which all generations have a common interest. The smallest of those acts, as we distinguish small and great, connect themselves by relations more or less sub-

tile and recondite with all periods of time and with the destinies of all creatures; as a pebble dropped noiselessly into the sea is said to propagate an influence to every drop of water the ocean contains. The Israelites were fed with manna: this was a small thing indeed compared with the provision God makes for all that live; yet the act, and the manner of it, are made the vehicle of great truths, that reach down to us and are of universal application. The act itself, in its physical consequences, was confined to its own brief day; when the people's hunger was satisfied, *that* was the end of it. But what it contained,—its religious truths,—God meant for a wider sphere, to be perpetuated from age to age. What these are, we shall now attempt to set forth under the following heads:— 1. That God recognizes the physical wants of each and every individual; 2. That he supplies these wants through man's co-operation in obedience to his laws; 3. That whoever gathers and heaps up contrary to God's laws, finds in the end that the accumulation corrupts in his hands; 4. That in all gathering for this world it is required that the obligations and offices of religion be sacredly regarded. Let us see how these several truths unfold themselves.

1. *First, That God's physical providence recognizes the wants of each and every individual.* This is clearly taught by the miracle in the desert. Manna fell for each, babe and man; not one was overlooked. If destitution were found in any tent, therefore, it was either because the manna was not gathered at the proper time; or, if gathered, wasted; or, if gathered and not wasted, taken away by the hand of avarice or oppression. The cause of the destitution was not any failure on God's part to provide, but disobedience to the law of gathering on the part of man. Every man was to have enough for himself and those dependent on him. If he required but little, he should have none over; if he required much, he should have no lack. And this provision illustrates a *universal law* of Divine beneficence.

God takes care that every one of his children here on earth shall have enough for his physical wants ; he causes to be produced, or rather furnishes the means for producing, fully enough for this supply. If population increases in any quarter, production increases in the same ratio until a certain limit is attained, when production falling short becomes a hint and a spur to emigration, whereby new territories are brought under cultivation and made to yield their contributions to the service of man.

The Saviour spoke from a knowledge of this law when he asked, “ If God clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more clothe *you*? ” And his beautiful precept, “ Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye *have need of all these things*, ” — is founded in the same knowledge.

And this law is but *simple justice*. Having created man subject to wants, God could not with any justice withhold or fail to provide the means of supplying them. The wrong would be as palpable as for a human parent, having the ability to furnish it, to deny to his own offspring their necessary food. It would be as cruel as for a king to transport a colony to some desolate island and leave them there with nothing to support life. The justice of God is therefore the *pledge*, — strong as that can make it, and continuing through all time, — that nature shall fully provide for the physical wants of each and every human being.

Nor is this law confined to the *human family*: it embraces all the ranks of *sentient* beings, from the lions “ roaring after their prey and seeking their meat from God,” to the fowls of the air and the reptiles in the dust, which the “ Heavenly Father feedeth.” “ That thou givest them,” says the Psalmist, “ they gather: thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good.” Nay, the law extends to all the lower forms of life: whatever is created, is furnished with the sustenance

it needs, and the precise *kind* that it needs, whether it be the hyssop on the wall, the crocus peeping through the snow, or the cedar of Lebanon.

This manifest accommodation of provision to want in all the realm of nature, how intelligibly and forcibly does it proclaim a wise and beneficent Disposer! A fickle, capricious being, of infinite power, might have provided for one individual or class *abundantly*, and withheld all supply from the rest; or fed them to repletion to-day, and left them to perish from hunger to-morrow. A malevolent being might have contrived things so that all should have been kept on the verge of starvation, and should have exhibited, instead of the forms of strength and beauty we now behold and admire, only the repulsive aspects of disease, and deficient vitality. And if all things took their forms and courses from chance, if the operations of nature were simply fortuitous, and the results we behold were traceable to no intelligent hand, there would be no uniformity of supply, nothing to be counted upon from day to day, and, instead of each individual being provided for, no one would feel the least security that what happened at the moment to be within his reach was not all he could ever possess.

2. This truth, however, must be taken in connection with the second, *That God supplies these wants through man's co-operation in obedience to his laws*. It was enjoined upon the Israelites that each should gather in the morning, *at the proper season*, enough for the day. The manna was not showered into their baskets; the quails did not come all prepared for eating to their tents. There was a work for them to do, and if they neglected to do it, the pains of hunger would be the penalty. So it is now and always: supply comes through regulated labor. Each one must gather in the proper season, obedient to the great laws which the Creator has impressed upon his works. There is no promise to indolence that it shall have enough, and no pledge to prodigality and wastefulness, to intemperance and sensual vices, that they shall never come to

want. It is only to the hand of diligence that the needed return comes ; but to that, when directed by discretion, it does come. And God has indicated plainly enough *where* labor is to be bestowed. As plainly as he told those desert pilgrims, he to-day tells nations, communities, individuals, what to do. Their vocations are marked out for them by the hand divine, in most cases, as distinctly as though they were traced in letters upon the earth before them. These are determined by climate and soil, by coal and mineral deposits in the earth, by natural facilities for commercial or manufacturing industry, by contiguity to the sea with its vast stores, and by other similar causes. It is required only that men shall open their eyes and see the means for supplying their wants which God has provided, and then employ their strength in using them. He has not promised enough to those who will not gather, nor to those whose exertions are not wisely directed. He has promised a harvest neither to those who sow not, nor to those who sow in stony and barren places. He has not said, " Go to, and build you great cities, and gather together in multitudes where nothing grows ; and all, man and child, shall have enough." Doubtless cities are to be built, and a vast amount of labor is requisite for building and adorning them, and for carrying on the legitimate pursuits belonging to them ; but the consequences are sad, scarcity is sure to ensue, and great suffering, when the just ratio is not preserved between labor in the field and labor in the town, and especially when the preponderance of the latter becomes great. He who careth for all has adapted the soil of the earth to the growth of seeds and plants ; he waters it from his cisterns of cloud ; he warms and vitalizes it by the sun's rays, on purpose that it may give bread to the eater ; and he requires only that a certain amount of labor should be bestowed upon it, and that not excessive, in order that every individual of his great family may have ample supply of all his wants. But the ordinance of God is disregarded by man.

The garden he has given to us, so rich in its capacities of production, is neglected. Instead of seeking healthful and remunerating employment in that ample garden, masses of inefficiency and idleness get congregated in cities, thus lessening supply on the one hand, and increasing demand on the other; and thereby causing deficiency and want, and all the multifold misery and distress of poverty.

Poverty is not, therefore, a divine institution ; it is not a *necessity* in the nature of things. We do not believe that it is the intention of the gracious Creator, that any of his children, while obeying his laws, should suffer from destitution of the necessities of life. This would be an impeachment of his justice. It is because they do not obey his laws that poverty exists. We do not mean that poverty is proof of disobedience on the part of those who suffer it. It is not to be imputed to individuals as a crime or a fault. But it arises from disobedience to the great laws of providence in the general organization of society and in the distribution and application of labor. There is disobedience to those laws in the withdrawal of so much human intelligence from the labors of the field, in suffering so much human strength to remain unused altogether, and in employing so much of it in ministrations to mere luxury and extravagance. This destroys the balance between what is required and what is produced, and leaves large classes to but a scanty and precarious subsistence. No ; poverty does not spring from the essential nature of things. Nature is liberal, Nature is bountiful ; how wonderful the extent and variety of her productions, and what immense tracts of earth wait only to be asked in order to yield a measureless abundance for satisfying human wants ! It seems to be inferred by many, from the fact of poverty being recognized in the Scriptures and commiseration for the poor being enjoined as a religious duty, that therefore poverty is a condition which the Creator *designed* for a portion of his intelligent creatures. But the inference is not legitimate. Doubtless the fact is recognized,—

it could not *but* be; doubtless also our duties in reference to it are pointed out and urged with impressive emphasis; but it is no less true, that principles are inculcated and precepts given, which, if universally observed, would remove all causes of poverty, and create plenty in every habitation of man. God's world is full of stores for man's use: if any, living in obedience to his laws, are in want, there is injustice somewhere; somebody is to blame; something is wrong in the social arrangements; the will of the all-loving Father is not carried out. In a well-ordered state, with the great Christian ideas for its pillars, only idleness and vice would ever feel the pinch of want, and the bloom of health would never be faded from any cheek not first touched by the frost of sin.

Labor, labor judiciously bestowed,—so applied as to preserve the equilibrium between town and country,—to prevent a redundancy of working force needing support in the former, and to distribute it over the latter where it may always find employment sufficient at least for its own maintenance,—this is the great desideratum for general comfort, as it is the great safeguard against the miseries of poverty. Unforeseen causes, it is true, might occasionally reduce the industrious and provident to the necessity of receiving aid; the sick and infirm would still remain for the strong and active to nurse and sustain; but these would be the rare exceptions. There would be no such thing as a poor *class*,—poor from *necessity*; there would be no wide-spread, long-continued, abject *want*. This would be confined to the idle and the vicious. And with a so general employment the temptations to vice would be largely reduced, and the aggregate of wretchedness from poverty, and causes connected with it, become almost inappreciably small, as God intended it should be. All this the result of a right distribution of the working force of society.

When I think of the capacities of the earth for production, of the vast variety of plants and fruits that nourish

life; when I think in particular of our own boundless continent, and the diversity of its soils and climates, adapting it to the growth of every substance that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, and know how freely its innumerable acres would respond to the generous cultivation which they so smilingly invite; when I think of thirty, sixty, a hundred fold returned to the sower for every seed cast into good ground,—the munificence of the Creator's providing; when I think of the races of animals that serve for human sustenance, and those that may aid man in making “the rough places smooth” and the barren fertile; when I see the health which springs from the labor of the fields,—the strength which grows by such exercise; when I consider also its moral influence,—the inspiration which steams from the fragrant furrow, which “warms in the sun,” “refreshes in the breeze,” exhales from the flowers, and distils from the clouds, which is new every morning, when the sun rides forth in his majesty, and repeated every evening, when the stars advance to their silent watches;—I am constrained to acknowledge in all this the clearest expression of the Creator's design in respect to the supply of the physical wants of man, and am made to feel as a living conviction that truth which I have deduced from the miracle of the manna, *that God provides liberally for all, overlooking none*; and that, if there is scarcity and want, it is because *the law of gathering* has not been obeyed,—the law which requires man's *co-operation* with the Deity to secure what he provides.

The co-operation which is demanded, it should be observed, is not a *hard* service. Although it is decreed by the Almighty will that man shall eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, yet no hardship is implied in this; nothing more than a healthful exercise. No evidence can be drawn from the economy of nature, none from the general experience of mankind, that it was the Creator's intention that all our time should be spent in severe toil, that all our strength

should be given to obtaining means of subsistence, and that man should be but a working animal. No such necessity appears in the constitution of things. On the contrary, it is very evident, from the exuberance of the earth's productions in "grass for cattle and herb for the service of man," that only a moderate amount of labor,— no more than would promote his health and comfort, and allow him ample time for the due culture of his mind and heart, and for all those recreations which serve to enliven the spirits and sweeten the temper, was intended by Him who ordained our lot. It was only a little while in the morning that the Israelites were required to gather. A few hours each day, wisely bestowed, would answer all the requisitions of Nature and Providence, and yield food enough to satisfy the desire of every living thing. And so much as this is essential to health, and tends to happiness; so much every person of reflection regards as a pleasure rather than a task. There is satisfaction in it; it is felt to be not unworthy of an intellectual and moral being, not incompatible with pursuits and attainments of a higher nature than those that appertain to the earthly life; no one with reason complains of it. But when the livelong day is of necessity consumed in labor; when labor becomes toil, oppressive and exhausting; when it is compulsory; when it is unrequited, mere task-work;— then all virtue goes out of it, and from being an ordinance of God to elevate and bless man, it becomes a curse, and tends only to degrade him.

The well-being of society, therefore, its progress in civility and religion, is inextricably bound up with the regulation of its industry. Every interest of man, from the least to the greatest, from the lowest to the highest, from the health of his body to the life of his soul, requires that labor should be in harmony with the laws which God has impressed upon nature and the constitution of man;— that it should be cheerful, remunerative, free, inviting; that it should be no task-work; that, instead of being degraded to a menial service, it should be elevated to a liberal art, and be able to make science its

servitor and literature its playfellow, looking up to no master but God. Whatever renders it repulsive, whatever imposes upon individuals a disproportionate share of it, making it oppressive, whatever intercepts, cuts off, or abridges its legitimate rewards, is contrary to the will of God and in derogation of the welfare of man. Whoever reverences the will of God, and has an intelligent apprehension of the methods of co-operating with the Divine Goodness for the supply of human wants, is and must be a friend to labor; he must have faith in its worthiness, in its respectability; he must feel himself honored in performing his share of it; and he must set his face with a will against every thought, custom, or institution of man, which tends to degrade it or to create aversion to it in the popular mind.

It cannot be questioned that there is in society a prejudice against labor, and hence that it is not held in that respect which it deserves. This state of feeling has grown chiefly from the cunning, rapacity, and oppression by which, in all ages since the earliest, a certain portion of mankind have been able to live in comparative opulence and splendor without it,—their servants and dependents doing the work, while they reaped its benefits. Labor, instead of being regarded as it should be,—as a divine instrumentality, and a method by which man co-operates with God in bringing forth the magnificent stores which he has prepared for us in his creation,—is therefore felt to be a yoke, a burden, a necessity, imposed on those not sufficiently intelligent and elevated to be able to live without it. Thus that which is really the highest pursuit, the noblest vocation, when viewed in the light of religion,—being that in which man comes into most direct contact and concurrence with the Divine Mind, that also in which he is enabled to exercise a power almost creative, giving birth not only to the useful, but to the beautiful, in all its degrees,—is reduced to a repulsive service, almost a *servitude*, from which it is deemed right to escape as soon as one can. Almost from the cradle we form the habit of

looking up to those whose condition exempts them from the necessity of labor as favorites of fortune, to be regarded with a certain deference which is not accorded to those who spend their days in industrious occupations ; thus in reality reversing the order of merit, supposing the degree of *usefulness* to be the only point of difference. Yet it would be difficult to give a reason why the intelligent architect who plans, or the artisan who builds a fine house, is not deserving of as much respect as the man who only *pays* for it ; why ingenuity, skill, industry, should not stand as high in the scale of merit as capital, especially if that capital be simply an inheritance ; and *more* especially if it have been acquired by dishonest arts or penurious hoarding.

3. But now let us come to the *third* point, *That whoever gathers and heaps up contrary to God's laws finds in the end that the accumulation corrupts and wastes in his hands.*

The great law is, that each shall have enough, — however large his wants, from the number of his dependents, there shall be enough for all ; this is the extent of God's guaranty. Now, if in point of fact some obtain a great deal more than they need, whilst others fail of securing enough, there is somewhere violation of God's law. This violation must of necessity produce disorder, discontent, misery. But the laws of God carry with them a certain power of avenging themselves, and of correcting the wrong caused by their violation. Thus, if I get another's share of the necessities of life, — if I appropriate to myself the fruit of another's labor without compensating him, and become rich while he barely subsists, — this is a wrong which introduces discord, which gives rise to complaining, which tends to excite distrust of the overruling Providence, and which God punishes by causing what is accumulated in this way to become a source of trouble in my hands, or by causing it to be broken into and dispersed. And this is right, — we cannot complain of it ; it springs from the effort of Nature to remedy the evils produced by the infraction of her laws. You can see no reason why, of two individuals

of equal capacity and moral worth, one should gather only enough for the scantiest subsistence, while the other should be able to revel in luxury. There *is* no reason. We say sometimes, by an effort of piety, It is the will of Providence. It would be much nearer the truth to say, *It is from disregard of the will of Providence!* This is shown by the mischiefs it breeds,—the penalties which have to be paid. These take a variety of forms. The most common, perhaps, is anxiety and fear of loss, allowing the possessor no rest, no peace of mind. They come also in the passion of avarice, which eats into the soul like a canker, destroying all its vital roots, its generous affections, its heaven-seeking aspirations, and leaving it bare, empty, and cold, as a cave in the earth. They appear, too, in still other forms of misery,—in the envy and hatred such superfluity provokes, in the pride and effeminacy it engenders, in children enfeebled by indulgence or ruined by excess, and, finally, in the pain and sorrow which ensue when God lifts up his hand and scatters it all. Exertion for large accumulation is a run against Providence sure to issue in some form of defeat,—either in disappointment and loss, in domestic extravagance and profligacy, or in the impoverishment of the soul. It is against the law of God, and therefore cannot prosper. The sun melts these masses, and they dissolve like Israel's manna in the heat of the day; or, if kept a little while, they breed worms and fill the air with the odor of corruption. "Woe unto them," cries one of the prophets, "that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" As a check upon this grasping propensity, the institution of the Jubilee year was established by the law of Moses. By this institution there could be no hold upon property beyond the fiftieth year, except upon that which was vested in the individual or his family at the beginning of it. Every Jewish citizen was by virtue of his citizenship a proprietor. He could by no possibility estrange his landed property any further than by what we in these days should call a lease,—a

lease which could not, in any event, run beyond fifty years. Thus, on the one hand, every one had a provision, and a stake in the commonwealth, such as even the vice and improvidence of parents could not deprive him of; and on the other, property was prevented from accumulating in masses, dangerous to liberty and virtue. The successful adventurer, the bold speculator, who had gone on adding house to house and field to field, gained no permanent advantage over his fellows. The fiftieth year was always approaching, with silent but sure speed, to relax his rapacious hold. Even the slave, when that year came round, was reinstated in freedom.\*

Thus clearly expressed is the will of God on this subject. He provides enough, abundance, for all,—not a superfluous measure for the few, and pinching deficiency for the rest; and wherever this is seen, we may be sure that God's law has not been obeyed. But it should be added, that the disobedience may be on the part of those who obtain too little, as well as of those who gather too much. The want may be the result of carelessness, of idleness, of improvidence,—it often, doubtless, is; the suffering poor have then no one to blame but themselves. Having neglected to gather when the opportunity was before them, they have no right to complain of the greed of their neighbor, who has enriched himself by gathering more than his share. They are not the poorer for that, but only for their own negligence and indolence. Far be it from us to say, that this is *always* the cause of destitution; but it is *one* of the causes which it would be unjust to omit. Neither let it be inferred, from anything that has been said, that the possession of large property is to be imputed to the possessor as a fault. Individuals, persons, are not to be thought of in rightly viewing the subject,—much less condemned. It is the *system* which tolerates, and even fosters, these enormous inequalities, that must bear the blame of them, and that needs to be reformed. And the reform must

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\* See Palfrey's Lectures.

start from the cultivated mind and conscience of the age ; from studying the great lessons of history and experience ; from a kindling purpose in the breasts of the masses of men to steer their course as nearly as possible by the beneficent laws which God has written in the constitution of nature, and promulgated by the lips of all his holy prophets since the world began ; and from the earnest endeavor of all who believe in a God of infinite justice and love to see everywhere fulfilled the longing expressed in the words, " Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ! "

4. We reach the truth, in the last place, *That in all gathering for this world it is required that the obligations of religion be regarded.* No manna fell on the seventh day ; the wants of that day were provided for in the other six. This shall be for rest. It is a memorial day,—sacred to the memory of God's preserving care. No sound of worldly activities shall disturb its hallowed repose. The voice of care shall be hushed during its cheerful but holy hours. Thoughts that come from communing with the Merciful Power which has given the people deliverance from their enemies, and is leading them, with a mighty hand, to the land of promise, shall alone occupy the mind that day.

So it is now and ever : the whole economy of life demands the Sabbath. Not the stiff, superstitious, formal day into which that of the Jews degenerated ; but the day of grateful rest,—the day devoted to the nurture of a cheerful piety and an intelligent, warm-hearted philanthropy,—the day in which Divine mercies are remembered with praise, and Divine laws by meditation are made to shine forth with new brightness,—the day in which the weary and the sorrow-stricken heart may gather from on high fresh impulses for the victory which overcometh the world. There is wisdom in such a Sabbath, as even the most unwise see. We must labor, we must gather, but must not forget Him from whom all proceeds. Religion requires not that we neglect our out-

ward comfort. Indeed, it allows a large portion of our time to be given to that; but there is another portion which it sequesters to its own uses,—which it would fill with sacred memories that may cast forward a holy light upon the path of our pilgrimage, and tinge with their own hues the scenes of our daily occupation and the objects of our common pursuit. We need the nurture, the strength, the guidance of religion, amid all our secular avocations. Let it come forth from its cloisters and sanctuaries, and enter into every concern of life; let it pass from the soul into the conduct, from contemplation to action, from glorifying God to blessing man; let it be seen, a blameless and beautiful spirit, kindling in the eye, rejoicing in the countenance, of him who knows its power, as well when he girds himself for the work he has to do in the world, as when, arrayed in the garments of praise, he appears before the Lord to worship in his holy temple. Too long has Religion been separated from life. Too little connection has she been allowed to have with the things of the world that now is. Her great office of unfolding the laws of God in the sphere where he has placed us, and of inspiring obedience to them as the condition on which alone the salvation of the individual and the progress of humanity depends, men seem to have been strangely ignorant of. Under the delusion that her cares have reference wholly to the life to come, and that the sum of all her teaching in respect to the present is to bear patiently its ills, a thousand things have been quietly acquiesced in which are directly contrary to the will of God, and which a proper regard for his laws would rouse us at once to put an end to. Let Religion come in the form in which she appeared in Jesus Christ, and take possession of the entire field wherein it is appointed unto us to work. Let her come bearing her cross, and holding it up before us each hour as a symbol of that mercy which is better than all burnt-offerings, of that love of man which is the truest expression of love to God. With this symbol before us fixing the reverent gaze of the mind, all within is

changed, and the change within transforms all without,—  
property, the condition of the poor, the rights of labor, social  
inequalities, yes, and the very aspect of the earth itself!  
Welcome the symbol to-day! thrice welcome the reality it  
prefigures when it shall fill the earth!

J. W. T.

## IN MEMORY OF J. G. B.

" . . . . a death-like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal life."

" His words were bonds ; his oaths were oracles ;  
His love sincere ; his thoughts immaculate."

THE body from the dust was made,—  
The soul descended from the skies ;  
So, when this mortal 's lowly laid,  
The immortal to its home shall rise.

His was the mild yet fearless eye,  
From whence the soul of honor shone ;  
The brow of humble dignity,  
Where Justice sat, as on her throne.

O brother ! though thine eye be dim,  
That light shall shine still on and on,  
To lead through darkness up to Him  
Who calls us aye where thou art gone.

And though the marble ne'er shall give  
That shining forehead's simple grace,  
Still in our hearts we bid it live,  
And in our lives its record trace.

O, be it ours like him to live,  
Like him to die be all our praise,  
Whose tranquil death alone could give  
Fit ending to harmonious days.

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## DAVID SCOTT, THE ARTIST.\*

THE biographer of Stothard had the pleasing task to portray a life full of grace, beauty, and success, saddened only by those domestic bereavements common to humanity, which seem to make more tender both the heart of the suffering one and those of all around him. But to depict the life of David Scott is a far different thing ; it is to enter into the depths of a human nature full of great and lofty ideas, but darkened and shadowed by doubt and suffering, and stern struggles with Fate and the world. The one found success attending his earliest efforts, and his graceful, pleasing designs won favor everywhere ; the other left many of his finest works hanging on the walls of his own studio, and the grandest series of designs with which one great soul has translated into form the words of another, since the time when Michel Angelo illustrated the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, found no publisher during his lifetime. Profoundly impressed by the grandeur of his genius and the deep meaning of his history, in attempting a brief and condensed sketch of his life and works, we trust that the greatness of the subject cannot fail to make its impression on the minds of our readers, rather than that words of ours can do him any justice.

David Scott was born on the 10th or 12th of October, 1806. He was descended, not from the nobility or gentry, but from the sturdy yeomanry of Scotland ; yet he had an inheritance of artistic talent. His father was an engraver of considerable merit, and his mother the niece and ward of Alex Gowan, a sculptor of eccentric character, possessing some talent and more love for the art. His parents were married in 1800, and resided in the Parliament Stairs, Edin-

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\* The reader will find fuller accounts of David Scott's life and works in an admirable article in the North British Review, and especially in a memoir of him compiled and published by his brother, Wm. B. Scott of Edinburgh.

burgh. David was the fifth son, but in the course of a year after his birth he was the only surviving child, the others having been swept off by disease, with only an interval of a few days between their deaths. This repeated and terrible bereavement cast a gloom over the parents and the household, from which they seem never to have recovered, even when other children came to replace those who were gone. The new-comers were like a second and less beloved flock, and David, as the only one connected with those who were gone, was especially dear to both father and mother. This sorrow caused the removal of the family from the city. It also deepened that stern religious feeling and strict observance of pious ordinances which forms so prominent a part of the Scottish character. His parents joined the sect of Baptists, and were skilled in all the theological controversy of their sect. It was, then, in the stern and severe climate of Scotland, with its rugged but sublime landscape, in a household deeply shadowed by sorrow, and among religious influences of the severest and most forbidding character, that David Scott passed his boyhood and attained his manhood. These circumstances account for much that is grand and powerful, and perhaps for all that is sad and afflicting in his future life and character. It is related of most men of genius, that they have remarkable mothers, to whom they are specially dear. With him it was otherwise. His strongest attachment was to his father, to whom he had recourse in all his childish difficulties. This may in part account for the excess of the masculine element in himself and his works. He had the capacity of the feminine graces and virtues within him, but they were not developed by his mother; and wife and child, alas! he never knew. Some anecdotes of his boyhood illustrate his early disposition. The child was given to a gardener to be taken to a country lodging, and feared he would never be brought back. The gardener answered him he would himself bring him back, when the child warned him, on the ten commandments, that if he did not, he would be guilty of a lie.

He once made a ghost to frighten the other boys, and succeeded so well, that he frightened himself more than any of them, and the whole house was alarmed by his screams. As his father's health failed, the household was even less cheerful: no sound of song or whistle must be heard. David was the autocrat of the family, and his younger brother seems to remember with some bitterness that his rule was absolute and severe. He early occupied his evening hours in painting and drawing, and his choice of subjects was the same as in after years. The Murder of Rizzio and a kind of Goblin Combat are among the earliest noted. Paradise Lost, Macbeth, and Scottish and Grecian history, supplied him with topics. When about nineteen years old, the supernatural began to claim a large place in his work. He became involved in a profound mental struggle in settling the grounds of his theological and metaphysical belief. This struggle lasted for many years, and its record may be found in his monograms of man, and his illustrations of Pilgrim's Progress, of which we shall speak more fully hereafter.

Poverty and sickness were now added to the burdens which pressed upon his soul. His own health failed so that he had a constant sense of the near possibility of his death, and his father's pecuniary means were so exhausted that ruin stared him in the face. With a soul filled with lofty ideas, and burning to express them in art, it was absolutely necessary that he should assist his father in his business, and for a few years he devoted himself to engraving. His brother says of him: "He never forgot or surmounted an affliction or a struggle; he only lived through it by the strength of the inner man, by the passive force of will, and the great idea of the work he should achieve." On such men the ills of life fall with terrible power, but not in vain; they wrench the meaning out of them at last, and conquer, though it be in dying.

We next find him in Edinburgh, making the most of such

helps as he can attain for an artistic education, and in 1828 his first picture was exhibited. Its subject is very characteristic,— “The Hopes of Early Genius dispelled by Death.” From this time until he went abroad, in 1832, he seems to have been occupied in painting and designing, with very little public success. His Monograms were unsuccessful as a publication, his illustrations of *The Ancient Mariner* found no publisher; and his pictures were sometimes rejected from the exhibitions. He however attracted some just and friendly criticism, which was grateful to him. The tone of his mind, as evinced by scraps from his journal, is generally desponding, but it is the despair of a mind filled with great plans and fretted by outward things. It is not despair of great truths and eternal realities. The world had already given him its advice by the mouth of one of its prophets: “Shoot a lower aim; you speak a dead language.” What am I to do? he responds. Thank God, he rejected the friendly advice, spoke his own native tongue, and waited for men to be able to understand him.

The years 1832–34 were spent abroad, and we have notes of his travels full of interest both to the artist and the student of human nature. He does not seem to have revelled in that intoxication of delight, even in Florence and Rome, which so often seizes the young artist. He carried everywhere the shadow of his own great, stern, lonely nature. That he had escaped, however, from the religious bigotry which fettered his childhood, is shown by his recognition of the sweet charities of the Catholic Church, although without the acceptance of its errors and peculiarities. His criticisms on the great works of art are original and decided, but sometimes he reconsiders his own judgments and corrects a strongly expressed but hastily formed opinion. While in Rome he painted and exhibited a large picture called “Discord of the Household Gods destroyed.” It partakes of the nature of an allegory. It is difficult to judge of such a work by a slight engraving, and yet that reveals to us the

grandeur and power of the conception. The principal incident in the picture is the murder of an old and venerable father by his strong and rebellious son; and Scott seems to have intended, not a moral lesson of ingratitude and violence only, but a representation of that great struggle between the new and the old which goes on in all ages, and is so often violent and sanguinary in form. The picture received high praise from many distinguished critics, but was not a subject likely to become very popular.

Returned to his native country, Scott employed himself diligently in painting and design, and began at last to attract attention and admiration from critics and the public. He sent pictures to each annual exhibition at Edinburgh. Among them, the Alchemist Adept was the most popular. He lived at East Dalry, and built there a large studio. He was visited by eminent men, who delighted in his works and his conversation, and his inner life seemed to be developing into greater harmony as he progressed further in his art. Yet he was a lonely, almost a solitary man. A love, whose depth is expressed in his poetical fragments with wonderful power and beauty, was either unrequited, or thwarted by obstacles too powerful for his will to conquer. He demanded in friendship a stern truth and fidelity which few were able to bear, and, never sacrificing to the demands of the hour, he could not be popular. But he labored earnestly and greatly. He wrote one long poem, and many fragments which show his power of thought and expression. His style is obscure, involved, rugged, but his thoughts are earnest, deep, and pregnant with meaning. We cannot resist one quotation, although the necessity of rigidly condensing a subject so vast as the life and being of a great original artist forbids more. It is a scrap found in his journal:—

“I saw the Eternal seated on the Heaven ;  
All time surrounded him, and through all space  
His arms extended ; fates and souls and worlds  
Were underneath his feet in order firm,  
And throughout all the might of justice burned.”

In five numbers of Blackwood, commencing March, 1841, he published a series of papers on Art, as represented by the great Italian masters. Unlike almost all English criticisms on Art, these papers show the profound thought of the Germans. The author looks inward to the central motive and to the grand aim of each painter, and finds in him an exponent of the great leading tendency of his age and country. Thus to him Michel Angelo expresses the intellectual, Raphael the moral, and Titian the sensuous or physical element in humanity. We will not attempt to analyze these remarkable papers any further, since they are easily accessible, and will well repay the perusal of the student either of art or of philosophy.

In this same year he commenced painting the largest, and we think the grandest, picture of his life, on which his biographer is willing to risk his future fame. This was "Vasco de Gama encountering the Spirits off the Cape of Good Hope." It was exhibited for his own benefit and that of a friend, who became part proprietor of the work in order to aid him; but it was pecuniarily a total failure, the loss on it being more than seventy pounds. This was a severe blow to the painter. Yet the work attracted interest and some intelligent criticism. Judging it only from a meagre engraving and from description, we yet feel confident in the marvellous power and expression of this picture. Like all his works, historical in form it is allegorical in spirit, and this is the true allegory for the painter. It is the brave sailor amid all the perils of a new and untried passage over stormy seas, surrounded by storm and night and thunder and lightning without, rebellion and mutiny within; but it is not less the individual soul struggling with the dark crisis of its destiny, when fiends without and foes within seem alike leagued against it. Towards the close of his life his friends made great exertions to have this picture placed in some public position, and the painter's last hours were cheered by this hope. It was consummated

after his death. A subscription was opened among the friends of art, and it was bought and placed in the Trinity House of Leith.

Scott seems to have had an attraction towards Americans, and an interest in the yet unaccomplished destiny of this country, which make it especially fitting to make his name and works known here. There is much congeniality between the Scotch and New England minds, and we believe no modern painter could take a deeper hold upon our hearts. We find frequent notices of his intimacies with Americans in his journal, and once he says: "America is to become the world nation; talent is to be its rank; at least they have little conventional rank, and they must have distinction." R. W. Emerson and Margaret Fuller were among his honored visitors, and he painted a portrait of the former.

The end draws nigh. In the maturity of his artistic powers, when his soul was calmer and braver than ever before, and he began to understand life and how it could be lived, the feeble body, long racked by pain and suffering, gave way, and his earthly labors were given o'er. The last entry in his journal for 1848 is in one word, but it is a true one: "1848. Withering." His final illness was not of very long duration. He was confined to his bed a few weeks. His sufferings were very severe, but his mind was clear and strong. He looked steadily to the end, and met it with courage. To his mother's words of Christian hope he said very softly, "Yes, dear mother, I wish everything you desire for me." He died on the 5th of March, 1849, aged forty-two.

We shall not pause to analyze the character of this remarkable man; it is too grand and too vast for us to measure. The painful impression rests upon us, that he was not fully understood, even by those nearest and dearest to him; that there was a power of love and good in him so repressed by his harsh circumstances and his shattered organization

that it never fully revealed itself. It seems to us that it needed woman's love and domestic life to call it forth. But his heart went lonely to the grave.

We shall close our brief article with a notice of two of his published series of designs, because they are accessible even in this country.

Early in his career he was, as we have said, tormented by religious doubts and conflicts. These found an artistic expression in his "Monograms of Man." This is a series of six designs in outline. They are drawn with power, but with great severity of outline, admitting no relief from shade or ornament; each one is accompanied by an explanatory motto. A paper found among his remains explains the purpose of these designs, but we shall prefer rather to tell our readers what they suggest to us.

No. I. is entitled "Life." The motto is from the Koran: "Who bringeth forth the living from the dead, and the dead from the living." The figure of a man lies on the surface of the earth; from a colossal hand life is streaming down upon him, while at the same time the extreme fingers touch, and perhaps call into existence, the sun and moon, to signify his omnipotent power. The beginning of life in the man is indicated by his hands and feet, which incline to lift themselves up from their recumbent position.

No. II. Of Relation. Again a motto from the Koran, although one equally pertinent might be found in the Hebrew Scriptures: "The night and day to your service, and the sun and the moon and the stars; and given you dominion over whatever is created for you on the earth, and subjected the sea unto you." This is man taking possession of his birthright. A finely developed youthful figure stands with one foot on the sea and one on the land, with arms extended, and with the sun above his head as a symbol of power.

No. III. Of Knowledge. "Live you, or are you aught that man may question?" — Shakespeare. This is a very powerful sketch. It is the old story of the fall, the search into

hidden knowledge, the attempt to learn the infinite things of God through imperfect and dead matter. A tall, gaunt, ghostly figure is rising from the earth. In one hand he or she — for sex is lost in this fiendish visage — grasps a skull; the other is pressed heavily upon the head of a young man, forcing him to look upon the hateful object which fascinates him while it fills him with horror. The Caduceus on which the youth leaned is broken, and in the background is a globe shattered in pieces, as if by a comet which passes near.

#### No. IV. Of Intellect.

“Not only to discern  
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
Of highest agents.”

Here man, unsatisfied with the study of matter, trusting to his genius, strives upward in an attempt to grasp at the very being of Divinity. A beautiful figure springs from the sun, leaving earth far below, and strives to clasp its arms around the dimly seen colossal form, which represents Deity. Clouds veil his face and extended arms, but his hands are seen, and from one streams the fire of inspiration, and from the other rains life and blessing.

#### No. V. Of Power.

“Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.”

The explanation in the paper found in Scott's handwriting is this: “Man in his pride holds the sceptre over his fellow-man, while he is only the agent and the slave of fate.” To us the meaning seemed deeper and more significant. A powerful figure crushes one beneath his feet; it is Fate, which destroys whoso rebels against it; while another, uplifted in his arms, retains his sceptre by accepting his fate, and thus making it serve him. Perhaps the painter's meaning grew broader and higher as he worked, and these notes are but the first rough drafts of his ideas.

#### No. VI. The last is Of Death. “The cup of which all

must drink comes out from eternity and the undefined." A serpent encircles the hand which offers it. The dying man is surrounded by the representatives of the Roman, the Mohammedan, the Persian, the Jewish church, and the untutored man of the New World. " Apart from these the naked intellectual man lifts his head from long study, and confesses his darkness by covering his eyes, and laying his finger on his lips." But the dying man heeds them not ; half raised in his bed, he seizes the cup, and steadfastly, with an intensity of gaze such as we see only in the face of the dying, he looks forward into that eternity now become reality to him.

Such is a brief description of these remarkable outlines ; for power of religious thought and expression, we know of no pictures to be compared with them.

Among the last works of David Scott was a series of forty designs illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress of his fellow-countryman, John Bunyan. No subject could have been more happily adapted to his powers. They are equal to the work they illustrate, and we need say no more ; for the religious world has long ago pronounced that immortal. In speaking of the designs of Stothard we mentioned that he also drew illustrations of this great allegory. The contrast in the character and circumstances of these two men is finely shown in the difference which exists between these pictures. Stothard dwells on the pleasing moments of comfort and peace when the pilgrim rested from his sore struggles, but Scott dares to enter into the thickest of the fight. A most remarkable instance of this diversity is shown in the scene where Christian is first overwhelmed by the thought of the destruction impending over the city. In Stothard, a young man is narrating the story to his wife and children with much animation, and they listen with interest and curiosity. In Scott, Christian, a middle-aged man, bends over his Bible in a profound and earnest struggle with his own soul, just aroused to the thought of the terrible ques-

tions of eternal life. His wife and children look in at the door, awe-struck and amazed.

Stothard's is the Pilgrim's Progress which delighted our childhood, but Scott reveals its deep meaning as applicable to the hardest realities of inward life. Nothing can surpass the energy and power of these pictures. "Christian climbing the Hill Difficulty," "The Fight with Apollyon," and the entrance into the "Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death," are wonderful in conception and execution. Nor does he fail in the more tender passages. "The Hand from Heaven healing Christian's Wounds," "The Meeting of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains," and, above all, "The Martyrdom of Faithful," are full of tender and lofty beauty. He has dared the highest flight which human power can essay in these sketches, and he has not failed. Had David Scott done nothing else, these would for ever stamp him as an artist of the highest order, and still more as a man of profound religious life. If we can lead any one to interest and study in his works, our difficult task will be well repaid.

E. D. C.

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#### GERALDINE.

DEAR Geraldine, sit here awhile,  
Beneath this flowering tree ;  
The bursting buds bring back the time  
I saw and sued for thee ; —  
And while we taste the luscious draught,  
From April's brimming fount,  
And watch Aurora's golden car  
The eastern hills surmount,  
A story to thine ear, half sad,  
Half joyful, I 'll unfold.  
Though many tales I 've told thee, love,  
This one I have not told.

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'T was Passion week ; and as, one morn,  
 I lay, in blissful calm,  
 Attent to hear the Sabbath bells  
 Ring out their sweet alarm,  
 That magic touch, subduing, warm,  
 Upon my eyelids fell,  
 Which woos us to the silent realm  
 Endymion knew so well ; —  
 And lo ! a vision, ne'er forgot,  
 My yielding senses caught,  
 And swayed with firm, electric force  
 The pulses of my thought.

Somewhere, within that shadowy land  
 We call the land of dreams,—  
 Whose luminous, unbounded space  
 A land celestial seems,—  
 A youthful, maiden form reposed,  
 'Mid opening blossoms ; there  
 White lilies, from their slender buds,  
 Strewed perfumes on the air ;  
 And every beauteous thing that owes  
 Its grace to sun and shower,  
 With forms of varying loveliness,  
 Made jubilant the hour.

Soon, bathed in rays of crimson light,  
 On wings translucent borne,  
 A shining spirit floated down  
 The golden beams of morn ;  
 And, hovering silently awhile,  
 As if in wonder bound,  
 With an harmonious, joyful shout  
 Awoke the realm of sound.  
 Swift at the voice, in radiant troops,  
 Around the maiden flew  
 A shining multitude, and each  
 His dainty office knew.

These lengthen out the glittering threads  
That form her tresses bright;  
These smooth to glossy waves of gold,  
And float them on the light;  
These to its deep recesses pierce  
The rose's ruddy heart,  
And deftly to her arching lips  
The brilliant hue impart;  
These to her cheeks' soft beauty lend  
A richer, deeper glow,  
And warmer flushes lay upon  
Her tender limbs of snow.  
Then to harmonious symmetry  
The pliant form they mould,  
And in Cytherea's mystic zone  
Her virgin waist enfold.

And now the wide, illumined space  
With swift and glistening feet,  
Commingling their exultant songs,  
Triumphantly they beat.  
When lo ! as, 'mid the deepening trance,  
Bewildered, lost, amazed,  
Upon the vision marvellous,  
With trembling doubt I gazed,  
From circling lily-bands of white,  
From ranks of blushing red,  
From golden daisies that had strewn  
With sweets her mossy bed,  
From rows of purple hyacinths,  
And clustering violets blue,  
That o'er her pillow soft had shed  
Their fragrance and their hue,  
Enthroned amid a thousand wings  
That flashed with radiant light,  
Supreme in mortal womanhood,  
She rose upon my sight.  
  
From sleep's mysterious shore I looked  
In wonder, blent with fear.

She was alone : no sound I heard ;  
 No spirit hovered near ;  
 While, life-like, glowing, palpable,  
 Yet tender and serene,  
 Day's airy spaces were illumed  
 By her transcendent mien.

But lo ! the more my charméd sense  
 Confessed the rare delight,  
 The more my nobler thought denied  
 Its fealty to plight.  
 For oh ! the highest, holiest grace  
 Of womanhood I missed ;  
 And, half unconsciously, the cross  
 About my neck I kissed.  
 Not there, I said, the love divine,  
 That fires the chastened soul,  
 And wins the strong, the manly breast  
 To its benign control,—  
 Whose beams transcend the glory round  
 The Virgin Mother's head,  
 And by whose steadfast, liberal light  
 Dependent souls are led.

While thus I mused, on every side  
 Appeared a countless throng  
 Of treacherous sirens, springing forth  
 With dance and shout and song ;  
 And though of harsh aspéct were some,  
 Some saintly fair to see,  
 Each to the maid a Circean cup  
 Held forth alluringly.  
 “ O perilled one ! ” methought I cried,  
 “ Heed not the sparkling bowl ;  
 Fate worse than death within it dwells,—  
 It will betray thy soul ! ”  
 But vain my words : the nectar-drops  
 Are sweet unto the taste ;  
 So sweet, the maiden waiteth not,  
 But drinks with dangerous haste.

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Dear Geraldine, look not so sad,—  
 This vision was not you !  
 Your eyes o'erflow with pitying tears,  
 Like violets filled with dew.

As still I gazed, with fear oppressed,  
 And with prophetic gloom,  
 There came a voice, majestic, sweet,—  
 It said, “O, hither come !”  
 And clear above the youthful head,  
 Low bending from the skies,  
 The Saviour's tender, pleading face  
 Enchained my wondering eyes !

She heard the voice, she saw the face,  
 But though her features shone  
 One moment with celestial light,  
 It vanished ; and her tone,  
 Half mournful and half hesitant,  
 Proclaimed her solemn doom,  
 As, passing from my sight, -he said,  
 “I cannot — cannot come !”  
 One cry of anguish broke my trance ;  
 And O the soothing balm  
 To hear the far-off Sabbath bells  
 Ring out their sweet alarm !

Beside the brook, and through the glen,  
 And up the dim church-aisle,  
 I passed with slow, sad steps, — the bells  
 Outringing all the while ;  
 Adown the hill, and by the brook,  
 And up the scented glen ;  
 And all the way went pleasant groups  
 Of maidens and of men.

At length, the sacred service o'er,  
 Significant and meet,  
 Our spirits sanctified by prayer,  
 And meditation sweet,

I raised my eyes, and lo! a maid  
 Knelt on the marble floor ;  
 Her head was bowed upon her breast,  
 Her hands were crossed before !

My heart was hushed ! I felt the blood  
 Rush through my veins like flame :  
 'T was she, and yet it was not she, —  
 Another, yet the same.  
 The loveliness, — ensanctified ;  
 The sensuous life, — enslaved ;  
 As though in God's eternal fount  
 The beauteous form had laved !  
 And lo ! above the bended head,  
 Replete with mortal grace,  
 In fancy, once again I saw  
 The Christ's benignant face :  
 And now it shone with heavenly joy,  
 And shed a flood of light  
 Upon the maiden's suppliant form,  
 And on her robe so white ;  
 And sweet and clear on high arose  
 The promise, sacred, true,  
 As on that youthful forehead fell  
 The consecrating dew.

Ah, Geraldine ! 't was surely well,  
 The vow you took that day, —  
 Wiser than human thought can think,  
 Or human tongue can say !

How clearly I remember  
 That joyous April morn ;  
 The sun's unclouded splendor,  
 The many flowers new-born ;  
 The elm-trees' opening beauty  
 Beside the low church-door,  
 Where long I waited, joyful  
 As I'd never been before.

She came at length ; — her presence brought  
 Ennobling bliss to ours ;  
 'T was sweeter than the elm-trees' shade,  
 'T was fairer than the flowers.  
 I took her hand, and through the glen  
 And up the hill we went, —  
 I with a faltering heart, and she  
 On purest thoughts intent, —  
 Until we reached the mossy seat  
 Beneath this flowering tree ;  
 I spake no promise unto her,  
 Neither did she to me ;  
 But somehow from the bursting buds,  
 And her hand clasped in mine,  
 And from the zephyr's whispering breath,  
 I took a precious sign.  
 And so —

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Nay, then, my tale is done ;  
 But stay thou by my side ;  
 For I did win that bride of Heaven  
 To be my cherished bride.  
 And let thy full soul, Geraldine,  
 Speak from thine eyes and say,  
 Was it not well the second vow  
 You took that holy day ?

E. D. H.

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#### THOUGHTS ON POVERTY AND CHARITY.\*

THIS unpretending pamphlet of twenty-three pages contains so much wisdom and practical good-sense, and is in such marked contrast to most reports from agents of charitable associations, as to deserve the attention of the reading

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\* Eighth Report of the Ministry at Large in Roxbury, for 1857.

public. Its views are comprehensive, its conclusions sound, and it is pervaded by an air of shrewdness that assures one that Mr. James Ritchie is a more apt scholar in the school of experience than are many of his fellow-agents. The experience of eight years in this Ministry at Large, during two of which he was also Mayor of Roxbury, has not been thrown away on him, and its results are embodied in this Report.

Winter, the season which always brings the heaviest claims on the benevolent, and with a view to which the machinery of most charitable societies is especially contrived, comes this year with a formidable addition to its usual claims, because of the general lack of employment, which, by cruelly diminishing the slender incomes of honest laborers and mechanics, throws them, much against their will, into the class of beneficiaries. Taking advantage of this stagnation of business, that other class, the willing and professional beggars, are pressing more clamorously than ever, with the certainty that they will not now be turned away with the answer that there is work for the industrious, and that those who will not work shall not eat. Between these two extremes are the many who, even during seasons of general prosperity, cannot altogether support themselves, and who are now entirely dependent on the more fortunate. The unusual and successful attempts now made to raise money for charitable purposes show the general opinion that the ordinary means of relieving the wants of the poor are not adequate to the present emergency. That the question as to the best means of meeting this emergency is not easily answered, is shown by the space which its discussion occupies in newspapers, and by the perplexity at the councils of boards of overseers, of managers and agents of charitable societies, and of many a kind family circle. There is reason for all this discussion and thought, and it has not been without its good effect. There has been of late less than the usual amount of vague declamation about the

horrors of poverty and the beauties of charity. There has been more earnest and sensible effort to *do good*. This season applies the test to charitable societies, tries their efficiency, and, it is to be hoped, will lead to more discrimination in giving and subscribing.

Still, much that is written, and more that is said, on this subject, seems to start from wrong premises, to rest on a misapprehension of the true nature of charity. I cannot indeed offer any plan adequate to the present emergency, and I cannot believe that any such plan will be offered. The wants to be met are so varied, each case will have a character so peculiar and individual, that no panacea can be found. But it is possible to settle the principles on which all our efforts must be made, in order to be successful; and these, once settled, can be applied to particular cases with such modifications as are judged proper, and with the certainty that we are working in the right way.

Understanding by "Charity," not that state of mind described by St. Paul in his letter to the Corinthians, but the attempt to put into practice kindly feelings toward the suffering,—in other words, *Beneficence* rather than *Benevolence*,—I conceive that its nature is very generally mistaken. For charity, as commonly practised, is a gratification of the wishes, rather than a relief of the wants, much less a remedy for the evils, of those who receive it. The mistake lies in considering *alms-giving* and *charity* as synomyms, nay, as completely interchangeable terms. Now, while I admit alms-giving to be sometimes true charity, and sometimes the only charity possible, I believe that in the great majority of cases it is *evil*, and not only inadequate to relieve suffering, but certain to perpetuate and increase it. This is true, not only of that charity which gives to beggars in the street and at the door without attempting to investigate their claims, but of that which guards carefully against imposture, and thoroughly examines each case, yet which attempts to relieve such as are

deserving by giving alms. All systems that teach the needy to think that what they need is to be *given* them, and that no return is to be required, must perpetuate and increase poverty and beggary. Except in the case of one disabled by sickness or age, there is nothing manly or respectable in the position of a mere recipient. There he stands, to profit by the labor or wisdom of others, to be fed, sheltered, clothed, without feeding, sheltering, clothing, or in any way helping a human being,—a very cumberer of the ground. Not only has he forfeited the respect of others: he has no self-respect. His *independence* has gone, and with it has departed his manhood. For the real *man* has a strong desire, amounting almost to a necessity, to make some return for anything he may receive from another, to *pay* for all he has.

So readily is this condemnation of a state of mere recipiency acquiesced in, that it would scarcely seem necessary to utter it, were not a course so generally followed by the benevolent, which tends directly to induce in their beneficiaries this deprecated state. The community gains nothing by accepting an ethical truth as a mere abstraction or generality, and neglecting to apply it to practical life; yet it is in this way that many religious and moral truths are held, as may be seen by the startled and perplexed look with which any attempt to take them out of the domain of speculation into every-day life is received. Good sense is yet far from being common sense.

Mr. Ritchie says of the attempts made to solve “the problem of poverty and pauperism”: “We cannot therefore be said to have had a fair experiment anywhere. Why is this? Principally, I think, because of the error in public sentiment; and the foundation of this error is in the belief that poverty and pauperism are mainly attributable to individual misfortune, that they are inevitable and involuntary. This error is persisted in, spite of facts and statistics. Indeed, little heed is given to these, and mainly for the reason that the

whole subject of poverty is not regarded in a politico-economic light,—is not treated as a political, moral, and social evil, but rather as a sentiment or as a field for the development and culture of individual feeling."

The discovery that labor, once pronounced the curse of fallen man, has proved his salvation, is not left for this age to make. Wise men saw long ago that human nature is inherently lazy, and will not exert its powers except under compulsion of some kind. They saw too, that, unless its powers are exercised, it inevitably sinks back into barbarism and brutishness; while, on the other hand, every effort enlarges and strengthens it, bringing out new powers both of action and enjoyment. The history of the dominant races teaches this truth forcibly and grandly, for it shows some physical condition bearing like a fate on each of these races, and compelling it to struggle with nature or with neighboring tribes for existence, until by sheer force of struggle, by the courage born of facing and surmounting obstacles, they have become masters of the world. In individual experience the same lesson is reiterated. Have we not all seen how, under the pressure of necessity, the will grows strong, the invention ready, the whole man active, daring, enduring, till qualities that seemed at first quite commonplace prove equal to emergencies that appall common men? Do not we all believe that adversity acquaints man with himself, with his resources for doing and bearing? And, on the other hand, who has not seen good abilities dwindle, and fair promises fail of fulfilment, until a hopeful youth sinks into a feeble manhood, because with hereditary wealth there came to it the curse of satisfied desire, of immunity from *work*?

Between an idle rich man and an idle poor man there is this distinction: the latter begs or steals, and so forces society to notice him and his evil influence, while the former, without being less injurious to society, is less offensive, in that he can live without working or begging. The rich

are so few, that the influence which public opinion exerts over their habits is unimportant in comparison with the effect of that same opinion on the multitudes of the poor. It is of vast importance to the community, that idleness among the masses should be universally censured, that no encouragement should be given to the growth of a dependent class; and yet public opinion, by its immemorial approval of alms-giving, has been steadily lowering the moral tone of the poor, fostering the growth of paupers. For surely healthy men and women, who week after week and month after month ask and receive food and clothing as outright gifts, are growing not only to tolerate, but to desire *dependence*, — are forgetting their duty of paying in some form for all they get, — are fast coming to believe that they have a right to all this bounty, a right to be supported in idleness by those whose industry and thrift and manliness have placed them above want. These "objects of charity" are losing the habit of work, and in some sort the power to work, and every day spent in this condition carries them a step backward toward barbarism and imbecility. Indeed, they are in point of manhood behind the savage; for he is forced to do some work, though it be but the labor of the chase. Man has not stepped between him and the hand of God, which by means of hunger and cold is driving him to exert a portion of his powers, and so to grow in manliness in spite of himself. It would be well for the objects of charity, if they had even his rude virtues, courage, and perseverance, and, above all, self-reliance. But they have neither these nor the higher virtues of the civilized life on which they hang like a clog.

Their degradation is not, however, to be taken as the measure of their sin, and our duty toward them is not to punish, but to teach. The sloth inherent in human nature has for them an almost inconceivable temptation, fostered as it has been by the state of ill-paid, and therefore hopeless labor, into which they and the generations before them were born.

But my object at present is not to dwell on their antecedents, or even on their misery, except so far as it may throw light on the means of helping them. For they need help, and must get it from us who are wiser and stronger. But they need help against the enemies within, rather than against those without. It is courage that is cold in them, hope that is starved, independence that needs patching against the storms of adversity. And we have a duty to do, not only to their bodies, but to their souls. The latter must be fed as well as the former,—must be taught, and the lessons given must be in wisdom as well as in knowledge. These suffering thousands must learn that they are to pay for whatever is furnished to them. It matters not though the lesson be unexpected and unwelcome. It is necessary and invaluable, and must therefore be steadily repeated till it is learned. The wiser and wealthier portion of the community are of necessity the teachers of the rest; but unless they assume the authority and firmness that belong to their office, they are miserable teachers. If they consult the wishes rather than the needs of their pupils, they may indeed teach soft and pleasant things, but they will not teach the truth. They may at first have ready and docile scholars, but the end will be anarchy and misery; till the strong hand is called in to help the weak heart, and to do roughly what might have been done gently, had it from the first been done firmly. When shall we teachers learn that the duty of guiding implies the right of *governing* to some degree? “What,” says a friend, “is the use of pointing the way to a blind man? You must lead, and, if need be, force him out of the path that leads to death.” Benevolence that thinks to help the poor by gratifying their wishes, will end by sitting down in disappointment and amazement, and asking how men can be so ungrateful and exacting as it has found them. There has been and is too much of that benevolence which carries its objects in its arms and feeds them with a spoon, and then wonders that they never walk. Such benevolence can

never become beneficence. "Keep a man to the idea that he is of some use in the world, that he is something and can do something," says the friend already quoted. And Mr. Ritchie says in this connection : —

" It is from want of some sterner principle in the benevolent, and from a disinclination to blend it with their daily action, that most of the proposed schemes for checking pauperism come to naught.

" Notwithstanding all that has been said and written by Ministers at Large and City Missionaries, in regard to the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving, I have yet to learn that this is not a deep-seated, popular sentiment, oftentimes arraying itself ostentatiously against what are termed the cold-hearted measures proclaimed and adopted by those who have sounded and measured pauperism as with line and plummet. The doctrine that *giving* is not charity, is by no means a received axiom, and yet it is a solemn truth." (Report, p. 11.)

To carry these views into practice, to correct sentiment by judgment and principle, is to be truly charitable ; but this is no easy task. It involves the denial of generous impulses, and sometimes the necessity of witnessing suffering which we must refuse to relieve, because it alone can teach the lesson that must be learned. And even when this duty has been conscientiously performed, it cannot secure us against disappointment, failure, or even imposture. These are rebuffs and real sorrows that must be expected and experienced by every one who attempts to help the poor, however wise and discreet he may be.

Of the disappointments incident to the attempt to relieve suffering by giving, none is more constant than that arising from the ingratitude of the recipients, — an ingratitude of the worst stamp, for it not only fails to make or to attempt any return, (which might be pardoned on the score of forgetfulness or inability,) but it does not even appreciate the kindness done, or value in just degree the gift. What can be more

disheartening than such a state of mind in a beneficiary? and yet what else can be expected under the *giving* system? It results from a law of our nature, and could be predicted as a sure result of general almsgiving by one at all conversant with that nature; since it is true of us all, that those things which come to us as free gifts, without labor or waiting, are lightly esteemed; while those for which we toil and long, which are won only by real effort,—*paid* for, in short,—are our precious possessions, are appreciated and understood. It is the professional beggar that throws away with a contemptuous oath, when out of your sight, the bread he has just received at your door; just such bread as the laborer's wife, who daily experiences the care and labor that go to earn bread, would reproduce in some palatable form, for her memory of the price of the loaf will not let her forget the value of its fragments. For the law applies to the using as well as to the valuing of all things, and what is had for the asking, or even without it, is wasted as much from ignorance of its value as from carelessness. This assertion cannot be denied by saying that our greatest treasures, the wealth of our hearts, are the loves and friendships that come freely as light and air, that cannot be bought by any labor; for such a statement is very incomplete, in that it loses sight of the fact that we give our whole selves in return for such love. And that Almighty Love, whence comes every good thing, is valued by those only who are its servants,—nay, who give themselves body and soul in return.

Let it not be supposed that these conclusions with regard to the dangers of almsgiving are arrived at by the miserly, the hard-hearted and close-fisted, the Gradgrinds and Bounderbys, only. The most beneficent are forced to the same result. To this those whose lives are spent in ministering to the wants of the poor come or tend, and their steady refusal to help those who will not help themselves is often misjudged and misrepresented by persons full of benevolence but inexperienced in beneficence. Mr. Ritchie condemns

almsgiving in the strongest terms, and, in a set of propositions which may sound harsh and cruel to the charitable public, urges the necessity of leaving actual suffering to force the shiftless and the idle to work and economize, or to go to the almshouse,— which, by the way, should be the *work*-house. But his propositions will be accepted by those whose inclination or business has made them really familiar with the poor; for they see that half the money *given* in charity is worse than thrown away, going as it does to pay a premium to idleness, thriftlessness, deceit,— to all that is the opposite of manliness and independence. It is against just such almsgiving that the sneer of practical men, especially of such as employ workingmen, is directed, although they may never have given the subject sufficient consideration to distinguish in words between true and false charity. They see the healthy results of the natural relation of employers and employed, the *mutual* dependence, friendliness, and respect, and, contrasting these with the disgusting cringing, falsehood, and theft of the professional beggar, and with the chronic and hopeless paralysis of will that settles down on the habitual though honest recipient of alms, they may well distrust companies or agents whose work compares so poorly with that of their own firms and factors. They feel that their money does more good, as well to the poor as to themselves, when employed in the ordinary channels of trade, than when invested in avowedly benevolent enterprises. And it is undeniably the fact, that the best benefactor of the poor is the man who employs them in healthy work at fair wages, and deals justly and manfully with them without one intimation of an intention to bestow favors.

*Well-paid work* is the best gift we can make to the healthy poor; and next on the list come those enterprises by which *good* lodgings, clothing, or food are furnished at prices the same as are now paid for a poor quality of the same things, or at rates but slightly advanced on these. Take, for instance, clothing, and see how the benevolent “sewing-

circles," that exist in almost every religious society, proceed with regard to it. The usual method is to make up a quantity, and *give* it to the needy; and they reap the harvest of wheat and tares (tares and wheat rather) that usually follows the giving system,—many words of thanks, some real gratitude, and an astonishing amount of jealousy, ill-will, and heart-burnings, withheld indeed while the donors are present, but poured out freely when the gifts are compared, and the relative wants and merits of those who receive them are discussed. Accusations of deceit are freely made against the families or individuals who have been most favored, while the charge of partiality or credulity is with as little hesitation brought against the kind members of the sewing-circle. All of which might have been avoided, and a better lesson taught, by adopting a plan which has—in one society at least—succeeded admirably; namely, to *sell* the clothes to the poor at the original cost of the cloth. The bright faces of the women who attend such a sale, their earnest calculation as to the best way of investing their savings, and their evident satisfaction at the amount and value of their purchases, present a fine and an instructive contrast to the result of a gratuitous distribution.

"Live and Let Live," and not "Live and Support," is the true motto. Certain circumstances there are that quite incapacitate a man for making any return,—from laboring or paying. Sickness, idiocy, or insanity, old age or extreme youth, with a few other circumstances, which are, however, rare and exceptional, claim exemption from our previous statements, and more than excuse the condition of helpless dependence which they compel. To them we must give freely, "hoping for nothing again." But the class thus exempted from the claims of society, numerous as it is, is yet very small in proportion to the whole number of the dependent poor; and the tenderness which is only justice when dealing with them, is weakness and folly when trans-

fferred to those whose suffering is a fault rather than a misfortune. For these last the alternative should, as has been said, be work and economy, or the work-house. The sympathy with which they are met when they solicit alms, "to save them from the degradation of becoming inmates of the poor-house," is quite undeserved. Is that a manly feeling of independence which impels them to expose and rehearse their sufferings to strangers, to subject themselves to indifference, refusal, and rudeness, rather than accept quietly the provision made by government in recognition of, and with the purpose of meeting, the very wants under which they suffer? Mr. Ritchie has something to say on this point, and he says it fearlessly and plainly.

"For the satisfaction of all those whose tender feelings are distressed by the thought that the wretched poor often suffer, it can be demonstrated that such suffering is wholly voluntary, a deliberate choice between it and the public provision for all their needs. Every person in this community, by making application to an overseer of the poor, can have house, fuel, clothing, and food of a wholesome kind, and in sufficient quantities, immediately provided for himself, wife, and children, free of all charge, and without incurring any legal debt. What a blessed reality! What a noble demonstration of the exalted moral condition of our old Commonwealth, and its substantial devotion to religion and humanity!

"But the poor will not accept this provision unless they can have it in their own way,—that is, unless they can be permitted to eke out a miserable existence in places where they may have liberty to attend wakes and funerals and balls, and frequent low resorts and drinking-saloons. And the desire for this kind of life is called by some a laudable independence, to be encouraged by the benevolent. This is a sad mistake. All experience disproves it. Among the very thrifty in our community, very many have been previously inmates of our almshouses, while it is a rare case

for those helped along to live in their present miserable condition ever to rise above it. Where they were last year, there they are now. They begin the spring in debt, and scarcely get out by winter. What chance or encouragement can they have, like those of the persons who in spring come from the almshouse in health, unencumbered, and ready to begin a new manner of life? Their spirits are not broken, like those of such as have higgled and begged and worried through the winter life, by aid from charitable individuals and societies.

" We are not sorry that there is a general repugnance to going to an almshouse, for this is a great incentive to exertion, and it should be allowed free course, for then it will surely be glorified; but we do protest most solemnly against that idea so prevalent, that, by helping miserable families along through the winter, by private or public charity in their present abodes, we aid in preserving their self-respect and independence."

We began by considering that new class of beneficiaries, which the present stagnation of business and consequent lack of work have created. Let it not be supposed that I would drive them to the almshouse. Their prayer is for work, and every effort should be made to grant it. The test that exposes and shames the idle beggar is precisely the test *they ask*, for their deeds are not evil, and they do not shun the light. That this test is so seldom applied is the fault of a habit which is very common in most economical persons, and indeed is the natural result of an economical life, viz. to look on all money paid for labor as a purely business investment, and to employ or to abstain from employing laborers accordingly. Doubtless this is the practical view of labor, the view that must govern all business transactions; and, sustained as it is by laws as inflexible and as natural as the laws of gravitation, its displacement by other views, in large and continued operations, is neither to be expected nor wished. But true as it is, it is

yet partial; for it does not see the effect of work on the character of the workman in making or keeping him an independent and useful member of society; and in applying it to the needy of this winter, men forget that money or money-value given outright is a poorer investment than is the same amount paid for labor, which they were not in need of, and which they would not under other circumstances have employed. Sums which they willingly and deliberately *give* in charity, they consider wasted if paid for unnecessary work, feeling, as they have been trained to feel, that such work argues loose and unbusiness-like habits.

But this feeling must give way when it is considered how spendthrift and idle habits are strengthened in men and women who receive alms while they have the power to work; and how such habits in one class counteract and thwart the good that might be accomplished by the prudence and economy of another. The change from almsgiving to true charity need not disturb the balance between the debit and credit sides of the account in the most perfectly kept ledger. The sum paid for work furnished merely to give employment, need be no greater than that previously set aside for almsgiving; and moreover, when we speak of unnecessary work, we do not mean such work as the removing a pile of stones from one place to another without purpose, or the digging holes that they may be filled again. Such work is with reason felt to be an insult, by laborers to whom it is offered. No good can spring from any occupation that does not result in something pleasurable or useful. Now there are few households in city or country where some sensible work might not be found for the beggar or the needy, although in the ordinary economics of the family this work would be left undone. The present is not the place in which to specify examples. These will readily suggest themselves to the mind which is in search of them. And were the search more common, charitable societies would be less frequent in their appeals at our doors and in our churches, for

their field would, in a few years, be wonderfully narrowed. And this kind of charity is as much within the means of men of moderate incomes as is almsgiving, while it has the immense advantage of wasting nothing, being certain of its return in the effect wrought on the character of its recipients.

The foregoing considerations answer the objections which the economical may raise to the substitution of employment for alms, but they are not sufficient to do away with the hesitation arising from another and a very common sentiment; namely, that there is something of meanness and closeness in exacting from the children of wretchedness and poverty a return for what they receive from their more favored brothers and sisters; that there is already too much of hardship and struggle in the life of the poor, too incessant and fruitless a strife to meet inevitable wants with an inadequate pittance; and that our duty is to relieve and cheer by allowing something, be it ever so little, to come into their hands easily, thus lifting for a moment the burden that crushes them down, giving them a ray of hope and a glimpse of "God's possible from man's actual."

To this almost instinctive sentiment of the tender-hearted the answer is, that all attempts to alleviate suffering without attacking the sources whence it is perpetually reproduced, do but put off the evil day, at the expense of its sure return and longer continuance. The poor have indeed a heavy burden to bear over a long road; but how much more true is that kindness that teaches them how best to bear the burden, than that which lightens it for a moment only to let it fall back on enfeebled shoulders! There is, however, no need to seek our answer elsewhere than in the pages of the Report under review. "'Give to them cheerfully, when you do give,' says the benevolent theorist. Alas! the dispenser of alms knows full well, that any such exhibition of his readiness to give what is asked for will only result as does the dropping of honey in the neighborhood of flies. It is absolutely essential that the class of beggars mainly infesting

our community should endure hardness in obtaining what they desire." "There can be no providence for those who have none of their own. As a higher power helps those who help themselves, so should we do. As that permits the improvident to suffer a little, so should we. We are no more responsible for want than for sin,— in a degree, probably we are responsible for both." (pp. 17, 18.)

But there is a subjective view of the influence of such a course as Mr. Ritchie commends. A fear is often felt lest the heart may be hardened and the sympathies deadened by repeatedly refusing to give, and turning away applicants for charity. Our little Report has a conclusive answer for this objection.

"Still, it is objected that a refusal to heart-stirring and pathetic appeals from those who appear miserable, induces the sensibilities, and chills the genial glow of charity in the human heart. This is more specious than real, and proceeds from a false assumption, namely, that people are better for receiving what they ask for. Does God give to every one that asketh the thing he prayeth for? And why not? Simply because *his* charities are systematic, and have reference to the greatest public and private good. If the desire is to imitate him, it can only be done by making the real good of the recipient the object and motive for our charities. In this view, every individual case becomes an object of investigation and study as to the manner in which beneficence should be exerted. 'Give to every one that asketh of thee.' Ay, but give the *needed* thing, and not that which may or not be a blessing. Every beggar at your door is in need of something, be his claim true or false. The cultivation of the charitable feelings, and the attainment of a Christ-like character, cannot be purchased so cheap as even by the bestowal of a mighty dollar upon every claimant who rattles at your door-bell or besieges your steps in the crowded street. Personal sacrifice can alone procure personal improvement." "The character of the claimants on our char-

ties is such, that it needs the patience of a Job, the wisdom of a Solomon, and the experience of a Chalmers, to do for them what they require. For this reason it is that benevolent ladies and inexperienced visitors, going into the families of the poor, usually injure where they wish to help, and finally become disgusted, rather than elevated, by their devoted works of love. Not infrequently I meet with such in the loathsome dens of the degraded, their loving hearts distressed and their beaming countenances all bedewed with sympathy, striving to do something for those whose wants are beyond their medicine, and whose real needs they cannot fathom. Filled with pure love, they suggest wants which the poor never felt, and only succeed in making them more importunate and unsatisfied claimants on the public bounty."

"In all our cities, at any rate, every applicant for relief, who seeks for this at the door or in the street, is the subject for systematic treatment, and should have it. With it, he may be redeemed; without it, he will almost inevitably be lost." (pp. 14, 15.)

Pursuing the consideration of the advantages of this course, we cannot do better than again to quote Mr. Ritchie:—

"There is one consideration, too generally overlooked, which bears upon this matter. It is, that in this country there is a demand for all the labor in it, and for even more. We are inclined to take fashions and systems from the Old World, and among the rest we have copied their relief systems, not realizing that, as yet, we have not come to need them, and may not for years to come. In the Old World pauperism is a fixed fact, in the cities and towns, and must be provided for. Here we should not base our charities upon any such assumption, and in so far as we do, we assist in fastening a state of pauperism upon ourselves. It is an entirely unnecessary condition in a new country. There is a class of people everywhere who seek the purlieus of vice as naturally as ducks seek the water. In this country, and especially in this State, while in the rural districts this class has almost

disappeared, in the cities their number has rapidly accumulated. Here they can drink and be drunken, can steal and be concealed, can beg and live from hand to mouth. An expulsive effort of popular sentiment, which should diminish materially the city facilities for drinking and the perpetration of mischief, would soon scatter many of them." "Now this class ought to be scattered by police and charitable action. The alternatives should be almshouse, prison, or a stampede to places where by labor and honesty they can support themselves."

The influence of this aggregation of the poor (especially of the foreign poor, who have naturally most inducement to remain in the seaports) in our cities in perpetuating and increasing poverty and pauperism, is seldom recognized, though it is immense. It holds true of the honest to nearly as great an extent as of the beggarly poor, for the former stand in each other's way in the market for rude manual labor, the only labor which most of them can do; and disturbing the balance between supply and demand in this market, where they are the sellers, they lower prices below the point that can sustain life comfortably. This point once passed, they must beg in some form or other, must become objects of charity. It is in vain to look to legislation for the cure of this evil. The doctrine of equal rights, which lies at the foundation of our system of government, is at variance with any attempt to deprive any portion of our population, not criminal or pauper, of the power to select their residence. If this evil ever be reached and lessened, it must be by such a change in the common system of charity as Mr. Ritchie advocates. The idle and the improvident must be "allowed to come to want," they must suffer, must look in the face the natural consequences of their course of life, and be made to feel that these consequences are inevitable, as well as natural. In no other way can they be made to work, or to leave the city in search of work, which is indeed in demand in the rural districts.

The result of Mr. Ritchie's experience and reflection is given in eleven propositions:—

“1st. That pauperism in our community is voluntary and unnecessary.

“2d. That it is very much increased and fostered by almsgiving, and the multiplicity of aid societies having separate and independent action.

“3d. That it needs to be dealt with considerately, but sternly and uncompromisingly.

“4th. That the regularly constituted municipal authorities are the proper ones to have control of it. [Then follows something that has local importance merely.]

“5th. In our community, all instances of want of food, fuel, and clothing which are represented to the benevolent as extreme are elective, being the choice of such extremity rather than to take the provision offered by the constituted authorities.

“6th. That in each and all these instances the public provision is better, both for applicant and for the community, and the interference of private charity is only evil, and that continually.

“7th. That aid, either public or private, afforded from year to year to the same individuals, is destructive of individual independence and happiness.

“8th. That all assistance should be *temporary*, and only bestowed where sickness or other casualties have cut off ordinary means of support.

“9th. That any assistance is better than that which directly affords supplies.

“10th. That the support in winter of those who can only be employed in summer perpetuates a dependent class, and inures only to the benefit of those who in favorable seasons procure their labor at less than living wages.

“11th. That the refusal of aid to such would tend to disperse them into regions where their labor would support them independently, and would insure to those who re-

mained a sufficient demand for their labor, and an adequate support for their families." (pp. 20, 21.)

Well may Mr. Ritchie say: "If the public could only be brought to realize the validity of these propositions, and act in accordance therewith, a vast amount of perplexity and trouble would be avoided by the benevolent, and much wretchedness and want would immediately pass away." Even to those whose experience with the dependent poor testifies that these conclusions are not harsh and unfeeling, they may seem somewhat sweeping and unqualified; but the next sentence shows that he by no means regards poverty as proof presumptive of sin and disgrace. "Poverty indeed will always exist, but not, necessarily, in this country at least, pauperism. By poverty I mean the want which comes from sickness or misfortune, and which quietly and unostentatiously makes itself known in its own neighborhood. Here is a field sufficiently broad for all benevolent action. Let us do all that we can for the relief of the poor, and at the same time for the cure of pauperism. Unless we establish a distinction, our efforts will be of little avail or productive of much harm."

This is no arbitrary distinction. It is natural, and will be made the moment the characters of the poor are examined; and until the charitable public recognizes it, and discriminates between poverty that struggles to be independent and that which enjoys and willingly looks forward to dependence, paupers and beggars will flourish and increase, while increasing almsgiving will fail to satisfy or relieve them. It is well for us all, that some charitable societies do thus discriminate. To them there is nothing new in the ideas of Mr. Ritchie, but to the majority of the charitably disposed his little pamphlet is full of fresh and valuable hints. As general principles, his conclusions are wise and practical, and their correctness is not invalidated by the fact that the present winter is a season to which they do not in full strictness apply. It is a most unfore-

seen and unusual stagnation of business that now makes it impossible for many industrious men and women to earn their bread. The crisis and the consequent suffering must be temporary, and as they pass away, the class of which we speak will return to their work and to their independence with undiminished numbers, unless our short-sighted philanthropy corrupts and transforms them by accustoming them to receive alms. The danger is greater than it seems. The lesson of willing dependence is easily learned, for there is a slothful devil within, that catches up and repeats it to hearts weary with a long struggle, and to heads not very clear in their ideas about the duties of the rich and the claims of the poor. The peculiar call which this winter makes on the charitable is to preserve the working-men, to save them from becoming paupers and from expecting *gifts*. *Work* is the thing they need, and let no one who can supply this want, no matter in how small a way, fail in the discharge of a duty, which he owes alike to the poor and to the whole community.

F. W.

## FEBRUARY.

With lovely flush the winter sunset fills  
The sky that dips between the western hills,  
And higher up, the pure young moon afloat,  
Through rose and purple steers her silver boat;  
And, still and sacred as Love's dawning light,  
Stars bloom along the meadows of the night.

O wondrous Beauty! how thou putt'st to shame  
This trivial life of ours with thy clear flame!  
How poor we look, when Nature's torches shine!  
Is aught in us to match this grace divine?  
Yes,—Love fresh kindled at the eternal Sun,  
And glowing in two hearts that beat as one.

F. B. S.

**WHAT CHRISTIAN CHILDREN SHOULD READ.**

How many times ten thousand "children's books" the world is flooded with! You may say, "How many times ten thousand children!" Yes, if each child get one book. But it is not so. One child gets a hundred, and a hundred get one. Happy the last hundred! Happy the child who knows the healthy feeling of sharp intellectual hunger! Happy days, when, like yonder terrier, we growled and crouched over our own little bone, and, having eaten the sweet meat that lives next to it, imagined the rest! For no little good books that ever were made can stand a moment beside those that never were made! What avails it, then, to string out memoirs of little goodies and naughties, that are but transcripts of the veritable originals carved in our first brain of brains, cherished in our heart of hearts, dreamed of, dreaded, loved, hated, adorned with all graces possible and impossible? Patty Proud! with her high feather,—in her ugly face, in the coarse print, is embodied all that can be said on the subject; and Jack Horner's spiritual pride and gluttony grow upon us the more we contemplate them.

The education of children is a problem that everybody must work out after his own fashion. Some people, indeed most, think it consists of talking, in books or out. But somebody else says: "Teaching, in itself, after all, is not a great good. It is rather—to tell the truth of it—a necessary evil, a thing to be endured, not chosen." We are quite likely to think thus in after life, as we look back on what has most impressed or directed ourselves. In the formation of what decides character, moral reflections, books, or admonitions bear but a small part usually, and the thoughtful parent who remembers this reaps instruction from the retrospect. He remembers the accidental remark, the unexpected occasion, the indirect influence, that shaped his own course; that affected him, where parental admo-

nition, friendly advice, and multitudinous good books would not, and he feels how little he can directly do for the young mind and heart, when he does his best, and he trusts more to God. The loftiest lessons of life come from Him, both to young and mature, and we are apt to forget it in our management of the child's mind.

These plants that are so dressed and watered and trimmed and turned always to the sun, do they grow? Is the twig inclined properly? Not a bit of it. Dwarfed, stunted, poked, stimulated to an artificial growth by perpetual interference from without, the imprisoned mind bewails itself in vain, and all graceful and healthy progress, resulting from original tendencies, is stopped and warped. What children feel and think is not known even to themselves, so stultified are they with instructions how to think and feel, and especially how they ought not. They can no longer be unconscious in their good or ill. The bloom, the dew, the tenderest and sweetest portion of the childish mind, is rubbed away. It is not merely that the natural deference of youth is lost; that the young are puffed up with a sense of disproportioned and unused attainments; but that, in the loss of their humility, they have also lost the power to grow better. Our children are at last "educated to death."

Those were good days—alas! no more to come to any child!—of the old primer, with pictures at every letter. Read, re-read, till the pictures, and so the moral, were burnt in upon the memory, and all that could not be known was a sweet mystery, that no modern child has the luck of. No; everything is explained in these days. Where

“Job feels the rod,  
Yet blesses God!”—

and where the rod was a literal counterpart of the family switch hung up by the window,—there was a lesson! “He was the patientest man,” too. Out of that egg, which the childish mind brooded over, be sure was hatched some truth; — a peacock with gay plumage, or a bird of paradise. And when we saw, in the letter A, that

"In Adam's fall,  
We sinned all,"

be sure that notions of the right and wrong of the matter, theologically considered, never troubled us. Any amount of Westminster Catechism could be swallowed without difficulty, and never disturb us afterwards; but the bears that ate up the naughty children who ridiculed age, and the "swallowing up of proud Korah's troop," will never fade from the early imagination, nor cease to act as a silent warning through the longest life. Simple, austere, general, suggestive,—in few words, but fitly chosen,—such were the lay-figures we draped in gorgeous fancies, woven in the ample and endless storehouses of childish thought.

But those good times have gone, and with them the valuable and healthy literary tone we love to remember. Now-a-days, if you ask a child what he thinks on any abstract point of right, he stops to remember what Tommy Faddle did, or give you the result of his Faddle-reading; but for any expression of the character of the child, you wait in vain. He is not an individual, only one of a class. He has gone through, it may be, a large amount of reading, the moral ready made to his hand, and thrust under his eyes; his passive mind meantime attaining a shrunken and unhealthy morality, through the lava-crust of which the flame bursts with opportunity;—a morality learned in story-books, all good enough in themselves, the sympathies clinging tightly to each fictitious character, the real living one meantime being sickly, rickety, disproportioned, and weak every way.

This false morality and a false literary taste go hand in hand. Do our children read now about the hill Difficulty, and the fight with Apollyon, and Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Giant Despair? What do they know of the shepherds in Beulah, or the "shining ones" on the other side of the dark river? You talk riddles to them. But they have doubtless been put through Miss Sewall's seventeen volumes. They have no taste for Farmer Flamborough, nor the Vicar's fire-

side, but then they are intimate with "The Disowned," and they are delighted with Thackeray. Pictures of society attract them,—snobs amuse or disgust them; they are little men and women, and have had no childhood.

Howbeit, we must look at the thing as it is, and not as it should be. If our humble remarks should stop any new-fledged writer for youth from taking wing, they will have done something towards that golden age of comparative ignorance for which we plead,—for the scant measure that stimulates, instead of the profusion that cloyes the appetite, and that more on moral than intellectual grounds, though the latter are sufficiently important.

Put, we beseech of you, parents, into the hands and hearts of your children, early, the golden rule, the beatitudes, the commandments. Enforce them silently, with your own daily examples. Look at yourselves more than you watch them, that you contradict not words by actions. Control the angry sparkles from your own eyes, that so you see not their beams reflected in the eyes you love and the hearts you pray for. So sow the seed, and God will give the increase in his own way, though perhaps not in yours. But that done, or doing every day, feed the intellect scantily. Milk is for babes. Let their wild fancies revel, as only childish fancies can, in the glorious Arabian imagery constructed for them, or let them bathe in the vague splendor of their own, unspoiled by assuming shape. When they are weary of following their heroes through impossible enchantments, they will construct palaces of their own. The materials are at hand. Lying on the grass,

"His back to earth, his face to heaven,"

a child is awakened to a sense of the beautiful or terrible infinitude above him, that no words can give him. He weaves cloud-garlands at sunset with those roses of heaven, and he handles the sparkling stars. Happy magician! when he rises to his feet, the earth is full, too, of material for enchantment. The bit of wood that the carpenter left,

possibly of a regular shape,—out of that he fashions architecture whose perfection the full-grown carpenter can never attain to. An old japanned lamp-top is easily mistaken for a helmet; with his chip, his lamp-top, and his heaven-given imagination, he shapes incidents and adventures; he will fight, conquer, and administer poetical justice. His materials are scanty. So much the better. A scrip and scallop is enough for the little life-pilgrim. Other conveniences burden him. As he goes on, he will take them up. But now, his mission is to grow. And your mission, parents, if you would but accept it, is *to let him grow*;—with a “masterly inactivity” to keep watch, and wonder at the new blossom. His little fancies are dear mysteries to him, carefully and timidly sheltered from outer observation. All the long hours, when you hear and see him idly dashing dozens of buttons together, be sure it is not done without an object. But do not pry into that mystery. Be content to stand outside and wait. He has taken, careful mother, all your buttons from the box again, for his secret entertainment. In vain you forbid the piracy, and even substitute a dozen of new white horn ones for the culprit’s “very own.” O foolish and forgetful mother! cannot you see, what he will not tell you, that you might as well give him two dozens of infantry soldiers, and expect him to gain a battle with them? His cheek is crimson, his eyes are full of tears; he will not tell you what you ought to know, that you have taken away all his generals, all his captive kings; in short, that, all the munitions of war being gone, it is useless longer to struggle against fate. You have trodden on these gentle and timid fancies, and crushed them. Do not add to the injury, by introducing a moral instruction which will neither be understood nor appreciated. If you insist on some substitute for his creative fancies, give him Hans Anderson’s charming stories, where the moral is so hidden that none but mature minds perceive it, and so is as good as none to the child. But if you are wise, you will not give

him many even of these. Rather, with his gymnastics of body, give him mental training of the same healthy sort. Do not keep him in baby-jumpers when he should be strong enough to climb the mainmast. Do not absorb his mind in somebody else's thoughts and notions, and keep him duplicating other people's moralities. And to that end do not deluge him with books.

Having lifted up the voice of expostulation against the abuse, we would all the more readily and heartily commend the use—above all the temperate use—of good books. We are reminded of this by the sight of the “Aimwell Stories,” a series of books prepared for children by one who evidently understands and loves them. There is a fresh, breezy tone about his boy's stories, and a thoroughly domestic air in the girls', that give them *vraisemblance* and attractiveness. The little trials of temper, and effects of seemingly trifling habits, are well and accurately related, and with a skill scarcely inferior to Miss Edgeworth's. Little girls will be glad to find that Ella, who was no better than themselves, learned gradually to be much better, through some very simple processes; and boys, especially city boys, will relish a visit to a logging-camp in the Maine woods, and have a good laugh at the first lessons in sailing of poor Jerry. All the incidents are probable, and the tone of morality and sentiment is cheerful and healthful throughout.

In a future edition, the author will, we trust, make some slight corrections both in grammar and expression. Without wishing to be hypercritical, we must protest against Aunt Fanny's saying “to home,” when we consider that “she had been a teacher for many years.” The use of the word “clever,” to express kindness, and “ugly” as its opposite, though decidedly *New-English*, is not at all good English, and should be used only in the character of an uneducated person. We would remind the author, too, that even a boy should not “sweat freely from exercise,” and that “convenient to a stream” savors of Hibernia. The

physician might content himself with feeling Ella's pulse without "feeling *of*" it, and Uncle Tim, judging from his habitual violations of grammar in other cases, would, we fear, hardly be equal to the elegance of "we were." These inaccuracies which are scattered through the book, and are noticeable and important in their degree, are mere specks, whose existence the author can well afford to admit, and which he will hasten to correct. Having done that, he may congratulate himself that he has added something really valuable to a child's library.

H.

## WHICH IS THE BETTER?

FORTH came a pale boy from a palace fair;  
Pensive and gentle in his bearing, he  
Trod with slow step the terrace' marble stair,  
And paused beside a river boundary ;  
On swept the flashing water in its pride,  
Lit by a golden sun at eventide.

Thick-foliaged was the margin ; the light stems,  
Soft stirring, as the summer wind went by,  
Gave forth sweet whispering music, and like gems  
Studding the bank, the flowers seemed to lie ;  
Far off, the purple mountains he could see,  
Lifting their heads in bright tranquillity.

Spell-bound he stood, long rapt in thought, for he  
Fast from the earth was passing,—this he knew ;  
What marvel then, that, in his reverie,  
His young mind sought to grasp whate'er was true ?  
From sky to earth he turned, from earth to sky.  
" Which is the better ? Is it well to die ?

" O Earth ! so beautiful, so true to me,  
My heart hath grown to love thee, as thou art ;

Here I would make my home, if it might be ;  
 No pleasure here hath palled, yet we must part.  
 I look from sky to earth, from earth to sky ;  
 Earth ! Earth ! I love thee ! It is hard to die !

“ My mind can grasp thy beauty, each fair flower  
 For me hath language, and I know the clasp  
 Of every vine in hidden haunt and bower.  
 Thine is a happiness the *heart* may grasp.  
 I cling to earth ; the sky seems far to me,—  
 I cannot pierce its bright immensity.

“ I strain my eye, and struggle to discern  
 God’s way and being ; — that bright canopy  
 Presses while it o’ershadows ; the stars do burn  
 Into my soul, and blind, when I would see.  
 I look from sky to earth, from earth to sky.  
 Earth, thou art dearer ! O, I would not die ! ”

Forth from the city street, from hovel door,  
 A pallid girl, with slow step, halting came,  
 And reached with pain a barren, lonesome moor,  
 There paused to rest her weary limbs and lame.  
 Silent she gazed abroad. O, far and wide  
 Stretched that bleak, barren moor : ‘t was eventide.

From a bald rock she took a wider view  
 Of earth and sky. Thither she loved to roam :  
 Nor shrub, nor herb, nor floweret ever grew  
 Within the narrow circle of her home.  
 Stretched on the bed of death, she too must lie,—  
 No friend would watch by her, yet she must die.

Spell-bound she sat, long rapt in thought, for she  
 Fast from the earth was passing, — this she knew ;  
 What marvel then, that, in her reverie,  
 Her young mind sought to grasp whate’er was true ?  
 From sky to earth she turned, from earth to sky.  
 “ Which is the better ? Is it well to die ?

“O holy sky ! Boundless infinity !  
 My heart hath learned to yearn for thee alone.  
 O might my spirit now soar home through thee !  
 Longing I gaze, — the world is bare and lone.  
 I look from sky to earth, from earth to sky ;  
 Bright home, I love thee ! It is well to die.

“My mind can grasp thy beauty ; each fair star  
 Speaketh to me its language ; the moon pale,  
 Its silver crescent shining near and far,  
 Doth to the high and lowly tell its tale ;  
 Thy sunlight enters every open door, —  
 Warming, it gilds the squalid hovel floor.

“I lift my eye, as in a trance behold  
 The Heavenly Father. Through yon canopy  
 Press angels, with the looks I loved of old  
 In my dead household. Lo, they beckon me !  
 I look from sky to earth, from earth to sky.  
 Heaven, thou art dearer ! It is well to die !

E. W.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

*Athanasia: or, Foregleams of Immortality.* By EDMUND H. SEARS. American Unitarian Association.— Grand and inspiring as the truth of a future life is, it is by no means an easy thing to make it the subject of argument, or to apply to the Christian demonstration an exhaustive analysis. The simple fact is, Christianity never undertook to reason the world into a conviction of immortality, nor yet to create such a conviction by the sheer strength of its affirmations, nor to bear it in upon the unprepared soul on the mighty tide of miraculous evidence. Christ purposed to make us believers in immortality by awakening the consciousness of immortality within us. He would persuade us there is an eternal life to come, by inspiring us to begin to live the life eternal now.

In this, as in many of the great departments of religious truth, the method of Revelation is to announce, with divine authority, a few grand, simple, comprehensive facts, leaving the forms of doctrine, and their mutual scientific adjustments, to the handling of successive periods of human culture. As in respect to the nature of God himself, the work of Christ, the influence of the Holy Spirit, the need of

repentance and renewal, so with regard to life after death, Revelation is more anxious to assure us of what is, or must be, — the fact, — than to tell us *how* or *why* it is so, — than to enter into the scientific elements of the subject, and unfold its philosophy, adjusting part to part, and bringing the whole into relations with a science of metaphysics and physics. Thus Revelation is true to its own name: it reveals; it shows what is; it uncovers the spiritual fact. It does not theorize, nor argue, nor write "bodies of divinity," nor build speculative systems. Respecting this doctrine of immortality, the one great truth it declares is that we shall live again, — we ourselves, — keeping our identity; and shall receive in our future, immortal condition according to the faith of the heart and the deeds of the body here. This is the substance of what is told us. This is the substance of the common faith of Christendom on the subject. Such questions as Where? How? When? are left by the Bible unanswered. We do not say it makes no references or allusions from which answers may be gathered. It does not deny that such a thing as a Christian philosophy of the matter is possible, is legitimate, and shall one day be actual. But it does not give the answers with such clearness that Christian sects and persons have been able to agree tolerably in interpreting them; it does not write the philosophy. According to its wise and uniform plan, it proclaims the essential truth, and allows its shapings to be determined by the shifting and progressive operations of the human mind.

With greater success than any author hitherto, Mr. Sears attempts the philosophy. The best scattered notions of Christian thinkers in the different denominations, and a slightly modified form of the teachings of the "New Church," compacted and vitalized by the original force of the writer, are presented in a lucid and consistent treatise. Firmly resisting the temptation to encumber his process with the lumber of other men's voluminous speculations, yet clearly and briefly stating the more important opinions that have prevailed, Mr. Sears moves directly to the heart of his great theme. From that point he speaks with faith, with earnestness, with a ripe culture of his intellectual faculties, with a rare spiritual perception, and of course with dignity and power; sometimes almost with a prophet's penetration. The book is really more than a discussion of the special doctrine; it is a philosophical treatment of the laws of life. Immortality is thus made, as it should be, only one part of a more universal principle, — a principle which, in fact, embraces the whole natural and divine scheme of the universe, — humanity, theophany, the incarnation, duty, spiritual influence, regeneration, the resurrection. The points on which the author seems to us to do especial service, by showing how reason and revelation, our affectionate hopes and the facts of science, all beautifully accord, are these: the intimate bond of union between this life and the next; the directness and permanence of moral accountability; the continuity of personal, conscious being; the immateriality and yet sociality of heaven; the fact of a spiritual body, to be extricated from the natural; the organic unity

of the laws of life; and, above all, the absolute and eternal Lordship of Christ, as the "God with us," over the whole spiritual creation. In the development of these primary and glorious truths, there are, almost of course, some incidental opinions advanced which we hesitate to accept, or discard. But, on the whole, the work is an incomparable advance on any eschatology that has gone before it. The hypothesis offered —for, after all, reluctant as the author is to admit it, it is only that— of the *rationale* of the Saviour's resurrection, and "excarnation," is entitled to a most respectful investigation. It is a thoughtful and reverential, and, as it seems to us, an uncommonly satisfactory study, in a theme of such august mystery as can never be brought, in definite propositions, within the reach of the logical understanding. So, in that section of the book which will probably encounter the gravest question, the discussion of a middle state, Mr. Sears undoubtedly stands on stronger exegetical ground than his opponents, and meets many perplexing difficulties in the popular view; although, as we think, for want of *data*, he leaves his position somewhat indeterminate, ragged, capable of abuse, and still greatly in need either of less positiveness or more light. How far a sinning and unregenerate soul may rely on an *opportunity* hereafter, and so relax its efforts and abate its concern, he does not say. The actual condition and wants of the world require that he should have said less or more.

Indeed, the one chief defect in the theology of the work is its defective appreciation of the evil, the mischief, the inherent baseness, and the practical abomination of sin. We have just as firm a confidence as any man, or body of men, in the superiority of faith over fear, affection over denunciation, the positive over the negative, as forces for creating and sustaining goodness in the world. But God and his Bible teach us, what reason herself ought not to be slow to see, that faith could gain its mightiest hold only through the liabilities to sin which inevitably bring guilt and terror in their train; that love beams forth in its perfect and infinite splendor only in contrast with our selfishness and hate, and in triumph over them; and that the most affecting and resplendent manifestations of the Father's goodness are made in the cross, which symbolizes our *deliverance* from a death that stood before us, into a *life eternal*, which his grace provided for us. Whatever the aspirations, the sympathies, the tastes of fine natures may be, the fact is, the destructions and waste of guilty passions in the human race are awful. This depravity needs tremendous checks, penalties, threatenings, and majestic redemptive energies, to resist it and to save us from it. These the Gospel brings in. The New Testament is full of them. In the work we are examining they are imperfectly recognized, even in places of the argument where it would not have been a digression to recognize them. The subjects here handled can hardly be adequately treated without a solemn confession of the fearful antagonism between the holiness of God and the wickedness of men, and of the wonderful way revealed in the Gospel for reconciling these estranged elements. This is just

as urgently required by the purest spirituality, surely, as by any of the exigencies of theological science. We have not got hold either of the palpable facts of the case, or of the central principle that is to organize and elucidate them, till we see how the world's transgressions stand related both to Law and Love. It is impossible that the author of this book should have studied the New Testament writings as freshly and thoroughly as he evidently has studied them, without seeing that, according to the mind of the writers, the sufferings of Christ occupied a place in his ministry, and accomplished a work in the world, quite distinct from their incidental bearing on the resurrection, and not at all accounted for in this treatise. There is a view of those sufferings, of which theology has only yet begun to sound the depth, and which is in harmony with the great *doctrine of life* so eloquently illustrated by Mr. Sears.

The suggestion already made, that our highest authority leaves so much of the future unknown, undescribed, unshaped, ought to teach us forbearance and modesty in the construction of our eschatologies. One of the first requisites for a theologian, in our time or in any time, is that quiet, old-fashioned virtue, patience. In the largeness and gentleness of his Christian heart, our brother must find room even for those who can body forth their best visions of the unspeakable hereafter only through the material imagery of things fleshly and earthly. He must not be too severe nor too frequent in belaboring the sincere disciples who are not quite clear of the "churchyard" and the "clay-pit." Progress is gradual. Sanguine and privileged as we may be, the "light of the after-scene" has not, as yet, been "turned full upon the fore-scene." It may be in a spirit of the loftiest reverence and the meekest trust that men of a certain constitution abstain from seeking very definite information from the regions beyond the grave, while they bravely "do their work in this world." What we do not see as yet, or see only "as through a glass, darkly," we may hand over, with a composed and cheerful hope, to Him who hath hidden so many secrets in his own power. Our way, at best, is in much weakness and darkness. All the more ought we to be thankful, not only to Him who hath "brought life and immortality to light," but to every faithful and pure-sighted believer and disciple, like the author of "*Athanasia*," whose eyes have been purged with the celestial "euphrasy and rue," and whose words of beauty and strength, of energy and of consolation, lift us nearer to the Source of true "light," and reassure us with a new "evidence of things not seen."

*Christian Days and Thoughts.* By REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY, D.D. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—Reverently, gratefully, and sadly,—as we should handle the farewell gift that had been hallowed by the dying breath and touch of a beloved and saintly friend,—we take up this beautiful volume. Reverence is the pre-eminent spirit that pervades it. It might all have been produced on bended knees, and with eyes lifted to heaven. It might all have been breathed forth on a Christian death-bed,—as, indeed, in some sense it was;

for there its author uttered the wish, and gave the direction, that his manuscripts should be gleaned for its materials. Yet there are not wanting in it many genial, cheerful sympathies for the world of life and health, of action and joy, of youth and hope. Human life as it is here shown, all penetrated with piety, controlled by faith, warmed by love, made venerable with the dignity of duty, made bright with the sunshine of charity,— how fair and noble and blessed it would be!

The work belongs to a class that, in our day, is far too small. Books that are really devotional, and are written from the loftier plane of spirituality, are not many now, and in the eager, external, ethical propensities of modern society find only a qualified and timid welcome when they come. Let us prize every approach to a fragrant, adoring, sacramental literature, lifting us up with the litanies and anthems and prayers of the old Church. It is encouraging to see such republications as those of "The Life and Sermons of Tauler," "Theologia Germanica," "Lyra Germanica," "The Words of Christ, the Faithful Promiser," Fénelon, Madame Guyon, and Catherine Adorna. Nor is it less encouraging to see a cordial reception of writings proceeding from elevated and calm souls of our own day, dwelling with God while they dwell on earth, and doing all their kindly and faithful offices to man with a look ever fixed heavenward, and thoughts conversing solemnly with the Unseen.

Another desirable effect of such a book as this before us is, that it attaches greater interest and importance to the ecclesiastical year. It helps to connect our common habits of religious thinking and feeling with the great epochs of the New Testament story. It strengthens the tendency, which we rejoice to find growing and gaining on every side, to mark and keep the feasts and fasts of the Church in a wise and truly catholic observance. If anything in laws of association and veneration is clear, it would seem to be clear that the *time* of Christendom ought to be all measured, notched, and consecrated by the leading events of our Divine Lord's experience while he wore the form of our humanity, and thus the atmosphere of our ordinary existence be kept within the august influence of the supernatural age. It would nourish religion, sustain Christian order, enrich preaching, aid private devotion, and shed fresh beauty over the hard and practical aspects of our study and our work.

As Dr. Peabody's years increased, his style of composition grew chaste and guarded. There are large fields of Christian truth not travelled in these meditations of his pure mind. There were always qualities of his nature which prevented his bringing a ministry to meet persons of strong passions, of rapid intuitions, of vivid and turbulent encounters with the world. The Augustinian element was not in him. But while his readiest access was to those of another constitution, even these are sure to find an elevating and benignant influence in his wisdom, his serenity, his great trust in God.

*Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections during a Thirty-five Years' Residence in New Orleans.* By REV. THEODORE CLAPP.

Phillips, Sampson, & Co.—The whole career and culture of this indefatigable and popular preacher form a striking representation of one of the phases of American civilization. Born in New England, adopted and cherished by the centre of Southern spirit and manners, trained chiefly without books or a very careful intellectual and spiritual discipline, a religious teacher with very little theology, quick in feeling, broad in sympathies, ready in address, showing the courage of a martyr in his ministrations to pestilence and contagion when good men about him ran from the infected climate, defending negro slavery and the doctrines of Universalism at the same time, he is a type of an unsettled, ardent, impulsive community. Such a character shows how much may be done by a man of quick parts and honest purposes, without rare balance of mind or a thorough education, and suggests, with equal force, how much more—for truth, for permanent effect, and for the Church of Christ—may be done with them. Mr. Clapp has related the incidents of his life in an entertaining volume, with many interesting descriptions and pleasing digressions, and with no more intrusiveness of the first person than is apt to attend autobiography.

*The Plant-Hunters, or Adventures among the Himalaya Mountains.*—By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. Ticknor and Fields.—Captain Reid's reputation, among the boys, is established. There is no end to his "thrilling adventures." He makes wild animals serve all the purposes that the ghosts used to. The terrible creatures growl, and snarl, and fight, and howl, and get killed with the most perilous and picturesque accompaniments. The illustrations themselves are of the most exciting character. Now and then facts in natural history of a more peaceable disposition come in. Nor does the author quite forget Him who made all the beasts of the field, and to whom the ravens and the young lions cry for their meat.

*The Year-Book of the Unitarian Congregational Churches for 1858.*—All the usual information is presented in this annual, under the authority of the Association, with even more than the usual accuracy, with a happy arrangement, and in a neat style. Some pages of kindred intelligence, and of miscellaneous religious reading, are added.

*The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1858.* Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—If literary labors were estimated by their utility, and if the actual service rendered by this publication to the various professions and to men of different stations could be reckoned, few works would hold a higher place. The enterprise and accuracy required in it need to be carefully considered, that the editor may receive the grateful acknowledgments he deserves. Buy one novel less, put this on your table instead, and you will be a wiser man when 1858 is ended.

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MARCH, 1858.

No. 3.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

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\* \* \* This Number contains 12 pages less than the usual amount, as the February Number contained so many additional pages.

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A TALK WITH MY MINISTER.

I suppose my minister — the Rev. Theodore Dunn — to be one of the very best in New England. If there is anything that I object to in him, it is his uncomfortable faithfulness. But I have always taken his pointed discourses and his still more pointed personal exhortations in good part, as I know him to be the best friend I have, and an honest and thoroughly enthusiastic worker in his holy calling. A few weeks ago, I received a note from him, requesting me to call at his study for private conversation upon an important topic. I was promptly at his door at the time appointed, and spent a very pleasant evening with him. The special subject upon his mind was the importance of conducting all business enterprises upon Christian principles. I think he must have heard something of my connection with a fancy scheme which it is not necessary for me to mention here; but he had good-breeding, and said nothing about it. I could do nothing, of course, but accede to his excellent propositions, and bow to his exhortations. I may say, before going further, that he was entirely in the right, and that I hope his lesson has done me good.

After returning home, I thought the matter over. This was the seventh time he had sent for me, for the purpose of lecturing me. I had had some thoughts on the subject of religion which I had never expressed to him, and said to myself, "I will turn the tables ; I will send for the minister." I gave no time for second thoughts, and despatched a note on the instant, requesting him to call at my office "for private conversation on the subject of religion," on the following evening. I was in my office at the time appointed, and my minister came in sight as the clock struck seven. He greeted me cordially, but was evidently a little puzzled. He took the seat proffered him, threw open his overcoat, and in certain commonplace inquiries indicated his wish that I should commence the conversation. I felt a little awkwardly in the position into which I had voluntarily thrown myself ; but, determined to make the best of it, I assumed the censor and adviser, and opened.

"Mr. Dunn," said I, "you invited me to your house to talk to me, in your sacred capacity, of the importance of conducting business enterprises on Christian principles. I have invited you here to-night to talk to you on the importance of conducting the Christian enterprise on business principles."

Mr. Dunn smiled good-naturedly, and bade me proceed.

"Well, sir," said I, "I am a business man, and have had in a somewhat active life considerable knowledge of great enterprises ; but I consider the Christian enterprise as the largest operation ever undertaken by human hands. It contemplates nothing less than the peaceful subjugation of a rebellious world to the forsaken rule of heaven,—the restoration of a degenerate race to purity and happiness."

"But it is not man's enterprise," said Mr. Dunn.

"Hear me through, sir. Moral forces, of varied nature and operation, and supernatural influences, as the most of us believe, enter into the prosecution of this enterprise ; but beyond these I recognize an element of business,—an

element inherent in everything which can legitimately be called an enterprise. An enterprise in any sense is a business enterprise in some sense, because it involves management and machinery. Christianity has its parish, its society, its officers and organizations of various sorts, its missionary associations, and its educational institutions. Is it not so?"

Mr. Dunn simply bowed, and said, "Go on."

"To the management of the business department of the Christian enterprise are called such men as have the most practical business tact,—men who add to general intelligence, social position, piety, and zeal, that acquaintance with the men of the world, and that familiarity with the forms, details, and maxims of the world's business, which will enable them prudently and efficiently to perform their duties. This is a thing of men and money, and when money is short, and men are scarce, you will admit that management becomes a thing of great importance."

I saw that my visitor was becoming interested. He laid off his overcoat entirely, and drew his chair nearer to me.

"Now," said I, resuming, "we must settle, at starting, exactly what the Christian enterprise is. Is it building up our church?"

"O no!" replied Mr. Dunn; "certainly not."

"Is it building up our sect?"

"Not by any means."

"Well, suppose you 'ell me, in a few words, what it is," I suggested, for the purpose of leaving the burden with him, and getting my premises.

"I should say," replied my minister, "to be concise, that the Christian enterprise is the enterprise of converting the world to Christ."

"A good answer," I responded. "I accept your definition, for it is my own; and I knew you could give no other. Now, I am not going into theology at all. It is enough for me to know, that, eighteen hundred years ago, a remarkable

personage appeared, who was allied alike or in a degree to divinity and humanity, and who declared himself to be the Saviour of the human race. I will not differ with you, or with anybody else, as to how his salvation was to be conferred. I know that he possessed a supernal elevation of character, that he lived a spotless life, that he gave utterance to the noblest precepts and principles, that he was crucified by cruel men, and that he rose again. His great mission, announced beneath the conscious pulses of India's stars, was that of the bearer of good-will to all mankind. The commission which he gave to his disciples was, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' He began the enterprise, and intrusted its completion to the hands of his disciples. This is the enterprise which they have undertaken, the enterprise which you, Mr. Dunn, have defined. As I look at it, it is a grand, overruling, all-subordinating scheme. If its merits are equal to its pretensions, there is not, under the whole heaven, any great work which should not be subordinate to this."

I had grown a little warm with my talk, and my minister smiled in his own pleasant way, and remarked that he thought I had mistaken my profession. I bade him wait until the conclusion before committing himself on that point. I then resumed.

"In examining the operations of the propagators of Christianity, I find that money stands as the basis of nearly all of them. Money builds the church, hires the minister, sends the missionary, prints the Bible, drops the tract, supports the colporteur, and furnishes the life-blood of all the Christian charities. Without money, comparatively nothing can be done, and co-ordinately essential are men; for without ministers, and missionaries, and colporteurs, and printers, money, devoted to this enterprise, would be fruitless. The question is, therefore, as to how this money and these men are used? Can you think of an instance, Mr. Dunn, in which money has been misused?"

"I was just thinking," he replied, "of the little town of Montford, up here, which has four church edifices and not a single minister."

"Yes," said I; "and there is Plum Orchard, just beyond Montford, which contains three ambitious-looking church edifices, with a poor minister in each,— very poor, I may say, in more than one sense. In Montford, sectarian zeal has actually exhausted all of the available means of Christian effort, and, so far as I can learn, the town has not for years been the scene of the slightest Christian progress. There are four flocks there without a shepherd. Plum Orchard contains twelve hundred inhabitants. Half of these do not attend church at all, partly because they have become disgusted with the sectarian strifes that have prevailed among the churches, but mostly because the preachers (poor men!) have no power over them. Of the remaining half, a moiety attend church in a thriving manufacturing village two miles distant, and three hundred are left to fight out the bootless battle, which keeps three inefficient leaders in commission, and does good to no one. Only the first case is an extreme one. Similar cases are found everywhere. Now, Mr. Dunn, do you blame an unbelieving business world for laughing and scoffing at a spectacle like this?"

"Very bad, very bad!" sighed my minister, with a sad face and shake of the head.

"Now, sir," I resumed, "I am not going to say that this is not right, for I pretend to take nothing deeper than a business view of it. I am not going to say that it is not just as the Head of the Church would have it; but I must say, very decidedly, that, viewed in its business aspect, it is the most foolish, the most inexcusable, the most preposterous profligracy. The whole world cannot illustrate such another instance of the squandering of precious means by organized bands of sane business men. I say this in view of the fact which, in courtesy, I am bound to admit, that it is all done conscientiously, and for the simple purpose of pushing for-

ward, in the most efficient manner, the Christian enterprise."

"We must have charity, sir," said Mr. Dunn, in a wounded tone.

"Charity!" I responded somewhat warmly, for I saw that he had not fully comprehended my meaning; "what has charity to do with it? I have impugned no man's motives. I am simply criticising a business operation. Let me illustrate. Suppose that I have a business which extends throughout this State. I have an article to dispose of which should be in the hands of every man within its limits. I cannot visit every town and every man myself; therefore, I must avail myself of a system of offices and agencies. Proper agents being scarce, it becomes necessary for me to economize. What, therefore, shall be my policy? Evidently so to apportion my offices and agents as to bring the commodity I have to dispose of within the reach of all, if possible,—of the largest possible number, at least. I hold my agents strictly responsible to me for the manner in which they do my work. I require of them all to hold up their hands and swear to do it faithfully and well; not striving for precedence or monopoly, not seeking their own aggrandizement, but laboring directly to forward my interests and advance my enterprise. This is a plain business operation; and, stripping the Christian enterprise of everything foreign to its business element, I place it by the side of that enterprise as a just standard by which to judge it. Jesus Christ has something to dispose of to every individual of the human race. In order to bring it to the knowledge of every individual, he has established a system of offices and agencies, and committed the work of extending them over the world to his people. He requires of every agent that he shall devote himself, with a single purpose, to the forwarding of his great enterprise,—the conversion of the world. But his agencies, after the lapse of more than eighteen hundred years, have been established only upon a small portion

of the territory, and difficulties seem to clog the path of their further progress. We find his followers, all of whom profess a supreme wish to forward his enterprise, disagreeing upon some of the minor and non-essential details of the business, dividing themselves, and using up the money which he has committed to them in building a multitude of splendid and often rival offices, and retaining in each an agent, while a large portion of the field is entirely unprovided for. Shut up within the walls of a small partisanship, they seem to have lost sight of the great enterprise to which they have committed themselves; or, if they sometimes think of it, it is with a piteous lamentation over the hinderance of a cause in the way of which they have placed every possible business obstruction."

"We must have charity," reiterated Mr. Dunn, moving uneasily in his chair.

"Now, my good sir," I rejoined, "as you are determined to make me a censor of motives, rather than a critic of policy, I will not have the name without the game,—you know the old saying. So, when I say that the business part of the Christian enterprise is badly managed, I will say that, if a business of mine were managed thus, I should come to the conclusion that my agents care more for themselves than they do for my business."

"I saw where you was coming," replied Mr. Dunn, with his kind smile, for he was determined to make a sort of enemy of me before he could be complacent.

"Well, sir, you brought me here," I replied. "Now let me go on. It is a confessed and patent fact, that money is short and men are scarce. The call is uttered and echoed in every quarter of the world for more money and more men; but is it too much to say that enough of both have been squandered in the business management of the Christian enterprise to have carried Christianity into every household? The money expended in church edifices, and inefficient governmental church establishments, and bootless and

worse than bootless controversies, and the upbuilding of rival sects, would have crowned every hill upon God's footstool with a church edifice, and placed a Bible in every human hand. Further than this: if the men now commissioned to preach the Gospel were properly apportioned to the world's population, millions would enjoy their ministrations who never heard the name of Jesus Christ pronounced, and never will. The towns in Christendom which feebly support, or thoroughly starve, two, three, or four ministers, when one is entirely adequate for them, are almost numberless."

"Yes," said Mr. Dunn, "I believe that statement is true. I suppose I could preach to this whole town in which we live, as well as to my limited congregation."

"Precisely, Mr. Dunn. Now do you suppose the business world around us here can look on and see how we manage, and not see the thriflessness and inconsistency of the whole thing? And if this business world should happen to conclude that men who profess what we do, and manage as we do, are not in earnest, would it compromise its reason and its common sense by it?"

"But I thought you to be a lover of art, and always glad to see fine church architecture," responded Mr. Dunn, endeavoring to shift the burden.

"You are entirely correct,—I wish the world were full of it; but I am talking now as a business man. I understand that a church is built with a supreme desire for the service of Christianity,—as something which is to tell directly upon the Christian enterprise. It is a simple question of dollars and cents. Do one hundred thousand dollars, expended upon a church edifice, half of which is devoted simply to ornamental art, exert over fifty thousand dollars in power toward the conversion of the world?—for we must always come back to this definition of the great enterprise. This is what churches are built for, as I understand it; and I ask whether, in this case, fifty thousand

dollars are not absolutely lost to the Christian enterprise ? Is there not within the bounds of Christendom enough of bricks and mortar, and mouldy marble, and costly spires, and flaming oriels, and gorgeous drapery, and luxurious upholstery, and chiming bells, and deftly-chiselled stone, all dedicated nominally to the service of Heaven, to enrich the whole world with Christian light, were it economically dispensed ? ”

“ There is undoubtedly something in what you have said,” replied my minister, “ but I think not so much as you claim. And now, as you are so apt at tearing down, suppose you try your hand at building up.”

“ I do not see that this is needful, for the remedy is indicated by the disease ; but if you wish it, I will do it willingly. As a business man, it will be impossible for me to judge of the relative importance of maintaining a certain truth or tenet, acknowledged to be non-essential, and the saving of a human soul. That is for you to do. I only take the enterprise in gross ; and I say to you, as one of the managers of the Christian enterprise, that if you are supremely devoted to that enterprise, if the great and only end you seek be to compass the salvation of the world, then you will spend your money and apportion your means in such a way that the enterprise shall feel their whole power. Here, for instance, in this town, we have four religious societies. These happen to be Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist. All these people expect to meet each other in heaven. They call themselves ‘ Evangelical Christians,’ thus acknowledging that non-essential differences of belief keep them from thorough fraternization. These men are made a common Christian brotherhood by the common reception of what they deem to be the essential truths of Christianity. One large church and one good pastor, like you, Mr. Dunn, would be sufficient for all these sects. Now, as they can agree upon the essential truths of Christianity, why may they not do so formally, and leave to

every man that Christian liberty of opinion upon the non-essentials which belongs to him, and which by right of public charter or private choice he will exercise under all circumstances. From my knowledge of human nature I might go further, and say that such an exhibition of united devotion to a great cause as this would be, and such a demonstration as it would furnish of the real, fraternal spirit of Christianity, would accomplish more for the Christian enterprise than the separate labors of the four sects could hope to accomplish in a quarter of a century."

" My dear sir," said my minister, warmly, and with tears brimming his eyes, " this is a beautiful dream of yours. I say it from my heart, I would gladly see it realized ; but there are so many prejudices to overcome, — there are such different modes of thought and worship, — I do not see how we could come harmoniously together."

" Ah! but, Mr. Dunn, I have only spoken on the supposition that all prejudices had been subordinated — all partisan feelings and non-essential opinions — to the Christian enterprise. I have only suggested such a management of the Lord's business as I should insist upon if it were mine ; and I repeat what I have said, in effect, before, that if, in the enterprise which I had supposed my own, I should find three or four offices in opposition to each other, in any form, carried on by as many agents, each claiming the preference, with no essential reason for difference, I should conclude that they cared more for themselves and their opinions than they did for my business. In the method of reform which I have suggested, I would liberate and render available a vast amount of idle capital, and I should find upon my hands a large corps of agents to be sent into such portions of the field as might be unsupplied. I would also divert the large annual outlay which it has cost to support these superfluous institutions into the maintenance of the new efforts incident to their transplantation."

" This looks rational, however impracticable it may be,"

responded Mr. Dunn, half doubtfully. "But is this your whole plan?"

"Hardly the shell of it, Mr. Dunn. Are you weary?"

"Bless you, no!" replied my minister, pressing my hand. "I was only going to remark, that there would still be men wanting."

"Very well," I replied. "I thank you for leading me to this point. Every year the religious press breathes out the stereotyped lamentation that only a few young men, comparatively with the wants of the world, are graduating at the theological seminaries. While young men by tens of thousands throng every avenue of trade, and press into every alley that leads to an avenue, and while the professions of law and medicine are crowded with the ambitious and the talented, few adopt the noblest calling of all, and the Christian enterprise lags for lack of public laborers. Now I have yet to see the first branch of business in this country, or in any country, that cannot command as many men as it will pay for. I tell you that for money I can obtain men for any service under heaven,—any service that I would engage in,—good, Christian men, too. Money will send men into the eternal ice of the poles, under the fires of the equator, across snow-crowned mountains, and among savage beasts and savage men. What, by the way, is the amount of your salary, Mr. Dunn?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"That is more than any other minister in this town enjoys, and it is just half the sum I pay my head-clerk. Now, be kind enough to tell me what is expected of a minister."

I had touched the right chord, and my minister rose to his feet, and gave it to me "with an unction."

"It is required of a minister," said he, "that he shall possess a first-class mind; that he shall spend ten of the best years of his life in that crucifixion of the flesh which efficient study necessitates; that, if poor, he shall carry into his field of labor a load of debt which will gall his shoulders

for years; that he shall withhold himself from other callings and all side schemes and sources of profit; that he shall write from two to three sermons each week, and preach them; that between Sabbath and Sabbath he shall attend two or three evening meetings; that he shall visit every family in his parish once in six months; that he shall take the laboring oar in all the public charities; that he shall call upon the sick, and look after strangers, and officiate at funerals, and serve as a member of the school committee, and deliver one or two lectures before the village lyceum every season, and visit the sewing-circle, through the winter,— and —”

“ And all,” I continued, rising also to my feet, for a sense of injustice was getting the better of me, “ and all for a sum at which a modern railroad conductor would snap his fingers in contempt.”

But Mr. Dunn was at home in this matter, and I was very glad to let him talk for me.

“ I will not amend your conclusion of my sentence,” said my minister, smiling, “ though it is not exactly in my style. I will say, however, that a minister’s salary is usually adjusted to the lowest current cost of living. In this way, he is allowed to lay up nothing for paying off his debts, furnishing his house, stocking and replenishing his library, educating his children, and surrounding himself with the convenient and graceful externals of cultivated life. The pastor, enfeebled as he is by care and the preparatory studies through which he has passed, is required to be the hardest drudge in his parish. He is accepted as a laborer in the most important calling that honors our poor humanity, he is loaded with responsibilities which call for more than human strength for their support, yet his scanty stipend is doled out to him more as if he were a dirty beggar, than a messenger from heaven, and the almoner of its choicest gifts.”

Thus having honestly poured out his heart and his convictions, my minister sat down. I resumed my seat also,

and, as I did so, I said, "Mr. Dunn, is it to be wondered at that so few men can be found who are willing to enter upon a life like this?"

"But, my dear sir, there are higher considerations," said he, hastily recalling himself. "I declare it to be the highest evidence I have known of the benignly constraining power of Christianity, that so many men can be found who are willing to leave the brilliant paths—open to all—of honor, wealth, and fame,—to leave them with the dew of youth upon their brows, and their hearts bounding with the strong pulses of young manhood, and take this dusty road, parched with penury, thick-strewn with the thorns of ingratitude, and thronged with humiliations, from the valley where it diverges from the world's great track, to the heaven-touched hill where the weary feet strike upon the grateful golden pavement."

"You are right, entirely right," I responded; "and now I wish to say to you that I consider the Church, in its business capacity, an unjust and grinding master towards those whom it has called into its service. Its noble porteurs are not paid as well as hod-carriers, and you have told me feelingly how well its pastors are paid. And I say that, in a business point of view, the lamentation over the small supply of pastors in preparation is childish and contemptible, so long as the commonest business principles are disregarded in the endeavor to secure a larger supply. You speak of higher considerations. I grant that there are such considerations, for I have evidence of them in the fact that there are any ministers at all. But what have a church and religious society to do with those considerations in hiring a minister? If they find their candidate an educated, sound, spirited, honest, and devoted man, they accept him, and enter into a business relation with him. They are a laboring, producing, trading congregation, with all the avenues of wealth open to them. They have no right to ask him to give them one cent. In the salary they give him, it is their duty to yield him a full

share in their prosperity. Anything less than this makes him a menial, and does him injustice. Now it may be that ministers do not care anything about money, but I have noticed that our few well-paid pulpits never go begging for ministers. They are all undoubtedly exercised by other considerations, but as the Christian enterprise is a common one, the Church has no more right to require them to devote to it their life for higher considerations than money, than they have to demand money for higher considerations than their services. It is an even thing."

"I recognize the intrinsic justice of your position," responded my minister, after a pause, "but I am afraid money enough could not be found to conduct the Christian enterprise in this manner."

"But money enough is found to manage it badly," I replied, "and I believe there is money enough to manage it well. I have yet to find the first worldly enterprise that promised safety for investments that did not command all the money necessary for its consummation. Wherever the angels of promise and progress lead, money follows and does their bidding. It builds magnificent cities, and bridges rivers, and excavates canals, and constructs railroads, and levels mountains, and equips navies, and furnishes countless hosts with the enginery of war. In its ready and prolific power, it often furnishes facilities for business before business demands them. The Christian world is flooded with wealth. There is money enough and to spare, and I very decidedly declare, that if, in the subordinate enterprises of Christian life, there is no lack of money, there can be none in the Christian enterprise itself, provided of course that Christians are sincere in their expressions of supreme devotion to that enterprise."

"A new test of piety," interpolated my minister.

"Perhaps so, but I cannot help it; because, as a business man, I know perfectly well that any enterprise in which large bodies of men feel a great and absorbing interest can com-

mand all the money which it requires. And now, when the business world sees the Christian world begging for money with which to forward its great enterprise, and counting its receipts by slowly accumulating thousands, what must be the impression of that business world in regard to the honesty and earnestness of that Christian world? Can it resist the quick conclusions of its acutely educated judgment? When it sees a body of men lauding a scheme or enterprise in which they will make no deeper investment than they feel obliged to make for decency's sake, it calls it contemptuously 'a bogus scheme.'

" You have a grain of truth in a bundle of sophistry, here," replied Mr. Dunn. " It is true, and it is not true. The comparison which you institute between investments in human enterprises and the Christian enterprise is an illegitimate one."

" I see where the trouble is," I rejoined. " The result of the comparison is a wholesale conviction of the Church of the sin of hypocrisy; but I will relieve that of its point by the charitable admission that these men are laboring under a hallucination. I believe they have entire consciousness of sincerity. Still, from my point of view, I can only decide as I have decided. As a business man, I know that the Christian world can command any amount of money it may be desirable to command for the prosecution of the Christian enterprise; and I can only conclude that, if it fail to do it, it is because it has little confidence or little interest in it."

" But do you comprehend the severity of this judgment?" inquired Mr. Dunn, solemnly.

" I do, sir, but I am not responsible for it. I cannot help it. You come to business men for money. Why should we help you to a penny, when you will not invest in your schemes yourselves? You remember how it was when our bank was chartered. We opened the subscription-books, and the stock was all taken in two hours. We

believed in our scheme; but you profess to regard religion as something better than money; you even admit that pastors should labor for higher considerations than money; and yet, when a subscription-book is opened for the advancement of some special interest of the Christian enterprise, Christians almost universally play shy of it, and oblige it to go painfully and pitifully begging for months."

As I concluded, my minister heaved a deep sigh. I feared he was becoming tired of the interview, and expressed the fear to him. He begged me to go on, however, and declared that his interest in my conversation had deepened from the first, although he felt sick and sad with the reflections awakened in the latter part of the discussion.

"We will leave the home field, then," I resumed, "and change the current. I find, that, independent of carrying on the Christian enterprise within Christendom, there is a missionary work,—a work of aggression upon the domains of heathenism. In this work the business department assumes an importance which it holds in no other section of the scheme of Christian propagandism. The organizations are larger and more powerful, heavier amounts of money are intrusted to them, and a more complicated system of machinery is called into operation. Their operations are two-fold, comprising acquisition and diffusion, and rendering necessary a double set of machinery,—one to collect funds, and another to disburse and consume them. These organizations cannot be sustained without a considerable outlay of money, and the amount of money contributed for direct use in forwarding the Christian enterprise must be reduced by the amount necessary for carrying on the machinery of these organizations. This, in itself, is right, as every branch of business should be made to pay for itself. I find on examining this missionary field that it is occupied by a large number of organizations, all professedly laboring for the same object."

"A blessed object it is, and may they all be prospered in it!" interrupted my minister.

"Amen! say I; and I will say more than this. From the nature of the case, the grand end of Christian effort is kept more prominently in view in missionary operations than in any other. Selfishness and partisanship are more thoroughly subordinated. The work is one of measurably pure Christian benevolence. Not so much anxiety is felt for the propagation of sectarian views as in the home department of Christian labor. Accordingly, in some instances, we have a union of various organizations for the purpose of saving the expense of operating multiplied sets of machinery."

"You like this, I suppose," said Mr. Dunn.

"Entirely; and simply because it is the business way of doing things.. You remember that a short time ago a traveller, in passing over the New York Central Railroad, from Albany to Buffalo, was obliged to purchase a long string of tickets which represented six or seven — more or less — railroad corporations. Each had its board of officers, its independent set of machinery, its separate engines, cars, and men. The business of these lines was to help the passenger on from Albany to Buffalo. Their interest was identical. So business men became aware that there was a great waste in the management. They therefore agreed to a grand scheme of consolidation, by which the whole track should come into the ownership of one corporation, and be placed under one board of management. This was the work of business men. Now these missionary corporations are the managers of roads that lead from earth to heaven; and, unlike the old railroad corporations, they keep up (to speak it reverently) entire routes of transit from one extreme to the other. In this thing, all Christians feel that it is of more importance that a heathen should come to a practical knowledge of the Christian life, than that that life should be accompanied by any special sectarian views. What I wish to say, as a business man, is, that not a cent of money should be wasted in superfluous organizations and machinery, and that all these men who are carrying on this superfluous

machinery should be put directly into the aggressive field of operations, where men are so much wanted."

"I agree with you in the main, my friend," said Mr. Dunn, drawing a long breath.

"Yet I only advise in the home field the policy which you approve in the foreign."

"I know," replied my minister; "but you do not comprehend all the difficulties."

"Who made the difficulties?"

"Let us not go back to that," said Mr. Dunn, smiling.

"Very well, I will go on. We have scattered here and there, over the land, petty societies, established for the accomplishment of some minor, special ends. There are some of these which must use nearly or quite all the funds they receive in sustaining themselves. Their agents occupy our pulpits, they haunt our houses; and as we do not know them, or the organizations which they represent, we regard it as a hardship to bestow our charities upon them. Speaking in a business way, a hat is a hat, and a human soul is a human soul, wherever found. If I have money to give for the benefit of a human soul, I choose to give it where it will tell directly upon that soul, and not to a man who will keep half of the sum to pay himself for getting it out of me. In other words, I would support that man as a missionary, and thus give the heathen the benefit of his time and my money, rather than deprive the heathen entirely of the one and half of the other."

"Then you would kill all these societies, would you?"

"I would do this: I would place the best business men at the head of our leading charities, and then, if they should fail to find these minor fields of sufficient promise to warrant an outlay in their behalf, I should advise that they remain uncultivated."

"But I do not see," said my minister, "how you will avoid the necessity of keeping up a full corps of collectors. Every church must be approached with explanations and solicitations."

"Yes, but not necessarily by professional collectors. If Christians really feel the interest which they profess to feel in missionary operations, they will need no explanations,—no annual posting up in missionary matters. A business man needs no such annual posting up in financial affairs. He reads the foreign news, the price-current, the daily condition of the money market, and everything which directly or indirectly bears upon his business. The Christian world has its Missionary Herald, and other publications, in which all the facts are stated weekly, monthly, or quarterly. Any man really interested in this enterprise, as every Christian professes to be, would of course read these publications with anxious avidity. The pastor does, at least; and I should greatly prefer, Mr. Dunn, to hear a missionary sermon from you, than the tedious harangues of a stranger. At any rate, if the Church is really interested in the missionary work, it will gladly assume the task of collecting its own funds, and thus turn into the direct channel of Christian effort the money now expended in supporting collections, and, with it, the collectors themselves."

Here Mr. Dunn took out his watch.

"Mr. Dunn, I accept the hint. I have bored you."

"Not at all, sir," replied the good-natured man. "I assure you that the act was involuntary. Go on."

"I think," said I, resuming, "that there are but two points more which I care about touching to-night. We business men think a great deal of business honor. In the business world, a man who refuses to pay his just debts is accounted no better than a swindler. All confidence is withdrawn from him, and all business accommodations are refused to him wherever he is known. It is only last Sabbath that you gave out a hymn which had in it this noble stanza:—

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all!'

I noticed several eyes around me grow moist with its effect. I have no doubt that the whole church looked upon it as an eloquent expression of their indebtedness to their great Master. They mentally credited Heaven with an infinite benefit, and debited themselves with their entire spiritual, vital, and worldly estate. Now I, as a business man, see that the Christian acknowledges the receipt of this benefit, and in his covenant, or contract, agrees to make the utmost payment in his power. Mr. Dunn, you know I mean no irreverence when I say that the Church has not treated Jesus Christ with anything like the business punctilio which it exercises towards and exacts of its neighbors, and that, if Jesus Christ were the manager of a bank, every obligation the members have given would have passed to protest long ago. I do not pretend to canvass moral obligations, and I will only add, that when the Christian enterprise shall receive all the men and all the money pledged to it by contract, when Christians shall discharge their plain business obligations, voluntarily assumed, and long over-due, there will be no lack of agents or of means for carrying the Christian enterprise to the grand consummation which awaits it."

"This is a new view," said my minister, with enthusiasm, "and should be urged from the pulpit. It must be effective."

"You are welcome to it," I replied.

"And is my lesson concluded?"

"Not quite. I wish to add that business men, in their steady look-out for the main chance, are always on the alert for any incidental or side schemes of profit or advantage that may present themselves. In the Christian enterprise, or among its results, there is such a thing recognized as Christian brotherhood. It ought to be the best and purest relation which can exist between man and man, and, if fully realized, certain material benefits would be sure to result from it."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, you know that, for the purpose of securing benefits that would naturally flow from a genuine Christian brotherhood, various special organizations have been established, such as the Free Masons and the Odd Fellows. Suppose I were in New Orleans, or London, and should fall sick. Suppose, also, that I were a member of your church, and also a Mason. Should I call upon a member of the church first in order to secure care and aid?"

My minister blushed, and did not reply.

"You know I should not. Now I say that there is a very large class of minds which judge of the soundness of a principle by the character of the action it inspires. To such a class as this, which organization — the Church or the Lodge — would seem to possess within it the most powerful principle of practical fraternity?"

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Dunn warmly, "these societies have nothing good in them that they did not take from Christianity."

"That is it exactly. They have stolen your capital. As a business man, I say that Christianity cannot afford to render necessary or desirable a set of organizations which tend to throw it into disrepute, by doing the work which it is the duty of the Church to do. Were I to undertake a large business, and attempt to manage it in all its details, and so far fail in one of them that another should spring up, and take it out of my hands, and execute it better than I had ever executed it, I should not only feel personally humiliated, but I should feel that my whole business had been wounded. I say, then, that the prosecutors of the Christian enterprise cannot afford to be surpassed by any other organization in the practical results which flow from the brotherhood it establishes. And now, if you will allow me to finish at a breath, I will add that this same business view of brotherhoods applies with equal force to all the organizations formed to do the work which the Church

neglects to do. Various societies of reform that have sprung up in the past have found their birth in the quick sensibilities of men who have had no connection with the Church, and who, in carrying them forward, have met with so much immobility in, or absolute opposition from, the Church, that they have become impatient and disgusted, so far, in some instances, as to become open enemies of the Church, and even of the Bible itself. I say that the Christian enterprise cannot afford this. Every good principle, or purpose, which is involved in these side schemes, is taken from Christianity; but Christianity, while furnishing capital for these schemes, loses not only the capital, but the credit of using it, and often has the misfortune to see its thankless beneficiaries turning against it. I say such management as this is ruinous."

"Management, management, management!" exclaimed Mr. Dunn, rising to his feet, and taking his hat from the table, — "nothing but management."

"My good sir, what do you mean?"

"I mean this, that your constant association of management with the Christian enterprise is repugnant to my ideas of the nature of that enterprise. The Christian enterprise is heaven-born. It has inherent, irresistible strength, and God is with it! It *must* win its way, if its facts and its principles be proclaimed; and because that in it are the wisdom and the power of God, it does not need the aid of such small management as we apply to our business affairs, — still less the aid of that power which the cunning tactician employs in other and less worthy fields of operation."

"I honor the sensitiveness and sensibility in which your words originate," I replied; "but I join issue with you. There is nothing more dangerous to any enterprise, than an overweening confidence in its strength. Now, my good sir, against a good cause, interest, lust, and malice manage, and when they crush it, as they have crushed many good causes, they crush it by management. They cannot oppose

it on its merits, and they therefore avoid its issues. But all the power which a good cause possesses within itself resides in its issues. If its opponents be not brought to meet these, it is powerless. Here is where management becomes necessary to meet management, and the nature of the cause and the nature of the opposition will determine the nature of the management."

"But this has nothing to do with business,—we were talking of business management."

"I am coming to that. The strictly business management stands upon a different basis. No matter how good or how strong a cause may be, the scheme of its propagation necessarily has its business department, which, being independent of the cause itself, in the fact that it is incident to all organized human action, must be conducted on business principles. I therefore say that there is nothing more dangerous to a cause, than that degree of confidence in its strength which makes it responsible for more power than resides in its issues, and leads to the abandonment of departments of labor essential to its success,—departments only legitimately to be operated by human sagacity and human prudence."

As I closed my last sentence, the clock struck nine. I felt ashamed for having detained my good friend so long, and apologized, not only for this, but for the almost disrespectful act of calling him to me. He said that no apology was needed, that I had given him food for thought for many days, and that I must not be surprised to see a portion of my thoughts reproduced in the pulpit, with such modifications as reflection might suggest. I helped him on with his overcoat, and he left the door in a brown study.

About three weeks afterwards he called upon me, and desired me to remain at home on the approaching Sabbath morning, as he should use so many of my thoughts in his discourse that it would embarrass him to have me present. I acceded to the request, on the condition that he would give

me his sermon to peruse after its delivery. This he agreed to, and the arrangement was fulfilled in all its parts.

The sacred text upon which he founded his discourse was this: "For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." It was an eloquent performance. All my views had been modified somewhat, by passing through the medium of a more spiritual mind; but they had not been shorn of their power. The closing paragraphs impressed me as powerful and eloquent, and I trust that their author will take no offence at my purloining them and publishing them here.

"I see the Christian enterprise only feebly aggressive, pushing on laboriously here and there, and counting its gains slowly, while the great worldly enterprises among which it floats dash proudly before the wind with all sails set, until they ride, stanch and trim, in the harbors for which their owners destined them. Think you that in a world of business like this any enterprise can succeed that is not managed in a business manner? Why should the children of this world be wiser in their generation than the children of light? Why will the latter vainly call upon God to work miracles in their behalf, while refusing to apply to the Christian enterprise those simple, common-sense rules of policy and action, without which (they well know) their own business would fall into irretrievable ruin? What sight more pitiable can there be, than a band of mistaken Christians, praying Heaven for help in favor of a cause the laws of whose progress they utterly ignore or positively transgress?

"Incidentally our discussion has touched something deeper than this. Heaven has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty; and the business test which we have applied to the Christian enterprise, and its managers and management, low and subordinate as it is, has reached down into the great Christian heart, and tried its sincerity. It has shown plainly, if it has

shown anything, that the real nature of the claims of Christianity is but feebly realized by its professors. It has shown that Christians are repudiators of their acknowledged debts, and that behind all this business delinquency and dis-honor there must be a torpor of moral sensibility and a lack of moral honesty, sufficient, but for the upholding arm of a pitying Heaven, to crush the Christian enterprise into the dust.

"As I look out upon the field of Christian labor, I see nothing harder to accomplish than what has been accomplished already. There is not a difficulty there which, in the progress of the enterprise, has not been many times surmounted. The entire practicability of the Christian enterprise has been demonstrated by the work already done. The Christianization of mind is not a more difficult process now, than it has been in the past. If, therefore, the great difficulties in the path of the Christian enterprise do not exist in the field through which it passes, where do they exist, where can they exist, save among those who are carrying it on ?

"I feel oppressed and humiliated by the secondary position which the great enterprise to which I have devoted myself is allowed to occupy among the teeming enterprises of the world. I am ashamed that there is no more practical sagacity manifested in its management, and that even the readiness and freeness of the grace of God is called in question to account for a barren adversity of results, for which the Christian world is alone responsible.

"Every interest of man calls for the efficient prosecution of this enterprise and its speediest completion. The moral and intellectual health and the redemption of a race are involved in it. Whatever of blessing there may be in wealth, whatever of honor and purity there may be in politics, whatever of sweetness there may be in family and social relations, whatever of worth there may be in manhood and womanhood, whatever of dignity and true joy there may be

in worldly pursuits, whatever of glory and of grace there may be in the wide range of human action, depends upon results which this enterprise shall achieve for mankind. It should be broad, instinct with action, heaven-reflecting, and world-embracing like the sea. Upon its billowy bosom the navies of all lands should ride. The keel of every human enterprise should be sunk deep in its waters, and every sail should be filled fully and steadily by the benign breezes that sweep over its surface. It should only break against great continents of Christian life or islands of human happiness, kissing their feet in the tidal throb of its heaven-born impulse, tempering the fervors of Prosperity's summer, meliorating the regions of Adversity's winter, and binding the nations in peaceful communion through the medium of its flexible and universal element. The world cannot live without this enterprise. Wherever upon its surface a true civilization has lifted its head above the dead level of barbarism, there you may trace the footsteps of the Christian enterprise. Wherever the divine in man has conquered the brute, there has stood the messenger of heavenly truth.

“ What is true of the past will prove true in the future. Thus, then, the world's destiny and the world's hope are in the Christian enterprise. And how is that enterprise managed? What progress is it making? In this view, how pitiful and contemptible, nay, how sinful and how damnable, become the strifes of words, the wars of sects, the dumb formalities, the droning imbecilities, the treasure-sacrificing ostentations, and the niggardly meannesses of the great mass of those who have in charge this heavenly enterprise! May the day soon dawn, when the great object of Christian labor — the conversion of the world — shall reconcile all differences, unite all hearts and hands, and lead on victoriously to the consummation of a scheme which had its birth in the bosom of God's great benevolence, and shall find its issue in universal joy!”

J. G. H.

**TRUE PRINCIPLE OF SEEKING EVIDENCE FOR THE BEING OF A GOD.**

"We murder to dissect."

Generous impulses are significant of relations which individuals sustain to their race; and they are always recognized as the noblest by the common sense of mankind. Even ambition for posthumous fame, though it is of selfish reference, has been numbered among generous passions, because it acknowledges the wide horizon of the race.

But there are many impulses higher and purer than love of fame. There are men, who, thoughtless of themselves, work out ideas of beauty in forms of art, which are to be to mankind "a joy for ever." Others spend their lives laboriously in demonstrating laws of nature, which a finer than ordinary insight has enabled them to read in the stars of heaven, or in the depths of the earth,—among all objects of sense, or in the reflective mind of man. All these persons evince a deep sense of relation to their race. For the forms of art and the demonstrations of science are essentially *communications*. The reserved Michel Angelo towers above the men of his generation, in his gigantic sculpture, fresco, and architecture, that, even if unconscious personally of the purpose, he may greet and ennable his fellows across centuries of time. And Lord Bacon, in his last will, bequeathes his labors, and appeals to the understanding and sympathy of men "after some ages," with a human sensibility and religious faith that touch the heart of his latest readers.

There is also another class of men, absorbed in an order of truths which might, at first sight, be thought to be more strictly sequestered to the individual soul of the recipient, than the beauty and the law which shine upon man from or through the material universe. This order of truths has ever claimed and received the name of *divine*, and given to

the recipients of them the designation of *saints*. But though the condition of apprehending these truths is always recognized to be the ignoring of all that distinguishes one soul from another, even of that classification into good and evil which is the necessary consequence of any activity of the moral nature,—for in absolute humility of soul is to be found the vestibule of Divine illumination, according to those who declare themselves to have it,—yet there are no impulses that have ever manifested themselves in men, which have more irresistibly and more widely communicated themselves than these. Indeed, it has always been recognized as an indispensable condition of retaining Divine illumination, that the truths revealed shall be expressed to the brethren in works, or imparted in words, with a completely impartial sentiment,—the impartiality being not of indifference, but of love.

The histories of all the great religious movements, which have also been the master movements of humanity, involving the most far and deep-reaching consequences, are illustrations of this. Not merely the prophets of the Hebrews are self-conscious messengers. The old prophets of the Vesatir, as they come in uninterrupted succession, from the great Abud to Zertusht, *communicate* “the religion which they receive.” And even Confucius, the practical, while he is praising *silence* as the only true attitude of man to God, saying, “As for me, I will never speak any more,” says it in words to all subsequent ages of men, before he forecloses spoken prayer, as well as in the system of human culture that he established, and which consists of the forms of social morality merely. Consider, too, the last Indian Buddha. In the sixth century before Christ appeared a youth in one of the upper castes of Hindostan, who undertook to preach “deliverance from the wheel of transmigration” to gods and men. The boon, the salvation he preached, was ultimate annihilation! The Brahminical doctrine of absorption in divinity, again to go forth into individual form oblivious

of former existences, involved not enough of personal self-sacrifice to meet the demands of an energy of will that was itself doubtless the reaction of a soul disgusted with the character of life around him, which was the sensuous counterpart of the vicious abstractions of Brahminism ; and, wearied with the thought of the circulations of the coming eternity, nothing short of the destruction of the universe, material and spiritual, could give rest to his imagination, or quiet his conscience. The tradition is,— and the rock monuments of Ellora and Elephantis bear witness to it,— that the force he awakened by his preaching and commanded for his purposes, carried all before it.\* Even the stupendous Brahminical hierarchy, with its polygamy, and the whole system of castes pertaining thereto, went down for the time being, and the Buddhist priests, in their celibacy and poverty, took its place throughout Hindostan also. *Gods and men*, reduced to one dead level of humility, as alike guilty of the primal crime of Maya (or outward existence), were at once legislated for. And hence originated that extraordinary system of working for merit-marks, to be redeemed by gifts of annihilation, which Malcolm and other travellers in India describe as devouring the principle of human freedom, and lying as a ghastly mask upon the largest portion of the human race. For the Buddhist ritual is now a formalism merely. Where it has not been thrown off by the recuperative energy of the passions, which have restored Brahminism to its old seats, the life of the nations has died out beneath it, and left visible a great gulf, whose emptiness is the more manifest from the fact that the rites themselves are a puppet-show of all human moralities. They do the kindest and loveliest deeds in the most lifeless and mechanical manner, obeying a traditional custom instead of an inward law. But a great day of life it must have had, in the time of its founder, who would never have con-

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\* Though these were Brahminical temples at first, the sculptures on their walls, which are the most recent and beautiful, are the life of the coming Buddh.

ceived his enterprise, had he not felt his relations to be bounded only by the bounds of being itself. He preached deliverance from the wheel of transmigration to *gods* as well as men.

To come down from the ages of tradition to those of recorded history, and passing by the publication of Christianity, which we will not speak of at this stage, the annals of the Roman Catholic Church abound also in records of the fact, that faith in the vision of God and the possible union of man with the Ineffable (will the soul but merge all its conscious powers in one act of submission) is equally fruitful of cosmopolitan impulse. The saint of the Catholic Church has been, in some form, nearly always the benefactor of the sick and the miserable, or of the ignorant and tempted ; for, if there was a limit placed to his intellectual discursiveness, spiritual curiosity, and individual affections, there was none to his compassionate activity. And the Protestant saint—the Luther, the George Fox, the Wesley—must tell the secret of his soul, as a Gospel of glad tidings to “the just and the unjust,” upon whom the equal rain falls. “Here stand I! I can no otherwise. God help me!” “Woe be unto me,” exclaim one and all, with Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles at their head, “if I preach not the Gospel of Christ!”

If it is maintained that the Buddhist movement was a strong delusion, or false direction, as it truly may be proved ; and that all the theosophic experiences that may be collected from the history of all religions, whether ethnic or Christian, are all delusions that reason wholly disowns, (which is, however, disputable,) — yet it cannot be denied that such facts of human history have transpired, and that they signify something of the nature and relations of men. And is it not the least that can be derived from them, to deduce that all men are related to each other by some common relation to the source of their being ; and the more general this relation, and the more unrecognizable by individual

affections, the stronger are the impulses which arise therefrom towards communication, and the more effective their instinct, or inspiration, whichever it may be? If this is so, it affords an explanation of the following advertisement, taken from the London Athenæum of 1850. "A gentleman, dying in 1774, left a sum of money to serve as a fund, whose interest, *once in forty years*, should be appropriated for two premiums, to be offered for the two best theological essays, to be written on the following theme: The evidence that there is a Being all powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity;—in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus; and from the whole to point out the inferences the most necessary for and useful to mankind."

This act has nothing in it to excite a suspicion of delusion. Calm as reason, it yet manifests a recognition and love of humanity as extensive as the unpremeditated impulse of the artist, naturalist, or theosophist. It not only shows a conviction, in the testator's own mind, of the existence and character of God, as a Being wise, powerful, and good, but a corresponding persuasion, that from this truth flow "inferences most necessary and useful to mankind." It is not a cold act of reason, but charity in the force of passion, strong in death and triumphant over the grave. It prompts a sublime deed, for it provides for handing down his own faith of *God with us* from generation to generation, as a torch perpetually augmented in brilliancy. It invokes from each generation the highest expression of its thought to the coming generations. It is an act of the understanding also,—of the practical no less than the speculative reason. The testator's faith in the truth in question was not only love, but wisdom and power. The means he uses is just that which saints and philosophers have generally disdained, it being the representative of material

good; and the *love of it*, according to the practical St. James, being *the root of all evil*. Our philosophic saint turns this common stumbling-block into a stepping-stone, and makes out of *money* a body for his spirit, whereby the latter shall act in this sphere, to the highest issues, after he has personally departed. Death itself may not baffle him who can make of the root of all evil a means of perpetually renewed good in all coming time.

Finally, the deed shows a forecasting wisdom. For it is certainly true, that if God exists, though he may be apprehensible by man, he is not comprehensible, except as it were *progressively*. He exists to the spirit of man transcendentally objective, as the stars exist materially objective to our senses (for we cannot measure with our understanding their distances). Any man's *conception of God*, like the image of the star upon the retina of the eye, is subjective, and consequently false; but, unlike the stars to the senses, God is in living union with, and creative of, the spirit that apprehends him; and consequently, the false conception continually dies a natural death, and a truer conception naturally succeeds, unless the spirit stagnates on the lower stage. Spiritual stagnation engenders in the intellectual order *atheism*, as in the moral order it engenders evil. And it is because human conception always stops short, in consequence of some degree of this stagnation, that every age has its own form of infidelity, and consequently that every generation needs to make a new statement of the being of God. The testator saw this, and provided for it.

The bequest was made in 1774,—an age of atheism, developed by the false direction of Christendom, which was initiated by Constantine's profane endeavor to hold up the ark of the Lord with material hands. Not in the *opus operatum* of the past did the testator see the foundations of the faith that is *saving*, because, by reason of its recognizable relations to the living God, it is creative; but in the **INSTANT LIFE** which must state itself anew in every gen-

eration. To assure this faith, *the dead must* be left to *bury their dead*, and *the way, the truth, and the life* must be sought and followed; which is ever to seek the Son of God in the Son of Man; — or, to be more general, if less forcible in our expression, the Being of God may not be found in the traces of the foregone spirit in nature, but in the spirit **INSTANT IN MAN HIMSELF**, nature's secret being not in nature, but in man.

Man must be proved to have his specific life from the Infinite, of whose reality nature is a dead witness, and somewhat which is not nature, **THE MIND OF MAN**, is a living witness. “In the mouth of two witnesses shall everything be established.” If there are organic laws of creation, which are independent of the volitions of individual men, and which yet execute themselves by means of man’s activity when he is ignorant of them, and sometimes in spite of his individual opposition, these laws are certainly more than man, and the unity of *their* tendency with *his* genius shows a Being above him, with intelligence and will. The material world is a witness of God’s having *passed by*; for it is a passive obedience to his laws, but it is a dead corpse; yea, even the plant and animal are dead, *when we compare what we call their life with life conscious to itself*, that is, **SPIRIT**. But the objectivity of matter to our senses proves that a Greater Life, which could afford to leave it in time and space, is *real*. The material world is the sepulchre of new stone in which the Lord lay. When it is peered into, by living men, for their Lord, a voice of revelation cries, “Why seek ye the living among the dead? Behold! he is not here; he is risen!” Yes, risen! and **man** is the Galilee into which he has gone! Let us go to man, then, and ask what are his relations to God and to matter; and this will be learning what man *does*, in spite of individual impulse and purpose,— the great laws of his speech, of his song, of his thought, of the art by which he subjugates nature, of his organization of society, as

this is recorded, not by historians, but by history ; and we shall not fail to see that, immanent in all this action,

“ There 's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Roughhew them how we will.”

The consideration of the principle of Mr. Burnet's will is not irrelevant to this object. The identity of impulse and scope, of that action of an obscure individual with impulses that have given rise to the widest action of generations, serves to complete the circle of presumptive evidence that there is a unity of the race of mankind *as to the spirit*, an instinctive sense of community of interest, in its most remote individuals. And this, in its turn, is presumptive evidence that there is one Being by whom all men exist, who is infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness, and who keeps men in relation with things, each other, and himself, by conscious intention and love. This community of feeling and thought implies unity of source and object. If this community of feeling is enjoyment, it implies that the objective unity is the Being of Love ; if it is enlightenment, it implies that the objective unity is substantive wisdom ; if it is power, it implies that the Being of Love *acts* according to wisdom, *in a self-conscious personality* ; the worship of which,— as the effluence of wisdom and love,— perfects our own personality as a more and more adequate mirror of the Ineffable PERSONA PERSONARUM.

E. P. P.

"O LOVE, SO LONG AS THOU CANST LOVE!"

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

O love, so long as thou canst love!  
O love, so long as love thou mayst!  
The hour draws nigh,—the hour draws nigh,  
When thou, by graves, shalt sorrow taste!

And see thou that thy heart doth glow  
And hold love's tender, genial heat,  
While yet another loving heart  
In warm response to thine shall beat!

And whoseo shuts his breast to thee,  
Do all thou canst his heart to bless!  
Give not his cup one drop of woe,  
His life one hour of bitterness.

And oh! guard well thy treacherous tongue!  
How soon the bitter word is spoke!  
O God, 't was not in malice meant,—  
But ah! thy brother's heart is broke!

O love, so long as love thou canst!  
O love, so long as love thou mayst!  
The hour draws nigh,—the hour draws nigh,  
When thou, by graves, such woe shalt taste!

Then shalt thou kneel beside the mound,  
And hide thine eyes, with weeping sore,  
Beneath the churchyard grass that waves  
Above the form they see no more.

And thou shalt say: Look down on me,  
Who on thy grave my anguish vent!  
Forgive me, that I gave thee pain!  
O God, 't was not in malice meant!

But he meets not thy fond embrace,  
He sees not, hears not, in the grave ;  
The mouth that kissed thee oft, no more  
Can say, I long ago forgave !

He did so, has forgiven thee long,  
Yet many a scalding tear-drop fell  
For thee and for thy bitter word ;—  
But hush ! he slumbers, he is well !

O love, so long as thou canst love !  
O love, so long as love thou mayst !  
The hour draws on,—the hour draws on,  
When thou, by graves, shalt sorrow taste !

C. T. B.

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#### NATURE'S EARNEST EXPECTATION.

*THERE are in the constitutional elements and impulses of our race, anxious, though vague, expectations of a change from their present state of unhappiness to one of superlative pleasure. Not only in Christendom, but everywhere, there is a vague, indefinable impression on the human mind of a glorious future elevation and enlargement from the present degraded, suffering state ;— a hopeful but shadowy expectation, as the mind looks forth on life's troubled waters, with its lowering skies, its threatening clouds, and fearful tempests, of the milder skies and brighter days of a halcyon period ;— in fine, a floating anticipation of a perfection and bliss like that to be manifested in the sons of God.*

*This is seen in man's dread of annihilation. But few believe death to be an eternal sleep. But few of these few are there whose infidelity is not scattered to the four winds as they come to meet death's solemn realities. And though their present state is one of misery and disquietude, with*

what a deep, instinctive dread do they shrink back at thoughts of ending their existence in the grave!

" Whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'T is the divinity that stirs within us,  
'T is heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates Eternity to man."

Thus we dread annihilation. We cling to the idea of immortality, or rather *it* clings to us. As Milton sublimely expresses it:

" For who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion?"

Yes, man shrinks from the thought of annihilation, and however unhappy and unsatisfying his present state, however ignorant of revelation he may be, yet dim and shadowy visions of a glorious future throng the chambers of his imagination, and fill him with vague and anxious expectations of the manifestations of the sons of God, even the glory that shall be revealed in the saints. Under a deep and painful sense of the evils that encompass them, the moral derangement and deprivation, the physical and moral straitness that oppress them, unsatisfied with the present, even the unevangelized do people the wide, unbounded future with visions of bliss. Their restless, yearning souls crying out for deliverance from bondage, they wait for and expect a change, though they know not how or when, from this frail state of vanity to a better. So that wherever you find man, even where the dark waves of heathenism roll over his sin-enthralled soul, he dreads annihilation; for his earnest expectation is aroused, and he waits and fondly hopes for a change from his present state of disquietude and pain to one of superlative pleasure.

Again, this same constitutional element of our nature is seen in the fact that *mankind court immortal renown*.

In a certain part of our land there is a natural bridge, and he is reputed to possess the greatest fame who inscribes his name highest on its columns. It is said Washington recorded his name higher than any other in his day. Travellers who visit this bridge often run immense risk in attempts to record their names at a higher point than that reached by any before them. This may serve as an illustration of the instinctive impulses of man towards perpetuating his name in the remembrances of posterity.

The philosopher, statesman, and poet all form schemes by means of which they would change the world from a state of pollution, ignorance, and misery, to one of purity, light, and happiness, and gain for themselves an immortal renown. Each looks forward to a brighter day.

The philosopher, through his dreamy scheme of diffusing general knowledge over the earth, vainly imagines the speedy approach of the period when the social and moral disorders of the race will be entirely rectified, and virtue and happiness universally reign. The statesman fondly imagines that his scheme of political economy is fully adequate to the perfect regulation and government of the body politic. The poet is revelling in his day-dreams of rocky wastes and barren heaths everywhere turned into Elysian fields and Eden gardens; of whole tribes of men turned from ignorance and crime into angel bands. And thus it is, that wherever we see a restless world, eagerly engaged in this and that pursuit, now disappointed in this, now abandoning that, and now following another, ever looking for clearer skies and happier days with fond anticipating hope, and wonder at the scene, we have only to consider it is but the outcropping of those instinctive impulses, those irrepressible anxieties, those yearning expectations and hopes of the soul for some great and glorious change in the destiny of human affairs; in other words, it is "the earnest expec-

tion of the creature waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

Can we fail of being most gratefully and adoringly impressed with the beautiful adaptation of the Gospel to the moral necessities of the human soul? It is at once the proof and the glory of the Gospel of Christ, that it is wonderfully fitted to meet the constitutional impulses and deep yearnings of the human spirit. The grand end of the Gospel is to recover man from the dominion of sin and Satan unto God, to restore him to the love and service of God, for which he was originally created. As man was created for this love and service in which *was* his supreme delight, those original impulses and tendencies of his nature linked with reason and conscience, and ever pointing toward God, being ill at ease under the bondage of sin, protest and sigh for deliverance, and cry out for the living God.

There are times — oh! we all know them — when the din of business, and the busy hum of men, and the gilded cups of pleasure, and the fascinations of the world, are all impotent to drown the awful voice that comes up from the deep yearnings of our inmost soul, proclaiming all these things but vanity and bondage, and crying out for deliverance and peace. There are times, when the most vile and godless pause, and sigh for a change from this state of bondage and death. The very miseries and necessities of man's originally holy and still immortal nature send up from the depths of his exiled and sin-enslaved soul a voice of wailing and want, above the ceaseless clamors of sinful passions; and it must be heard, though it be only to be stifled as soon as heard. And this because man was originally created for holiness and happiness in the service of God; and though he lost them both by the fall, God ordained that his reason and conscience should remain to protest and remonstrate and warn and arouse and point upward.

Hence these constitutional aspirations and impulses of our nature, these sighings for deliverance, these innate

moral convictions in man's soul of what he once was, and of what he ought to be again, and the encouraging *possibility* of yet being so, strengthened into a vague expectancy, the world over, by the yet faintly lingering traditional power of the primal promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. That early promise, feeding the moral elements of man's nature, and fostering hope, has doubtless aided in spreading though the race the earnest though vague expectation of a great deliverance from moral and spiritual bondage, and a manifestation such as is, through grace, the blessed portion of the sons of God. It is this that puts a difference between this earth and hell. For though a world of great suffering and despondency, it is not, like that below, a world of despair. God has mercifully ordained it for great and glorious ends, to keep faintly alive human hopefulness, till the fulness of time should come, when amid the deep disquietudes and miseries of sin's bondage, the ever unsatisfying nature of the things of the world, the undying wants and necessities of the soul, gushing up more and more from her inmost depths, the great *Deliverer* should be "manifested in the flesh" by his "glorious Gospel," — "*the Desire of all nations*," — to meet and answer and satisfy all these earnest expectations, these irrepressible longings, these outcryng yearnings of man's fallen yet hopeful nature.

By sin man lost God and immortal bliss, the only things adequate to fill and satisfy the immortal soul. By the Gospel of grace he finds again God in Christ, holiness and peace. How beautifully adapted the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" to these deep wants, these felt necessities of the human soul! And unless man seize the blessings of provided redemption, O how soon the time will come when probation will end, the day of salvation be past, and death for ever destroy the element of hope in the soul, and the spirit with all its ever restless, ever unsatisfied, immortal capacities, sink down to woe, a prey to despair, "having no hope and without God"!

Let it not be inferred from these deep wants, these constitutional desires and expectations of the soul, that we are arguing hence any measure of *holiness* in man aside from the begettings of the Holy Spirit. We are fully aware we are treading a critical pathway of the mind's workings. We are stepping to the very verge of the domain of truth. Yet to that verge we do not fear to go, though the space between the solid ground of our feet and the fatal abyss of error be narrow. But we would speak thoughtfully.

Let his deep and thorough depravity rather be inferred, since by reason of his corrupted heart, and sin-enslaved will, he stifles and represses and chains down to earth these upward-pointing tendencies and impulses of his soul; so that, although ever unsatisfied with the pleasures of sense and sin, he is yet totally unwilling to abandon them, and secure by faith in Jesus' blood the possession of that heavenly fruition for which these inward impulses and expectations only show him to have been originally created and adapted.

But though man be unwilling to come to Christ and have life, the glorious truth is never to be lost sight of, that the *Gospel* is perfectly adapted to meet and satisfy the deepest wants, and fill the utmost capacities, of the human soul. Have we constitutional appetencies for bliss and perpetual being? The *Gospel* brings life and immortality to light. Are we in bondage to sin? Through the mighty power of the *Gospel*, "they may be recovered from the snare of the Devil who are taken captive by him at his will." Turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, the renewed creature shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious "liberty of the sons of God."

Were we originally capacitated for perfect bliss in God? And now in our misery and woe do we cry, "Wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" "Thanks to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever-

more." Was the soul endowed with aspirations after moral elevation, dignity, and honor? The *Gospel* bids us seek for glory, honor, and immortality. O sinful, restless, immortal man! gone from thy God like a planet broken loose from its centre, ever more departing, yet struggling, and anxiously waiting, and vainly hoping for that thou hast not, and dost not with all thy heart seek, even a change from bondage to deliverance,—pause for one brief moment, and listen to those deep throes of thy soul, while, with voices solemn as eternity, they proclaim the moral desolations and necessities within, which Christ alone can repair and meet. And let those restless anxieties, those noble but enslaved capabilities, those deep throbings, those heart-yearnings, those earnest expectations, those immortal longings, find rest, and freedom, and fulness, and fruition in being reconciled to God through faith in the everlasting Gospel of his grace.

N. C.

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

1. THE word books, in a newspaper used for a window-curtain, once deceived me concerning the position of the inverted pages, and it was only by care in attending to the print that I was enabled subsequently to detect the fallacy of appearance in the inverted word *sxoos*, as read through the semi-transparent paper. Thus are we deceived by the actions of men, have I said to myself;—taking the upright for the topsy-turvy, and the wholly wrong for the purely plain and right. By looking from the opposite side, we judge of a man's acts as differently from himself (essentially the best human judge of them, in the common way), as we err when reading carelessly with the light upon the other side of the page.

2. In going along the highway of life we are constantly meeting the very objects and experiences, catastrophes with which have induced others who preceded us to give us notice or warning of them, so that we might be prepared to close with them more auspiciously ; yet how frequently are we surprised by such encounters ! I have been contemplating just now that line of Young, —

“ All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

Ultimate Common Fate arrives amidst our cares and sports in such a variety of guises and disguises, that he is ever a stranger, however much we may have been looking for him and anticipating his call.

3. Inactivity begets a disposition for inaction, until we are even inclined to stand, like a shivering boy upon a dewy morn, sorrowing, suffering, and complaining, when we should be in invigorating exercise, either at work or at play. “ Do your duty manfully, and personal advantage will result,” says the preacher ; but the question comes to me, “ Why should we shun any of the helps toward the attainment of the heavenly state for which we pray ? If any one is indisposed to benefit himself with a grateful purpose of obeying heavenly law, let him obey heavenly law for the sake of benefiting himself.”

4. The only secure treasury in this transitory, changing, evanishing state, is the invisible and intangible one pertaining to the spirit and memory ; and, of all treasures there to be stored up, none are so rich in the delight they confer, under all circumstances, as the consciousness of self-sacrifice for another’s joy or benefit. No kind of accumulation save this appears to me worthy of being made an object of pursuit throughout a human life. The excuse of necessity for struggling after daily bread will hardly be available, when we have gone on wilfully neglecting to provide for the spirit’s need and interest ; whereas a genuine willingness to serve justly for the attainment of natural

food will scarcely ever fail to be rewarded with some measure of that very wealth which alone is either profitable in pursuit or enduring in enjoyment.

5. Every person is bound to honor life, the privilege of living. If he wishes for the respect of his fellows, he must show that he desires to live among them, and to be of some service toward the general enjoyment. We may, by too frequently regarding the sombre side of the picture, be led to fancy that all our efforts for enjoyment are but essays for concealing the worthlessness of our natural estate; but why not regard its *improved condition*, rather than the original, if such be the fact? If improvement of the earth is our grand human destiny, why not go to work cheerfully to accomplish that which is to be attended by the sweet satisfaction of knowing that we are co-operating with the laws of our being, helping along that which is to result in a beatified condition, at least for our successors? Every consideration of this subject enforces upon us grateful acknowledgments for the gift of life.

6. In the prosperous execution of all difficult adventures we perceive the advantage of regularity and discipline, and also the importance of having set forward in the most appropriate course, when we undertook the task amidst which we are now engaged. In times of trouble we must first ascertain our bearings, as the sailors say, the justness and permanence of the principles upon which we are acting, and the accuracy of our adherence thereto; and when we are sure *these* are right, we may endure a little self-accusing in regard to the rigor with which we pursue the object before us. A little opposition to our course, whether from conscience or from comrades whose approbation we earnestly desire and esteem, will be subsequently repaid by the self-approval that attends a consciousness of having triumphed for the sake of truth and right, while the conviction of responsibility was our sole encouragement amidst the trial and conflict in which our whole force was required for success.

7. Moodiness in those we are familiar with is a moderator, at least, of our felicity; throwing us back, as it sometimes does rather abruptly, upon our own powers for the maintenance of cheerfulness, and occasionally irritating by uncongenial hilarity. Let every mind keep its balance-wheel in service, and not suffer its possessor to be made the sport of other people's temperaments or momentary whims. Afflictions are supposed to be adapted to the condition of those upon whom they fall, and I must endeavor to improve by the little ills which occur in my path.

W. A. K.

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### THE BIRTHDAY.

As one who journeys through a land unknown,  
Turns often, on some hill-top, whence to see  
How much before him lies, — how far he 's gone, —  
So is it on this day, dear friend, with thee.

Thou from the East upon thy way didst start  
In morning freshness, under childhood's sky ;  
But now thou journeyest with a woman's heart,  
And over thee Life's sun has risen high.

Fades from the East the morning's rosy splendor,  
And yields to day's uncolored, steady light ;  
Nor yet canst thou behold the hues so tender,  
That in the West foretell the coming night.

" O night most welcome of a welcome day,  
Gladly I pass within thy starry walls ! "  
So, when the twilight deepens, mayst thou say,  
Nor tremble at the loving voice that calls.

F. B. S.

## PRAYER, ITS FOUNDATION, NATURE, AND ANSWER.

A SERMON BY REV. J. L. T. COOLIDGE.

**PSALM** lxxv. 2 : — “ O Thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.”**ISAIAH** livl. 15 : — “ Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy : I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”**MATTHEW** vii. 7 : — “ Ask, and it shall be given you.”

THESE sentences, you will agree with me, are full of significance. They are, likewise, as you know, but a very small quotation from a host of similar passages with which the Holy Scriptures are full. They are so numerous, that on the doctrine they teach no dispute can arise, no shadow of doubt can rest. Whatever else may be dark, here there is a broad, clear light. And it is further to be observed, that a positive relation between the Eternal God and the human soul is declared. It is a relation quick with the pulse of God's love and man's heart,— a relation in which God and man stand everlastinglv,— a relation of want and supply.

The words which have been quoted involve a duty on the side of man, and a promise on the side of God. The duty is prayer; his promise is answer to prayer.

I shall distribute the subject into three heads ;— 1st. The relation of man to God, on which prayer rests ; 2d. The nature of prayer itself ; 3d. God's answer to prayer.

I. What is the relation of man to God ? The answer is very plain and indubitable. It is dependence. This is the most obvious fact we discover concerning man. From the first instant he breathes the breath of life, from the very moment he lies on his mother's bosom, or is folded in his father's arms, on through childhood, manhood, age, he is a dependent creature. He is nothing in himself. He hangs upon that which is not himself. Highest of earth's creatures, lord of this lower world, wonderfully fashioned and

furnished above all that is around him, marvellously endowed with powers, whose exercise sometimes startles us from admiration almost into veneration, still he never ascends out of the great fact of entire dependence. The noblest mind, the largest heart, the most aspiring soul that ever dwelt enshrined in the body, never overpassed the line which limits the boundary of absolute dependence. Man stands majestically in the midst of creation. Mighty agencies are at their work about him. He makes them his servitors. The solemn procession of the hosts of heaven moves over his head ; he makes their silent steps mark the beat of his hours and minutes, and guide his way over pathless wastes. He plays with thunderbolts as if they were harmless toys, and handles the red shafts of the tempest as if they were of his own forging. He subdues the earth, and wrests from great ocean itself its own domain. What a wonderful creature man is ! Covering with his presence but a span of earth, yet with thoughts that stretch wider than its circumference, and go up into the infinite heights, far away beyond the reach of sense ; with a mental grasp that nothing earthly can unloose ; with a soul that mounts above the world, above the heavens, above seats of angels and archangels, and rests only when it has touched the very throne of God. But in all this, and in all that can be said or thought more, where is the point where he has cast aside and away his dependence ? Where can he say, " Now I am my own, and, by myself, I am " ? Where is the point, in all his glory, when, though lord of all other things, he can say, " I am lord of myself " ? Where is he other than that he always was, an utterly dependent creature ? That law binds him from the cradle to the grave, become what he may become. He may play with thunderbolts, but they will strike in spite of him. He may map out the stars, but he cannot bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion, or bring forth Mazzaroth in his season. He may work marvellously with

that cunning brain of his, and as cunning hand, but, at a touch he cannot control, the brain wavers and the hand falls palsied to his side. He may gather up into his garners the fruits of the earth, but the barns may burn. He may hug the treasures of the world in his arms, but they may turn worthless in spite of him. He is a dependent creature, after all, and to the mockery of his heart is it, if he ever suffers himself to forget that solemn fact. God is not mocked with impunity. He will have no other God beside himself, and sooner or later he shatters the idol of abomination, standing where it should not, be that idol what it may.

O man, whoever thou art, thou art a weak, dependent creature, though thou standest at the height of human grandeur and power, or though thou art nameless and despised. Dependent thou art, and for ever shalt be. Thou restest not in thyself. Thy strength is not thine own. Nothing thou callest thine own is thine, save as a gift;—not the breath thou art taking now, but for it thou art altogether dependent, and helpless in thy dependence. And He upon whom thou hangest is the Eternal God alone.

It is upon this indubitable and ever-enduring fact that prayer rests for its foundation. It is in this that it finds its necessity. Had man no knowledge of this fact, could he arrive at no consciousness of it, then, like the vegetable or the animal, all dependent equally with himself, he might live on without worship. Blindly and ignorantly he might go his own way even to the end, without lifting a single thought, or reaching up a single aspiration, or uttering more than an inarticulate or instinctive cry to that which is above himself. But, endowed as he is, with thoughts reaching before and after, with a mind to discover, and a heart to love, and a soul to aspire to the Eternal God, to see, with keener eye than of his body, the arm on which he hangs, to know not only his dependence, but the very being on whom he depends, it is *in his nature* to call to that Being,

to pray to him, to thank and praise him for ever. This is the foundation on which prayer rests. Strike this away, and prayer instantly becomes a folly and delusion.

And so, not theoretically, but practically, it comes to pass. Who is the man of prayer? He who feels, through every living sense of his nature, that he is a dependent creature, that all is of God, his Sustainer and Defender. Who is the neglecter of prayer? He who has forgotten this plain fact; who feels sufficient to himself; who says, My own right hand hath gotten me the victory; who feels only his own skill and wisdom in the guidance and control of his affairs. If he forgets his dependence absolutely, he is absolutely prayerless. If he forgets it partially, he is but partially a man of prayer. If he forgets it fitfully, he is but fitfully a man of prayer.

See how plain this is. Here is one. Everything moves pleasantly about him. The day rises, and his evening gathers, and night darkens upon him, and there is no let or hindrance in all his life. The current flows smoothly and silently, winding through valley and green pastures. Prosperity pours its full light around him, no pain in his body, no sickness in his home, no bereavement to make his heart bleed. But—singular indeed that it should be so! singular that the constancy of God's sparing mercy should lead the heart to forgetfulness!—but how true it often is that such a man does fail to remember the hand that supplies him, the watchful Providence which enfolds him, the Eternal God who out of his fulness giveth all things! And so he prays not. He feels no call to prayer. He cannot pray. He does not understand how to pray.

But let the change come; let him wake to behold all in ruin about him; let him find himself left stripped and bare; let his wise schemes be baffled; let his comforts be removed; let his home grow dark with anxiety; let him keep the sentinel watch through night and day, hoping, fearing, trembling, by the side of wife and child, lying in the power of a disease

that baffles the physician's skill ; let this or any of the thousand reverses and trials of our human lot fall upon him, as one day they will upon us all ; let the consciousness startle him as it wakes in those hours, "Thou canst do nothing,—only the Almighty God";—and instantly he is on his knees, crying, "O God, hear my prayer!" Self, that miserable self, shrivels up into nothing,—God is all in all. "Will he be merciful unto me ? Will he listen to my voice, so long silent, but which goes not now out of feigned lips ?"

Dependence — the consciousness of it — is the foundation of prayer. It is this everlasting relation in which we stand to God, which makes prayer needful as the breath of life. Is the man who neglects it in a right relation to his Maker ? No matter what else he may be, however great, respectable, honorable he may be, however wise and good, however moral and high-toned in character ; though there is no fault to be found with him in domestic, social, business life ; though when he dies his fellows may write upon his tombstone their eulogy ; still, if he restrains prayer before God, if night after night, day after day, no voice goes up from his heart to Him on whose care he rests each moment, is he in right relations with that Holy One ? Is he not alienated from him ? Is there not an evil heart of unbelief in him ? Does he need other evidence, can he have stronger proof, that he has yet to make his peace with God,—that there is a bitter thing, sin itself, in him, and, unless it is taken out of the way, he can never see God ? Nothing shows more clearly the state of the heart than its feeling in relation to prayer. The prayerless may know indubitably they are not God's reconciled children. Sin dwells with them and in them. There can be no doubt of this. A man can ask no evidence clearer of his fitness for heaven, of his portion in the everlasting inheritance, than this,—his prayerfulness or prayerlessness. If here he seeks not his God, feels it irksome or foolish, is conscious of no need ; if here communion with the blessed Father of spirits is unknown ; if

here there has been no regard to the call, "Ask," — why *anywhere*? What is there in a mere exchange of worlds? If here there has been no desire to be acquainted with God, why should there be, when death has passed over us, and the great book is opened which tells the tale of a life of irreverence, neglect, prayerlessness? The very thought is banishment from God's presence.

II. But let us pass on to our second point. We have seen that the foundation of prayer lies in the fact of dependence, and men pray according to the strength of their consciousness of that fact. But now, what is prayer? There are many mistakes here in the answers often given. It is necessary, therefore, to analyze and discriminate with great care. Prayer is not the same thing as a *good* and *right feeling* even towards God. There must be that, but *that* is not prayer. There must be that, or there will be no prayer; but there may be that, and still no prayer. There is no man who has not such a feeling at times, at least. It comes upon him unawares. But let him not deceive himself. It is not prayer, however deep, strong, true it may be. A man goes out in the bright and beautiful morning; all nature shines in fresh glory; his heart is stirred within him, and he says, as he moves on his way, "God is good." *This is not prayer.* A man gazes upon the lovely creations of art. He looks, till his eyes stream, upon the divine love of the Madonna, the sweet penitence of the Magdalen, the wonder of the uplifted Christ. His heart swells with feeling,— and it is a holy sensibility,— and he says, "Surely God is good." *This is not prayer.* A man thrills with the sublime strains of the "Creation" or the "Messiah"; the glorious anthems echo along every chamber of his soul; or the plaintive sobs of penitence, or the gentle notes of the "Come unto me," or the triumphant "I know that my Redeemer liveth," may set his heart all aglow, and he may feel it all down in the very centre of being. *This is not prayer.* Sensitiveness is not worship. Sensibility is not devotion; necessary to prayer, it is not prayer.

Neither is *desire* prayer, however strong the desire may be. Here is a common mistake. It has been said, a man's deepest wishes are prayers. It is a dangerous error. One may wish, ay, ardently and constantly long for that which he has not. It may be a craving which is never appeased, a hunger and thirst never satisfied. It may haunt him. It may rise in the morning with him, and follow him through the day, and come to him in the night-watches, and fill up the visions when deep sleep has fallen upon him ; yet he may never pray. He may never lift a voice or stretch a hand to heaven. *Desire* is not prayer, though prayer is *desire*. Mark how true this is. How often over a man's heart comes the longing to be at home again with his Father in heaven ! How often does he feel the worthlessness of all he has, wanting the one great treasure ! What would he not give, if only the peace of God might fill his soul with its unspeakable blessing ! It is God's Spirit talking with him. It is Christ's love pleading with him. It is a solemn season with him. It is the prodigal afar off, thinking of the Father's house. The feeling is intense, the desire is perfect, the longing is deep; but nevertheless he moves not. He stays where he is,—not a step is taken homeward. And why ? Because he has not added to the desire the indomitable and rescuing determination, I *will* arise, and go to my Father. *That* left out, all is but uneasiness ; *that* added, his soul is at home.

Desire is not prayer ; it must go on to prayer, it must find its satisfaction in prayer. The heart must say, "I will cry to God ; hear me, O my Father, and grant me my soul's desire!"

What, then, is prayer ? A direct appeal to God ; a voice from the heart cleaving its way instantly to the Eternal throne ; a cry of the child rising to the ear of the Father. It is immediate intercourse with the Spirit of God. The soul goes apart from shows and shadows, calls home its thoughts from all their wanderings, summons its whole at-

tention, and speaks unto God. It feels his presence with a holy awe and a blessed reliance ; it takes that ineffable name upon its lips. Bowed in spirit and bowed in body, it waits on the Father, and calls to him to hear while it speaks. The words may be broken ; they may be a very imperfect expression of the heart's deep emotion ; they may be but ejaculations ; but whatever they are, they are breathed into the ear of God, that bends to listen. Prayer is *feeling expressed to God*. Prayer is desire, uttered to Him who can fill up its greatest measure. The essence of prayer is the soul addressing itself directly to God. All things beside may lead to prayer, and make it earnest, warm, sincere, importunate ; but all fails if the knee bows not and the tongue frames no petition. It is petition. It is the reaching out of the hand for the needed gift. It is the cry of the soul in its sense of dependence and want, in its joy and gratitude, in its penitence and hope, in its sorrow and its granted peace, to the Holy One, in whose hands are all our lives.

And most needful is it that it be spoken. We must take unto ourselves *words*, and so approach our God. Does any one ask, "*Why? God knows the heart.*" Most surely he does ; and it is the heart he hears. But words have their power on ourselves. They shape to us our own feelings. They make them distinct to ourselves. We may fall into reverie without them, and be wrapped in holy musing. But when we speak, our desires and longings take form and substance, and become doubly real to ourselves. We know what we have asked for, and our hearts are clearer to our own eye. There are times, indeed, when the soul waits in silence upon God. It cannot speak. It is with God and folded in his Spirit, and is very still ; and what a hush is that ! But those seasons are rather when God is speaking to us, than when we are praying. "*The mountain-tops of man's spirit are smoking, but smoking because God has descended upon and touched them.*" They are memorable epochs in our lives. But most frequently we need to aid

ourselves with outspoken words, as when we cry, "Search us, O God, and try our hearts, and see if there be any evil way in us. Try me; my thoughts shall not vary from my speech." Who can say these words without an awe creeping over his soul, which no mere silent, unshaped thought can inspire? We must take unto ourselves words, and so come before our God, to whom we call. Is it not too often a *spiritual indolence* that leads us to refrain from actual speech in our closet and on our bended knees? Let us beware of the temptation.

III. But I hasten to the third point: God, the answerer of prayer. This is his own name,—a God who answers prayer. "O Thou who hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come." It is his own blessed promise, "Call unto me, and I will hear thee, and deliver thee." It is his own sure word, that abideth as the years of his own right hand, the word of Him who changes not, nor knows the shadow of a turning. He has pledged his gracious word, He, the Holy, the True, the Almighty, the Father. He has written it out again and again, with every assurance that man can ask or he can give. He has written it in the heart, by the instinct which cannot be repressed. He has written it out in miracle, which he has wrought for its confirmation. He has spoken it by the mouth of his servant Moses, by the lips of Psalmist and Prophet. Apostle and martyr have declared it. Souls of the departed have reiterated it. Jesus Christ, the manifestation of the Father in all his mercy and tenderness, has said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." Assurance over and over again, out of God's pity for human weakness! And yet there are those who will doubt! If we be believers and not infidels, if we have not said in our hearts, "There is no God," then foremost among our dearest, holiest convictions must stand, "Our God heareth us when we call." Yes, and wherever we call, be it in the closet, at the family altar, by the wayside, in the temple. Yes, swifter than the lightning,

the Bible tells us, is God's answer: "Before they call I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear." God makes haste to answer.

And how does God answer? According to his infinite wisdom and infinite love, and not according to our poor sight. Every true prayer ends with "Thy will be done," and that will is always our eternal welfare, our best good. What though we plead for health, and sickness comes? Then welcome sickness, for our prayer really meant, Give us what is best for us. If it meant not that, it was no prayer, but a demand. O, be slow to do this, for it may be the withholding of a blessing!

But there is delay in the answer. It is true there often is. It is well for us there should be. It keeps us *near* the throne. It makes us *press up closer and closer* to it. It makes the blessings, when bestowed, dearer to us, more precious, more abounding. Come it will; come at last it must, as sure as God is true. Wait his time. Wait in love and trust. Cry unto him. He will not be offended at the importunity of the call. The holy gift shall come, and the answer shall be the fulfilling to the beseeching soul of these sublime words: "Thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

And now do we ask, finally, How shall we pray? Pray *believingly*. Pray, knowing that you have what you ask, or better things than you know how to ask for. Pray *heartily*, because you know the heart's call is answered back from the heart of the Almighty. Pray for what you want at the time you pray. Go not through the forms of prayer. Do not mock yourselves with words. Pray as you feel. Men pray so, if never before, in hours of anxiety, in hours of danger, in hours of suffering. It is wrung from them then. In hours of death, when the soul cannot pray for

itself, it calls, "O, pray for me!" Once a young man, in the moment of death, seized and held my hand, saying, in his agony, "O, pray, pray for me!" I did; for who shall limit God's mercy? But wait not till then to pray truly. Pray as you feel, and for what you want, and if you feel nothing and want nothing, pray for the feeling and the want. Pray for the Holy Spirit, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and promises to help our infirmities. Pray that the door of the heart, at which the Redeemer stands and knocks, may open wide unto him, that he may enter in and take up his abode there, ever changing the heart of man into a temple of God. Pray, as the Bible is opened, that the seals may be unloosed. Pray in the broken utterances of a contrite spirit. Pray in the flowing strains of a child of the adoption, calling, "Abba, Father!"

Here we bring the discussion to a close. The attempt has been made to determine the foundation, nature, and answer of prayer. It is a great and solemn theme, and of vital concern. The appeal is direct to all of every age and condition,—to the child resting on the mother's knee and to the old man tottering on the extremest verge of life. For, as the hymn truly sings,

" Prayer was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.  
And wilt thou still in silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?  
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;  
Arise, and try thine interest there.

" 'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak,  
Though thought be broken, language lame;  
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name."

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

*Biography of Elisha Kent Kane, by WILLIAM ELDER.* Childs and Peterson.—Enthusiasm for the subject is no disqualification in a biographer. It is perfectly consistent with truth, and essential to the proper representation of a real life. Injustice is more frequently done, probably, by the lack than by the excess of it. In every man, who is a man, there is so much more than can be told in words, that nature only gets her due by some warmth of admiration in the teller of the story. The most conspicuous quality of Dr. Elder's book is spirit. He writes with a passionate appreciation of his hero; and, having command of a muscular style, wielded by a direct mind, driving ever at the heart of the matter, he makes a volume abounding in a peculiar vitality of its own,—besides portraying a person hardly surpassed, for the amount of vital substance in him, in modern times. With the blood of four nationalities mingled in his veins,—English, Scotch, Irish, and Dutch,—Dr. Kane illustrates the law that the crossing of races begets energy of character. His youth was full of restless fire, not without turbulence. He was a boy that, without wise and thorough discipline, would probably have grown up into a renegade; and his biographer is a little inclined to sacrifice the just principles of education to the genius of the juvenile adventurer. Yet had the biographer been the master or the father, we suspect the little rebel of the paternal roof and the school-house would have had to smart for the same pranks that are here celebrated as pretty proofs of chivalry. Probably the strong will, the quick blood, and an occasional flogging, were the co-ordinate forces that built up that brave manhood. But, very early, the Almighty Hand began a discipline with him, more calm and constant and searching than any that the best earthly tuition could contrive; and it was that which fashioned him into the noble soul he was. Before reading his life, we had no conception of the weight that lay on him from year to year, in his physical disease,—disease, however, which his intellectual and moral vigor never suffered to become disability. At eighteen years of age, under a malady that "racked his slight frame, to the limit of his strength, with paroxysms of pain and suffocation," he learned from his physician that he might fall from life, at any time, "as suddenly as by a musket-shot." "This," Dr. Elder

says, "was the period of a new birth to him. Coasting the Infinite so long and so near, it opened its scenery to the eyes of his spirit. He walked in its light thenceforth, through his journey, to the end. He was let into his own inmost life ; he got hold of his destiny ; and he ever after governed himself conformably." It was at this time that his father said to him : "Elisha, if you must die, die in the harness,"—and the whole brilliant, brief career of the son was the answer to that inspiriting Spartan sentiment. Ever after, in every form of adventure and exposure, to the extremities of both hemispheres, in every climate known on the globe, in the seductions of society and the perils of the wilderness, the new power of his being was manifest. He lived for science, for truth, for man, but first of all for God,—and he lived effectually for *them*, because he lived reverently towards **HIM**.

With the details of that period of Lieutenant Kane's career following his first response to Lady Franklin's appeal, the public have been made familiar by the "Arctic Explorations." The almost unparalleled interest they have excited throughout the civilized world will direct attention to the volume now before us,—an attention which, though the work is not faultless, will be well rewarded.

*Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, in 1856–57.* Robert Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—Among the excellent fruits of the modern system of associations of young men for religious improvement, in cities and towns, are volumes like this. Any thoughtful person in early life, especially if his lot is cast in a great city, will find it well for his mind and heart to read, and, to some extent, to re-read, these discourses. They can hardly fail to quicken his conscience, restrain his passions, stimulate his mental powers, foster a love of knowledge, and lead his thoughts to God. Indeed, we can hardly think it possible that, if one of these addresses were read carefully each Sabbath, all the week should not go the better for it, with any clerk, merchant, or mechanic in Great Britain or America. The practical tone, the common-sense style, the aim to bring Christian doctrine into direct relation with every-day business, are, in our day and community, especially valuable. Besides, we meet here many original trains of thought, and striking pieces of information, serving to render the earnest and devout purpose the more attractive. The lectures are

divided between clergymen and laymen. There is, of course, considerable inequality of power and interest. Dr. Cumming brings in some of his pious pedantry. But, as a whole, the volume deserves a hearty recommendation.

*English Hearts and English Hands.* By the Author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." Robert Carter and Brothers.—It appears that, while the grounds were in preparation for the great Sydenham Crystal Palace, and the building was going up, a few Christian people in the neighborhood took thought for the army of rough laborers encamped on the spot, and went among them, in a spirit of generous regard, with frankness, delicacy, and earnestness, to instruct, convert, and save them. The results were delightful and impressive beyond all expectation, at least beyond all that anything but a very lively faith would have expected. Leisure hours were profitably spent; solid instruction was given; barbarism was refined; manners were raised and softened; and many hearts were quickened into spiritual life, regenerated. This book is the record of these gracious, apostolic doings, by one who took part in them. The record was made in the form of a journal, and has only been so far altered as to conceal the names of living persons. Its object is not so much to teach the class which it describes, as to show those in a better condition what noble elements, what delicacy, generosity, courage, true feeling, and rough material of manliness, are found in the breasts of common laborers; and thus to direct Christian concern to their condition. It is needless to say, that such a work possesses rare interest, and is calculated to lead philanthropy into new trains of thought.

*Philosophy of Scepticism and Ultraism.* By JAMES B. WALKER, Author of "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." N York: Derby and Jackson.—Primarily, this series of Letters is designed as a critical refutation of the teachings of "Carlyle, Emerson, and Parker,"—students who differ from each other, however, in their philosophy and theology, much more widely than the public seems to suppose. The attack here is served mainly upon the gentleman last mentioned, and the critic finds fallacies enough to lay open, contradictions to expose, careless sentences to cut up, and unscriptural tenets to disprove, all of which he proceeds to do with the heartiest zest, a vigorous style, and a confident tone. In one or two instances he

either misapprehends Mr. Parker, or else we misapprehend him. In objecting to Mr. Parker's distinction between the "idea" and the "conception" of God, he attacks what seems to us a valid and philosophical position. Sometimes the author resorts to a rude phraseology, and thus injures the effects of his sound reasoning. Mr. Parker's own broad caricatures, and offensive assaults upon what the Christian world holds venerable and dear, do not justify any departure from taste or dignity in his believing opponents. Secondarily, the work is an affirmative statement of the *rationale* of the chief Evangelical doctrines. This is made with good success; the chapters on the Atonement and Depravity being the clearest and strongest. In some instances the essential incomprehensibility of the subject is not sufficiently recognized, and the infinite mystery proves too vast for logical or literal forms. The discussion of Future Punishment contains many striking and ingenious points.

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APRIL, 1858.

No. 4.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

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WHO IS TO PREACH?

WHAT is to be done to supply the many vacant pulpits among us,— how the institutions of religion are to be maintained, and to be made to retain their hold upon the general mind,— in what way the Christian ministry is to be set forth, as so noble, high, and privileged an office, as to induce the young to look forward to it, with at least as much interest and desire as other professions, in these days when it is so rarely sought,— these are questions that, whether willingly or not, force themselves upon every thinking mind, and upon all who desire to promote the good of the Church of Christ.

The fitness of the pastor for his office, the needed spiritual and intellectual gifts that shall qualify him for his vocation, is a subject that has been repeatedly discussed and preached upon, and is one not in accordance with our present purpose.

Parishes are far too apt, whenever there is any difficulty or decline of interest in their respective churches, to ascribe it wholly to the pastor, rather than to look within and among themselves for the true germs of the evil. It is easy

enough to throw off the sin of lukewarmness and indifference upon another, and to blind the eyes to the real truth.

Let a minister be ever so faithful and earnest, unless there is life among his people, of little avail will be his words of instruction. Sometimes an amount of labor is tacitly demanded of the pastor, sufficient to crush the energies of any common mortal, and, whatever may have been the demands upon his time and strength during the week, he is expected on the Sabbath to bring into the sanctuary finished and elaborate discourses, such as may satisfy the most fastidious taste and cultivated intellect. Let a simple, plain, practical exposition of truth be given, in a quiet, earnest manner, and while it will be gratefully listened to by some, how often, in leaving the sanctuary, do we hear the critical remark, the slighting observation, the harsh judgment: "A commonplace sermon! nothing new! Last Sunday's sermon was worth listening to, but I might as well have remained at home to-day, as to have made the effort to come to church! I thought Mr. —— was to preach; and what right has our pastor to exchange with ministers of no talent, so commonplace and tame! Plain, common-sense, to be sure; but I want something, if I do go to church, that will really interest me and rouse me, and make me, somehow, feel better!"

Yes, my friend, you *do* want it; but indulge not the soothing, fatal deception, that what you need is the result of another's imperfection! Cast not the blame upon your pastor; were Paul himself to address you, in your present state of feeling, his words would fall lifeless to the ground. Expect not faultless perfection in any human being, but look within, and pray that *your* spiritual eye may be opened, that you may know the reality of spiritual truths, and feel your own deep needs. Then the services of religion will no longer seem cold, heartless, or uninteresting. The plainest and simplest preaching will be received as the exposition of Christ's words of truth, and your own *preparation of*

*heart* will render it the means of spiritual nourishment and growth.

And here lies one way in which individuals of any class can exert an influence in supplying that want of pastors now so much felt. We do not go to church to be *preached to* merely. The ultimate end of the sanctuary services is not instruction, but *worship*, — the worship of God and the communion with Christ. Now, for such worship to be real, true, and vital, to be not merely an unmeaning form, or a hypocritical service, cheating the soul into the idea of self-righteousness, because the body assumes the attitude of reverence and devotion, there must be the spirit attuned to the service, the hour of previous self-communion, the secret prayer. The *people* must pray and worship, not the pastor alone. No magic efficacy can be wrought by sanctuary walls, and holy rites, and solemn services ! Vain mockeries are they all to any soul that comes to the house of God without secret aspiration and prayer.

*Social worship*, in the true sense of the word, is what we need. And little matter will it be whether such be effected with or without the use of a liturgy and responses, if so be there is the living spirit in the worshippers themselves. The substance of the thing is what we need. The custom of responding by the people is, we know, a help to personal thought and worship to many minds, while to others all such forms are rather hinderances to true devotion. In the present state of so many of our churches, where the standard of intellectual culture and attainment is so much higher than formerly among the majority of the people, — where the diffusion of books, the public lecture, and the advantages of education, open to all, take the place in part of the instruction formerly communicated through the pulpit alone, — more and more do we feel that a religious spirit must be diffused among the *congregation*, and that people must meet together for the purpose of spiritual communion, worship, and social prayer, and not, as is so generally the case, to

mark its rise or decline,— for without the earnest co-operation, the active effort, and the sincere prayers of individual Christians, in vain shall we look for those who shall come forward and maintain the public services of Christian faith.

Again, an *adequate* and prompt support should be given to the minister, paid at stated intervals, never grudgingly or hesitatingly. “*The workman is worthy of his hire.*” It is a just and honest debt, never to be repudiated on any consideration. Let the young man feel assured, as he enters the ministry, that he is not to be cumbered with the anxious, wearing thoughts of how he may possibly defray necessary expenses, and make the ends meet, but let him feel that a *just* and *true* remuneration for his labors will be secured to him, and one drawback in the choice of the profession will be done away with. It is true that the desire to serve his Master and the love of souls should prompt him to, and sustain him in, the labors of the vineyard, whatever sacrifices may be required; but we believe that many a heart truly in earnest, and desirous thus to labor for Christ, has been withheld from choosing public service because others were dependent upon him, and he could not feel it right to risk subjecting them to privation and anxiety on his own account, or through him.

Here, again, the *people* must see to it that this difficulty is removed, and that a more adequate support is rendered to those who speak in the name of Christ, would they have the institutions of religion they have prized secured to their children, and continued as a working power in the world.

In our villages and country towns, where it is impossible for the inhabitants to support three or four separate churches of different denominations, we wish that the true spirit of Christian charity and love *might* be so diffused as to enable all to unite in the liberal support of one pastor, all laboring together for a common end. And where this cannot be, at least at present, should not our more wealthy parishes *do* more, and *sacrifice* more, in order to supply the wants of

those less favored? And would not such fair and just remuneration do much towards preventing that constant change in the ministry, now so much to be lamented?

The most direct and efficacious method, however,—perhaps the only *real* one,—to induce the young to seek this profession as earnestly and ardently as any other, and thus to supply vacant pulpits and destitute parishes, lies in the faithful use of *home influence*. If parents were imbued with a true religious spirit, and sought to educate their children for the service of Christ and heaven, as earnestly as so many do for Mammon and this world, there would be little reason for complaint on the ground of the want of faithful workmen. The ministry would be sought as the highest and noblest profession, and whatever sacrifices it might involve would be regarded as of little moment, if so be *there* were the widest opportunity to serve the Master.

Let the boy and the young man breathe throughout his home the atmosphere of religious reverence, and cheerful piety, and holy trust; let him see that, to his parents at least, the Sabbath services are regarded as sacred privileges, never neglected under trivial pretences of personal ease and self-indulgence; let him have his father's faithful example and direct instruction to guide him, no less than his mother's prayers and holy influence, and he will enter upon the active arena of life with a reverential, earnest spirit, having felt the constraining influence of a living faith in his own home, and prepared so to feel its power as to seek to labor for others less privileged. The early parental prayers dedicating him to the Master's work and imploring for him the baptism of the Spirit, seconded by his own earnest supplications in maturer years, will not be without their due response. Grace *will* be multiplied to all such.

We repeat, the first steps are to be taken at *home*, in early life. Let the boy return from church Sunday after Sunday, and hear nothing but critical remarks on the preacher's style and manner, the witty jest, the cold sneer,

the turning into ridicule things most sacred and holy,—let him see that business, or pleasure, or self-indulgence, is a ready excuse for the neglect of public worship on the part of his father, if not of both parents,—let the morning hours be wasted in unnecessary sleep, and the morning service at church followed by the luxurious repast and the perusal of the last magazine or paper, another nap succeeding, or the ride of pleasure, or the making up of accounts,—let no direct instruction on religious themes be imparted, nor the secret prayer offered with him and in his behalf,—let the direct study of the Bible occupy no part of the Sabbath hours, nor family worship sanctify the joys and duties of the household,—and what wonder that he grows up in utter indifference, caring little for the Church, and doing nothing on his own part to render it vital and living.

Among many, too, where there is an outward regard to religious forms and observances, how little of the true spirit of self-consecration is there,—that through which children are in heart dedicated to the Master's work! No factitious means, no outward appliances, will supply the want now felt in so many quarters, where often one parish is supplied at the expense and by the destitution of another.

The remedy lies deeper, and Christian *men* and *women* are to take up the work in their *own homes* and by their own firesides. *There* must be the foundation of that *living* faith that shall gird the soul to endure all things for Christ's sake. There must the heart be led to that early self-consecration that shall lead it to choose the profession of the ministry as the highest earthly calling,—one to be sought for as a *privilege*, whatever sacrifices it may involve,—whenever there is the requisite ability for the performance of its extended duties.

There must the holy and devout prayers of fathers and mothers be so inwrought into the earliest remembrances of childhood as to make them a part of the soul's most secret life. There must the reverential observance of the Sabbath

be so maintained as indeed to hallow it to the youth. There must the spirit of Christian love be so diffused as to awaken, even in the child's heart, the desire to labor for and benefit others.

Ministers may preach, parishes may consult as to the means of permanent supplies for their pulpits, but unless Christian *men* and *women* feel their responsibility, unless homes are made *Christian* homes to children, unless Christian teachers enter into the work with a sense of their individual accountability, of little avail will be mere external remedies. From our homes are to come out pastors and preachers. There must the earnest, resolute effort be directed, and from the fidelity to, or the neglect of, the sacred responsibilities of those homes must result, necessarily, the state of life and activity, or of decay and indifference, in our churches.

Let none say that they are too retired, too humble, too far apart from the busy arena of life, to have aught to do with a theme involving such momentous consequences as this,—upon which the public institutions of religion so much depend. Nay, *all* true-hearted, sincere Christians are called to labor here,—sacredly, solemnly called; through prayer, through example, through personal effort, through every means of public or private influence, so to labor as to lead those in opening life to seek the Christian ministry as a holy profession.

Let all who have at heart the increase of Christ's Church upon the earth so offer the earnest prayer of intercession for the coming of the Redeemer's kingdom, that a blessing from on high shall indeed come upon us; and then from the now ice-bound walls of many of our churches shall flow forth the perpetual stream of life, turning the waste and desolate places of the earth into "gardens of the Lord."

H. M.

## THE CHURCH AND ITS SERVICE OF COMMUNION.\*

Acts ii. 41, 42 :— “ Then they that gladly received his word were baptized ; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.”

It cannot have escaped the notice of those who study the signs of our religious times, that the attention of the worshippers in our congregations has been often directed of late to the communicant members of the Christian body. The subject was very earnestly presented to our churches a few years since by a clergyman of our denomination, the Rev. Sylvester Judd, whose life of great usefulness and of greater promise came to an end too soon for us, who can ill spare any wise and efficient laborer. The fact that our churches, as distinguished from our congregations, do not hold their own here in America, even in the most earnest sects, has given to the discussion a very practical interest. Accustomed as we have been to look upon the church as the very heart of the congregation, and to estimate the value of our labor in the Lord’s vineyard by our success in gathering the young and the old within that visible fold of the invisible Heavenly Shepherd, we cannot be indifferent when our efforts in this direction yield comparatively trifling results. It becomes an interesting question, Is this condition of things to be ascribed to a decline of the religious life, or only to a change in the religious opinions and the religious habits of our people? Do we need a reviving influence, or should we look upon this distinction between the church and congregation as no longer significant? Is it really right, needful, and desirable that our body of communicants should be kept alive, as distinct from the larger company of worshippers, and if so, what are the arguments and persuasives by which we shall successfully resist a process of decline that

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\* A Preparatory Lecture, preached in the vestry of the First Church, Boston, February 5, 1858.

is lamented by Christians of every denomination? I presume that the difficulty is felt in our little section of the Christian Church more sensibly than anywhere else; for we have done more than our share of the work of destruction, and, if there be any novelty current, are sure to be largely interested in it. Still it is by no means our peculiar trouble. It belongs to our land, if not to our age. It is a question for the American Protestant Church, and, perhaps we ought to add, for the Protestant Church everywhere. An earnest, frank discussion of the subject should be welcomed, and cannot fail to be profitable. I wish to contribute my mite to the general store of thought and experience which the occasion should call forth.

A volume would not more than suffice to present this subject in all its various aspects,—to do anything like justice to the history, the statistics, and the arguments which have a direct bearing upon it. Of course in a single lecture I must choose the ground to be occupied, and leave many fertile fields untouched. But, without proposing anything like completeness, I may be able to state at the outset the practical conclusion at which my own mind has arrived, and then to indicate very generally the process of thought that has led me to this conclusion. I say, then, that the real or apparent feebleness of the Church, as indicated by a decline in the number of communicants, would not be remedied, as it seems to me, by regarding the congregation as a Church, by putting the Lord's Supper on the same footing with other religious services, and by accustoming the children of a Christian society to its use and observance as a part of our Congregational worship. As our congregations are ordinarily constituted, the communicating of very many of their members would be meaningless and hardly appropriate or becoming,—only an added formality where there are already forms enough, an added expression of faith where there is no added faith to be expressed. It would simply amount to calling that a church which in reality is only a

congregation made up partly of believers and partly of the indifferent. Moreover, the few outside of the Church, as heretofore composed, who might communicate with a hearty faith, could not but feel a desire to unite with all of like faith in visible Christian fellowship, for the sake of cultivating the affections and advancing the aims of the Christian life. They and their like would be the real communicants. They would wish in most cases to confess with the lips, as well as to believe with the heart; after communicating, if not before, they would be likely to crave such a step, and only as one and another would be led to some sort of confession and enrolment would the Church be enlarged; and the same obstacles that hinder us now in our attempt to gather communicants would put obstacles in the way of making *real* communicants. We should still be compelled to have a Church within a Church.

You will readily gather from this opening statement, that my first effort must be to draw out the distinction between the Church and the congregation, as it lies in my own mind, if not as it is realized in our visible fellowships; to designate, so far as may be, the class of persons who may fairly regard themselves as members of the Church; to consider the propriety or impropriety, the advantages or disadvantages, of inviting to the Lord's table any save confessing Christians; and then to commend our own Church and its communion as simply and directly as I can to all who are only waiting for a final word of encouragement and exhortation to fix for ever a purpose of avowed discipleship. I must begin, as you may judge, a good way off, in order that I may the better approach my special topic.

These walls of our visible house of worship include, on every Lord's day, three distinct yet blended bodies or associations. There are, first, the incorporated proprietors of the parish property, the owners of pews, the legal holders of the funds of the congregation. The business affairs of the society are wholly under their control. This building is theirs,

to be opened or closed, to be retained for sacred uses or to be sold for secular purposes, as they see fit ; they can place the minister in the pulpit, and they can remove him, at their pleasure ; they can decide what the doctrine, and what the ordinances, and what the form of worship, of the congregation shall be ; they can take away the communion-table, or put the altar of the Romanist in the place of it. It may happen, it often does happen, that a considerable number of these proprietors are non-attendants, worshippers with other congregations, and in no way interested by any personal use of its religious services in the house of worship which they own in common with others. Again, there is a second body, which is made up of proprietors and the occupants of pews by lease from the corporation or from individual owners, the body of worshippers we may call it, largely exhibiting persons who as non-proprietors can have only an indirect control over the order of the sanctuary. The migratory habits of our people, and in this city the overflow of the metropolis into the suburban towns, have made the class of non-proprietors a very considerable one in many of our churches, and in some cases have introduced into the congregation a floating element which varies largely even from year to year. Of course, so long as the proprietors of a house of worship propose to devote it to its appropriate uses, they must so provide for the services of religion as to secure an attendance, and this gives the non-proprietor an opportunity to throw his own wishes into the scale ; but the necessity for consulting him would cease, should it be decided to close the doors of the sanctuary or to open them only for secular purposes. The third body remains to be described. I will read an account of its institution from the history of our church, as follows.

As soon as a few civil arrangements had been made, it was determined that a Church should be regularly embodied. On the 27th of August, 1630, therefore, a fast was appointed, a covenant formed and subscribed. Mr. Wilson was

chosen teacher, Mr. Nowell an elder, and Mr. Gager and Mr. Aspinwall deacons. These gentlemen were severally confirmed in office by the imposition of hands and by prayer. It was, however, universally understood that the ceremony as it respected Mr. Wilson did not imply a renunciation of the ministry which he received in England. The following is the form of covenant which was subscribed by the members : —

“ In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in obedience to his holy will and divine ordinance,

“ We whose names are hereunder written, being by his most wise and good Providence brought together into this part of America, in the bay of Massachusetts, and desirous to unite into one Congregation or Church under the Lord Jesus Christ, our Head, in such sort as becometh all those whom he hath redeemed and sanctified to himself, do hereby solemnly and religiously, as in his most holy presence, promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel, and in all sincere conformity to his holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect to each other so near as God shall give us grace.”

“ Probably sixty-four men and half as many women immediately signed this religious obligation.” \*

That body included then, as I suppose, the whole congregation. It has been kept alive from that day to this, and members are occasionally gathered into it. The covenant has been modified somewhat in these centuries.

The Church so organized has its own officers, its stated annual meeting, its funds for the aid of the poor, and for pious uses generally, and its special records ; it is represented, too, in the councils which are called together for ordination services, and the like. Our usage, moreover, has committed to this body the custody of the vessels appropriated for the observance of the Lord’s Supper, and,

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\* History of the First Church, page 11.

except in a certain specified condition of things, has confined to those whose names are written under the covenant the stated observance of this ordinance. The time has been when baptism was extended only to the members of the Church in full or partial communion; but in these days, and in our denomination, it is generally claimed — I say not now with how much consistency — for all children, without regard to any line between communicants and non-communicants.

It is plain, I think, that the last body which has been described might be kept alive and in the discharge of its functions even though the other two should fail. The Christian brotherhood might meet from house to house, or in upper rooms, as in the olden time, conferring with one another, communing with one another, praying and singing together in the spirit of Jesus, and arraying themselves for wise and earnest aggression upon a heathen world without. A pastor would not be indispensable, — the elders might discharge the pastor's work. The two or three met together in the name of the Lord would inherit the promise of his presence, and would be a true Church of the Lord. Now this brotherhood, as I understand the matter, is the Church. This I take to be the essential thing. This is the life of the new life. In such a Christian society I find the fruitful germ of all the most imposing outgrowths. The congregation will gather about it, will lapse from it. Many who are not in communion with the brethren so assembled are nevertheless moved to assemble with them, and listen to the word spoken, and gaze upon the deeds done, and so we have a congregation from which one may hope to gather recruits for the Church. The pious liberality of the devout, and the judicious beneficence of the public-spirited, build a synagogue to be appropriated to sacred uses, and so, step by step, the household of Christ gains a local habitation and a name in the world. The Church is the essential body. Only let there be those who are earnestly united in the love

of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the tree which is to send out its branches over the whole earth has been planted.

And, as I regard the matter, the aim of the friends of Christ should be first of all to revive and make more real and efficient the Church, the society gathered under a proper covenant, and made up of those who are literally enrolled for the service of the Master. To this end I would strive to awaken a loving Christian loyalty. To this end I would train the young, and plead with the mature, laboring to bring them to a distinct understanding with themselves, to a clear consciousness of Christian duty, to a new birth of Christian affection, urging them to take a stand on the Lord's side; not as deserving, but as needing, to hold a place very near to him. I would say to the young, moved with a longing after Christian perfection, Come into this blessed fellowship, and Christ and the brethren shall help you to use this world as not abusing it, to enjoy its pleasures, and to perform its duties as unto the Lord. Do not wait until, as you say, you are old enough or good enough. Christ asks of the young to follow; and they who wait to grow better, for the most part gain little by waiting. I would say to the more mature, Come, and let us love the Lord together, and inherit the blessing promised to those who are met for worship and communion; come, and let us aid our young companions, and confer upon the necessities of a world which must be redeemed, if it is to be redeemed at all, by the Gospel alone. Let us be preachers of the kingdom of God by word and by work. Let the poor and the oppressed be our charge. Let us convert the unbelieving, and reclaim the wandering; let us accomplish so faithfully the work of Christian philanthropy, that no secular charitable organization whatever shall have an inch to stand upon, or the least task to finish. I cannot but think that all this was contemplated in the original idea of the Christian fellowship. I am persuaded that the best Christian work was done whilst the Church was mainly this. I am satisfied that, if we could only bring

this conception of the Christian society clearly before the minds and hearts of men, and realize it for them in a few examples, they would come into it as eagerly as they now sedulously avoid it. They ask now, What signifies the Church to me? What visible union and fellowship, what sympathy or co-operation, are there involved in it? Join the Church! What shall I do when I have joined it? We may reply, indeed, By so doing you will profess your faith in Christ, you will come to a clearer consciousness of Christian duty, you will be brought nearer to the invisible Lord;— and the reply is a strong one; but it would be made incalculably stronger could we add, You will be incorporated with a living and working branch of that great society which believes in, and is laboring for, the kingdom of God amongst men. It seems to me that what we need more than anything else is a hearty Church-life, springing from a deep love of our Lord and Master. I would labor to awaken a love of the Saviour which shall constrain men to confess him and unite themselves under him as their Head. Christians, so united, would in all common cases observe the ordinances with earnest, reverent affection, accepting the words, "This do in remembrance of me!" as spoken to them, thankful to the good Providence that they have come down through the long ages, and through many strange perversions and corruptions, even to us; but whether communicants, with the great majority of believers, or non-communicants, with the Friends or Quakers, they would not fail to maintain the universal Christian ceremonial, which is this,— to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world. What I desire is to bring the young and the old into such a fellowship as remains to us, visibly inscribing and audibly pronouncing their names, and then so to stir their hearts that they shall make this fellowship more and more a true brotherhood.

You perceive, then, that my aim would not be met at all

by any traditionary and formal communicating of the whole congregation, or indeed by any communicating which failed to be accompanied by visible enrolment, expressed sympathy, and at least an attempt at co-operation. Any change which would give to a mere congregation the semblance of a Church, by opening to all indiscriminately a peculiarly Christian ordinance, could only make it more necessary to gather the believers out from the larger company which must include so many who are rather hearers and spectators. The company of outspoken Christians must be denoted, if not by a participation in the Lord's Supper, then by some other outward token. We must have a visible as well as an invisible Church, Body and Form as well as Spirit.

I cannot think, with some of my brethren in the ministry, that this end is unimportant,—that the body of proprietors or the body of worshippers and the invisible Church which they may enfold is sufficient. I crave a visible, organized, marshalled, officered company. I crave something not less real, but more real, than our various secular brotherhoods, our various reformatory and benevolent leagues. I cannot believe that we shall gain what we ask from an organized company by offering the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to all who may at the moment be disposed to accept it.

In this matter, I have no authority to speak for the communicant members of the First Church; the pastor is not the Church, only one of its members; but, speaking for myself, I would gladly extend the elements of the Supper, as I would the water of baptism, or rather perhaps of consecration, to all who ask them; but I should not regard their acceptance of the sacred emblems as an entrance into the Church. Just as the Quaker may be a member of the Christian community without taking part in the Supper, so one may join the communicants at their simple feast without formally enrolling himself as a member of the household of Christ. We may ask a transient visitor to sit down with us at our family table, and he may be rejoiced and profited by so doing; but such

an act of participation, even though it should be often repeated, would not make a visitor one of the household. Nay, more, if a congregation, as a congregation, should decide to observe the Lord's Supper as one of its religious services, and put the rite upon the same footing with singing and praying, alleging either ancient usage, or the right of Christian development, or general fitness, in support of their course, I submit that such a step would not convert the congregation into a Church, but would only make it all the more necessary to insist upon and maintain a formal church organization, a distinct enrolment of every friend and lover of Christ, as a pronounced, an outspoken member of the household of faith. We should need some new order of confirmation, or the like, in such circumstances; for with most persons "coming to the communion" signifies a confession of Christian love and purpose. And the rite as heretofore administered is of eminent utility in bringing nominal Christians, young and old, to a well-defined Christian position. It is offered to them when, in the good providence of God, it may be through some experience of sorrow, they are led to ask more earnestly than ever before concerning the way of life and of peace, and the reception of the ordinance marks their acceptance of Christ as their Lord and Heavenly Friend, — the beginning, the first step, in the way of Christian progress. If they had always practised communion as a congregational service, we should need some other outward mark, some visible token of the commencement of the new life; and I cannot but think that most of those who might be moved to remain and take part in the communion upon a general invitation would wish afterwards, if not before, to enter into the Christian covenant, and make in some way the old Christian confession, for which so many have gone to prison and to death. I believe in and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and, please God, I mean to work with him and with his disciples for the establishment of the Divine kingdom within me and about me. I

cannot think that many who are not willing, and even eager, to make such a confession, where the way to it is not obstructed by any dogmatical catechizing, will find the Supper very edifying or significant.

Now, I am aware that these views may be met by the affirmation, that, since we are all born Christians, and, if our parents wish, baptized as Christians, we may all be trained up as Christians, in the bosom of the Church and in the enjoyment of all its ordinances. But I submit, on the other hand, that however we may be born and taught, most of us, to say the least, must come sooner or later to a conscious Christian life, to an individual faith and experience of the Gospel, to an acceptance of the Christ, not merely as the Saviour of Christendom, but as our own Lord and Saviour. We must all be twice born, and Christian nurture helps forward and makes natural and easy this second birth, but cannot supersede the necessity of it. It finishes its work when it brings into the Church our young men and maidens; but it must bring in of their own will those whom Providence has placed there in name and in form and in gracious preparation rather than in very deed and truth.

I insist, then, upon the Church. I ask all earnest men and women, young men and maidens, to come into it. I ask each and all who are mature enough to form a definite purpose, for the love of God and goodness, and for the sake of Him who died, to enlarge the numbers, and elevate the aims, and realize more fully the idea, of the old, visible Christian fellowship. I ask the worshippers of this congregation, especially, to add their names to the covenant which has providentially come down to us, and to keep, as members of the household of faith, the feast of the Master's love, not excluding any who would sit with them as guests, yet welcoming them always in the hope that they may be moved to seek full admission and to consecrate themselves to the blessed life of the Gospel. Practically, what we want is to bring the soul to a distinct Christian issue, a choice between

the world and Christ, between the seen and temporal and the unseen and eternal; and for most persons, when the choice has been made, and made earnestly, the little formality which hedges about the ordinance of the Supper will be the very opposite of a difficulty,—rather the very thing which is needed to give outward expression to a deep and controlling purpose of the soul. Are there not those who, in our poor human way, love the Lord of glory, and would be glad to be enrolled as his disciples, and to keep, according to his request,—I will not say his command, but his request,—the solemn yet glad feast which shows forth his great love? Are there not those who have been brought to this craving for Christian fellowship, as by the very Spirit of the Lord? Can they any longer decline the invitation? Can they any longer plead the want of preparation, when the King himself offers the wedding garment to all comers, and is willing to receive them just as they are, and is able through his sweet grace to make them what he would have them. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! Come all, ye homeless and wanderers, and your Lord shall give you rest! Your absence is a grief to him. Your absence tries his patience. Your presence would reward his waiting. Quench not the spirit! Do not turn a deaf ear any longer to the summons! Let Christ redeem you unto himself, as one of his peculiar people; to be zealous of all good works, to be patient and loving and hopeful evermore, to gain the blessing promised to a visible brotherhood, to put new life into a failing organization, to become an humble instrument for the accomplishment of the great assurance that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of the Redeemer!

R. E.

## PICTURES.

## THE APRIL SUNSET.

THE day flowed on,—the haughty sun,  
 His course so brilliantly begun,  
 Grown weary with the long ascent,  
 His golden quiver almost spent,  
 Heard the dark footsteps of the Night,  
 And glided down the western height.  
 But ere he wholly passed from view,  
 About his fading form he drew  
 His cloudy mantle woven wide,  
 And crimson fringed on either side,  
 As if he sought his face to hide.  
 And as the fleeing Parthian's bow  
 Shot sudden arrows at the foe,  
 So he, pursued, behind him cast  
 His level arrows, and his last.  
 Above him, hurrying to his hold,  
 The exulting pæan of the thunder rolled.

## THE DESERTED HOUSE.

“The shadows of the four great elms,” said he,  
 “Drop on the roof and walls;  
 The gay gold-robin flies from tree to tree,  
 And sings and calls.

“The twittering swallows build their mason-work  
 Beneath the barn’s long eaves;  
 About the bee-hive still the king-birds lurk,  
 And clang amid the leaves.

“The bees still hum about the mossy hives,  
 The unused well beside;  
 Within the garden still the rose-tree thrives  
 And blooms in summer pride.

“ But oh ! the house, — within the house,” said he,  
“ ”T is ever dark and still !  
No sound of household work or childish glee  
Is echoed from the hill.

“ The tall old clock, that in its corner stood  
A hundred years ago,  
Nor ceased its beat through evil and through good,  
Is dumb in dusty woe.

“ The mirrors hang as ever on the walls  
In each resounding room,  
And catch the straying sunbeam as it falls  
Across the chilly loom.”

F. B. S.

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### THE INFLUENCE OF THE SICK-ROOM.

By this term it is intended to express not so much the immediate effects of sickness, while we are passing through its discipline, as its remote influence on the future lives of ourselves and others. We may regard the sick-room as a school in which God is educating us for life or death. We may be learning lessons, which, if we are destined never to leave it, will fit us for the intercourse of the spiritual world, or, if we are permitted to return to our accustomed pursuits, will fortify us against the temptations to which we have formerly yielded.

One of the most important lessons which we owe to the sick-room is that of dependence on God. We have perhaps thought that our “ mountain stood strong,” and have trusted to the firmness of our constitution and the energy of our will, or to the precautions by which we have guarded against disease. But God’s chastening hand is laid upon us, and we are as a reed before the whirlwind. Our antici-

pations of pleasure, our plans of usefulness, our schemes of business, reaching to far distant years, or waiting only till to-morrow's sun for their fulfilment,— how are they defeated! God sends the fevered current through our veins, or the throb of pain through the quivering nerves, or he "weakens our strength by the way,"— that very strength in which we trusted, by that disheartening debility to which "the grasshopper is a burden." It may be the very lesson which we needed to rebuke our self-confidence; for to many the consciousness of physical is even more humbling than that of moral frailty. We never realized before the nice mechanism of our frames, the skilful adjustment of every part, and how easily the slightest circumstance — the withdrawal of God's sustaining hand, or the hiding of his countenance — might derange the whole. We have heard from the pulpit of "the uncertainty of life," but now we have learned that our own life is uncertain, and that when we think we stand most securely, in that very hour we may be prostrated. We have been taught, most emphatically, that "all flesh is as grass," and that

"The lightest, frailest things we see  
Are not so light, so frail as we";

and henceforth we look up with awe and reverence to Him "in whose hand our breath is," and receive even a slight interruption of our restored health as a new evidence of our dependence.

We are taught, too, a lesson of trust. It has been wisely said, that "a great part of the work of life consists in waiting." We wait for the accomplishment of our fondest hopes, often through a long life, until the light of eternity shows us their delusiveness. The youth must wait for the realization of the bright visions of his boyhood. The mother must wait for the fulfilment of her ambitious dreams for her darling son. The merchant must wait for the successful result of his schemes of accumulation. The anxious wife must wait for the return of the long-absent husband.

The faithful teacher, or the earnest friend, must often wait long years to sow the precious seed of good counsel, and longer yet for it to bear fruit. Sickness, when it comes to ourselves, or those we love, tells us most authoritatively to wait, for we can do nothing else, while, like the fabled Tantalus, the ardently denied good is so often almost within our reach, yet constantly receding from our touch. Physicians and friends have used every means that skill and love can suggest, and we have only to wait for the blessing of God. He who waits for us, with all long-suffering and patience, would thus teach us to "wait on him," — wait the course of his providence, without one impatient wish to hasten the result. The constant leaning upon God, the unwavering faith that "he will accomplish what is best, by the best means, in the best manner, and at the best time." This is the perfection of the Christian character, and if we have attained any degree of this spirit in our sick-room, blessed indeed has been its influence.

We learn, too, in the sick-room, a lesson of sympathy with others, for which we have continual need in the intercourse of life. It is very difficult, almost impossible, for those in the freshness of youth and health to understand the privations and sufferings of illness. They think of its alleviations, of the invalid as the centre of interest and attention to the domestic group, and perhaps to a large circle of friends, and imagine that "it cannot be so great a trial," little comprehending how severe it must be, even with the most favorable circumstances. Disease in its manifold forms continually meets us, either in our homes or among our friends, and appeals to our tenderest sympathies. There are few who have advanced to middle life, who do not bear about with them the tendency to some malady, either the consequence of their own imprudence, or of some hereditary taint, arresting them in the full vigor of their health, and activity of their pursuits. Providence has kindly ordered it, as an admonition of our dependence, a warning of our mor-

tality, an assurance of our kindred with the whole family of suffering humanity. But this sympathy is too often transient, as the cause which excited it, and it is only by the prolonged experience of the sick-room that it can become deep and lasting. Acute disease usually awakens much stronger interest than chronic debility, because it is in a sense visible and tangible, violent but short, not taxing our sympathies too long ; and one may often drag about a weary and wasted frame day after day, unnoticed save by the watchful eye of affection. But those who have felt it can understand that state of the system in which, with the most earnest desire and the strongest motive for exertion, all energy and vigor are taken away ; and while they seek, for his own sake, to cheer and encourage the sufferer, in the spirit of their Master they will not "break the bruised reed." They will not say of such a one, "he might do more if he would," but, remembering their own feebleness and deficiencies, and that He who formed our frame alone knoweth its weaknesses, they will as far as possible charitably regard these moral infirmities, as the result of physical disorder. In this respect, as in all others, there is little danger that we shall judge ourselves too severely, or others too leniently.

And what a precious opportunity for reflection is afforded in the sick-room, especially to those who, in the days of health, could never find time to practise it. Even during the day, in the quiet imposed upon us, and while our hands are unoccupied, the mind must be busy ; and to what topic can it turn so naturally as to our own character and destiny ? But through the night season, when slumber refuses to visit our eyelids, thought has uninterrupted control. In the solemnity of those long watches, with what fearful power is Conscience invested, as she sits in judgment on the past ! Clearly as the stars above us, come out one by one all the events of our lives, no longer disguised by the mist of self-love, or obscured by the glare of worldly applause, but revealed in their true character, as they appear to the Om-

niscient Eye. What we most desired, how nearly has it proved our ruin, — what we most deprecated, how merciful has been its design! How plain seems now the path of duty, and how strange that we ever wandered from it, and how wise are our plans and how steadfast our resolutions for the future, if God spares us to keep them! That error shall be corrected, and that wrong repaired, and that fault never again committed. But, alas! as the sweet dreams of the night vanish before the light of day, so are these holy sentiments and purposes too often forgotten in the returning brightness of health. Let us watch lest it be so with us. Let us fear nothing so much as that the influence of this season should be lost; that we should "grieve the Holy Spirit," which is striving with us; that we should "suffer all these things in vain," or worse than in vain.

The influence of our sick-room on those who surround us is hardly less important. Even to our nearest friends, who imagined they knew us most thoroughly, we now appear in a new light; and they must observe, though with partial eyes, the manner in which we receive this discipline. It will be well for us, if it does not develop some latent defect which will be a painful surprise to their confiding affection. Those who have hitherto been strangers to us, and who have no bias of friendship, or favorable recollections of our days of health, to excuse our present errors, will form their estimate of our character, and most probably a correct one, from the aspect in which it now appears to them. The disguises which we might have assumed in health are laid aside, for we have neither ability nor disposition to wear them in the sick-room, and the governing principle is made manifest. But the opinion which they form of us is of little consequence compared with the influence which we exert on them. As we naturally assimilate to those with whom we are intimately associated, if we have been fretful, murmuring, and selfish, there is danger that their tempers will unconsciously become soured, and their trust in God

weakened; but if our sick-room has been pervaded by a spirit of love, and peace, and submission, which has made it almost a foretaste of heaven, they can hardly avoid imbibing some portion of it. Nor is the influence merely indirect. If they have now beheld the power of Christian principles in the trial of sickness and the prospect of death, they may be induced to turn to them for that strength and consolation in regard to which they have perhaps been indifferent or sceptical. Thus, even while we seem to ourselves "only to stand and wait," we may be winning others to the love and obedience of that Saviour by whose grace we are supported. It is related of an eminent clergyman of Paris, not long deceased, that through a lingering and suffering illness, while helpless on his sick-bed, he preached to an audience of forty or fifty persons, with more power and eloquence than he had done in health. If we cannot emulate his martyr-like heroism, or possess his gift of eloquence, we may preach perhaps quite as effectually to the few within our reach, by our patient endurance and faithful improvement of suffering. We may be more efficient teachers of godliness, than by all the direct efforts of long years of health. There may be human hearts whom our example will strengthen for their own temptations, and cheer and support in their hour of need, and who will bless God in eternity for the lessons which he has taught them through our instrumentality.

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### L I F E .

SWIFTLY down Time's turbid river,  
With the restless tide of years,  
We are rushing on for ever,  
Through the smiles, and through the tears,  
Halting never,  
Friends beloved !

But these years take nothing from us,  
 Save the bare and empty shell :  
 If we've taken out the kernel,  
 We can keep it just as well  
 As pure kernel,  
 Friends beloved !

All our best and dearest treasures  
 Are not touched by time, we know ;  
 They shall wait upon the spirit  
 In the home to which we go,  
 Up in heaven,  
 Friends beloved !

Gloomy doubts and sad misgivings,  
 Twilight spectres, grim and drear,  
 As the view before us widens,  
 Will dissolve and disappear,  
 Chased by sunbeams,  
 Friends beloved !

Voices evermore are speaking,  
 From the silent-seeming dust,  
 Joy to those who heed the music,  
 Ere earth's clamor all is hushed,  
 Hushed for ever,  
 Friends beloved !

Our undaunted self-reliance,  
 With its grand and sturdy look,  
 Has not learned the first bright letter  
 In the great and golden book,  
 Book of wisdom,  
 Friends beloved !

All our planning is but meddling,  
 Pert and vain, or even worse ;  
 Sure to meet the years' disdaining,  
 It may stay us in our course,  
 Our course onward,  
 Friends beloved !

All our fears and anxious watching,  
 Our impatient, childish strife,  
 These are things that only hinder,  
 Only hold us back from life,—  
 Life that's real,  
 Friends beloved !

We have witnesses within us ;  
 When we listen, notes benign  
 Murmur through the soul's profoundness,  
 Quick with love and truth divine,  
 Out of heaven,  
 Friends beloved !

In the silence God abideth,  
 Leaves to earth the noise and show ;  
 When we feel the mystic pulses,  
 Speech is very faint and low,  
 Faint and broken,  
 Friends beloved !

In what language hath been uttered  
 All our joy to mortal ear ?  
 When hath half our hope been whispered,  
 Even to the soul that's near,  
 Nearest to us,  
 Friends beloved ?

Know we not that love is deepest  
 When the eyes in silence fill ?  
 And the faith that sees the farthest,  
 Is it not serene and still  
 As star-shining,  
 Friends beloved ?

Forces that have made no ripple  
 On the surface of life's sea,  
 Are, with under-currents, shaping  
 All our world that is to be,  
 From what now is,  
 Friends beloved !

Warp and woof from out the present  
Clingeth to us evermore,  
Shall be garment and equipment,  
When we tread the unseen shore,  
Coming nearer,  
Ever nearer,  
Friends beloved !

SALEM.

S. F. C.

## CHRISTIAN LESSONS FOR MATURE LIFE.

A SERMON BY REV. SAMUEL CLARKE.

MATTHEW v. 16:—Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven.

I HAVE selected these words of our Saviour, addressed to those who first attended on his ministry as disciples or learners, as a suitable guide to some remarks which I propose to offer to an interesting portion of those to whom I minister, — in some respects, indeed, the most responsible part of a Christian congregation. I refer to those, of both sexes, who are now in the maturity of life; sustaining its relations, bearing its burdens, and fulfilling its duties. As I enter this pulpit, Sabbath after Sabbath, my eyes rest upon some who, when I commenced my ministry here, more than twenty-five years since, had recently entered the domestic relation, — I mean that of husband and wife; upon others who very soon after formed that important connection; and upon many whom, in subsequent years, I have seen united in bonds strong and dear as life, and for whom I have sought the blessing of God. Most of these seats are now occupied by those to whom I have referred, with their families, or those dear to them, and by others, their neighbors and associates, who are in the vigor of life and the height of usefulness. I have seen you commencing active life, gradually

advancing to maturity, ripening in years and respectability; in most instances with promising children, sons and daughters, rising up to comfort and bless you. In all this, I have rejoiced with you, my friends; and when, as has sometimes been the case, the dearest ties of life have been broken,—husband and wife, parents and children, separated,—I have mourned with you, for your loss has also been my loss.

I repeat the remark, then, that those who have passed on from youth to manhood and to middle life, and who may now be said to be in the full vigor of life, when they may be the most useful and influential, form a peculiarly interesting and important part of a Christian society, and, indeed, of any community,—for all the social, moral, and religious interests of society depend essentially upon the stand which they take, the example which they exhibit, the influence which they seek to exert. I therefore regard it as a duty, and certainly a privilege and pleasure, to speak to you directly and earnestly, my friends, in reference to your responsibility, and to your highest, your immortal interests. You will allow me, as a sincere Christian friend, to speak with entire freedom, and in very plain and familiar language; for I seek only your good and the good of those who are dear to you, or whom you may guide and influence.

In order to give force to what I wish to say, I will refer again, more definitely, to the relations which you now sustain, and which make your responsibility very serious as well as great.

I. 1. With very few exceptions, you sustain the relation of husband and wife, the united head of the family, the domestic circle,—a relation more intimate, more confidential, more endearing, more responsible, in its consequences more serious and important, than any other which can be sustained in the present social and imperfect state,—a relation in which those who sustain it have more influence upon each other's improvement, peace, and happiness than in any

other,— a relation which should never be entered into thoughtlessly or rashly, or without weighing carefully its duties and consequences. I need not say that this important connection is often formed from sudden impulse, without reflection, without forethought, and especially without any thought of the religious duties and responsibilities which it may involve,— and then it is sometimes a source of extreme unhappiness. But I will not now dwell upon this thought. You, my friends, sustain this relation; some of you have sustained it many years. I trust that in most, I hope in all instances, it was entered into not without thought of its serious nature, and its most interesting and permanent consequences; and that it has been to you a source of rich blessing.

2. I proceed to say, that most of those to whom I now refer sustain also the relation of parents. God has given you children, to be your companions and your joy in the days of your strength and usefulness, to smooth for you the decline of life, and to render comfortable and peaceful your last hours on earth. Next to that of husband and wife this is certainly the most interesting, pleasant, and important of the earthly relations. It is one which calls for the exercise of the purest and best affections, and inspires the feeling, the conviction, of immense responsibility,— and yet a responsibility which should be, and often is, cheerfully, willingly borne. In this interesting relation, as in the first referred to, there should be, not only mutual and strong affection and sympathy, but entire openness, frankness, and confidence; and when parents are faithful and kind, and children respectful, affectionate, and dutiful, the joys of domestic life cannot be measured or expressed. I repeat, to most of you who sustain the domestic relation God has given children, and in so doing has not only opened to you sources of great happiness, but has also placed you in situations of great responsibility,— for to you are intrusted the education, the training, the welfare of immortal minds.

3. I remark, once more, that, in addition to the relations already mentioned, and whose importance I trust you all acknowledge and feel, you are members of one great, common family, all the members of which you are bound to regard as possessing with yourselves a common nature and a common destiny. "Of one blood God hath made all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." I am a believer in the doctrine of human brotherhood, in the broadest sense of that expression;—that we are all children of God, and, of course, are brethren, having strong claims upon each other's kindness, sympathy, and aid. God did not make you to live alone, or to confine your regards to your immediate families,—to those he has given to be more closely united with you, and be under your particular charge; but also to be members of society, to be social beings, and to find your happiness, in part, in ministering to the improvement, the elevation, the happiness, of your fellow-men. And if any of you are supremely selfish, confining your regards to yourselves and your own domestic circle, and saying virtually, Let others take care of themselves,—if any of you are living only for yourselves, unconscious or unmindful of your relation and duty to those around you, unwilling to do or sacrifice anything for others' good,—from my soul I pity you; for you are not only not fulfilling one great purpose of your being, but are depriving yourselves of some of the purest, richest joys of the present life. I remark, in this connection, that you all sustain the social relation and have social duties and responsibilities, whether you sustain the other relations of which I have spoken or not. Upon all who are in mature life society has claims which should be acknowledged and met with cheerfulness,—which no true friend of his race would wish to evade.

Of you, then, my friends, whom I now especially address, I may truly say, "Ye are as the salt of the earth." "Ye are the light"—or in a position to be the light—"of the world." "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." And I may

well add, "Let your light so shine" in your domestic circles and in society, that "others, seeing your good works, may" be attracted by your example, and "glorify your Father which is in heaven."

II. And now let me seriously ask, What is the great duty which grows out of the relations you sustain, the position you occupy, and which it should be your earnest effort to fulfil? Perhaps this duty may be expressed by one word,—*influence*,—INFLUENCE. Let your light shine so that it may guide, attract, warm, and bless those who may be your witnesses. This I regard as your imperative, solemn duty, as well as privilege.

But another question arises,—How may you be prepared, qualified, to exert a right, healthy, saving influence in your families and in society? The answer to this question is very obvious, and yet it involves that which is of inexpressible moment to yourselves,—that which is connected with your welfare now and for ever. In order to exert the influence which you may, and which God designs that you should exert, your own minds must, first of all, be enlightened by the great truths of Christianity, and your hearts must be purified and warmed by those truths. In other words, your own hearts and lives must be brought under the influence of religious principles and motives;—religion must become with you a deep, personal concern, and be seen to be paramount to everything else. Your first earnest question must be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and your resolution, following the answer to that question, should be, "Lord, I will follow thee wherever thou goest," wherever thou shalt direct.

This subject of personal religion, which I have often pressed upon the attention of all to whom I minister, is one which commends itself to your minds, my friends, with peculiar force. For I am aware, fully aware, of all the perplexities of your situation, of the obstacles to the religious life arising from the various cares, trials, and responsibilities

of the present life. I know that many of you now say to yourselves, How much better would it have been for us, if we had commenced the religious life before we had become absorbed by the cares of this world ! And you seem to think that the convenient season has passed, or may possibly at some future time return, when the cares of this world shall have been thrown aside, and you shall have comparative leisure and rest. It would have been wisdom in you, and for your happiness, if you had early consecrated yourselves to God,—if you had early sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness,—if you had early wanted to be truly religious, and quenched your thirst at the fountain of living waters. But let me now say, that nothing is so important to you as your spiritual interests, nothing so essential and imperative as *duty*,—*duty* to God, to Christ, to your own souls, and to your fellow-beings,—and, consequently, that no earthly pursuits or cares should ever come between you and God and duty ; and besides, that religion, so far from interfering with, or requiring the suspension of, proper worldly duties, will direct and aid you in the discharge of them, will lighten your cares and solace you in your perplexities and trials. Yes, in your family duties and perplexities and trials, in your various business and cares, in your social connections and intercourse, religion is the very thing which you most need, and which will be an unspeakable blessing to you, and make you a blessing to others. It is a sad mistake to suppose, whatever may be your situation in life, however many or burdensome your worldly cares, that you cannot bring yourselves under the influence of religion,—that you cannot seek and secure the one thing needful; for God is always with you ready to impart his aid and blessing, and if you desire them you will have his aid and blessing,—if you want to be personally pure, righteous, benevolent, and holy, you will be, for that very want, if you feel it, will lead you, notwithstanding all worldly perplexities and cares, to seek its gratification. When I

hear fathers and mothers, or those who are absorbed by worldly cares, plead that such are their vexations and duties that they have not mental power or time to attend to their personal spiritual improvement and welfare, I would say to them, as our Saviour said to Martha, "Ye are careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful"; and I would add, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and then no essential worldly interests will ever suffer.

I repeat, then, my friends, that, in order to exert a right, healthy influence in the interesting relations you sustain, you must bring yourselves under the influence of those truths of Christ which were given to enlighten, reform, and save the world. These truths must become the life of your own souls; and if they are the life of your own souls, the source of your own peace and happiness, it will be manifest in your countenances, in your conversation, and in your daily lives. If you believe, with the heart, in the glorious revelations of the Gospel, you will give your belief expression,—you will cheerfully say, with an Apostle of old, I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for to me it is the wisdom and the power of God. When our Saviour had said to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world," he added, with much significance, "Men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and then it giveth light unto all that are in the house." I entreat you to mark the point of these words. If you have received light, it is not for yourselves, for your own guidance alone, and it must not be hid; but you must reflect it, that others may rejoice in and be benefited by it.

I have answered the question, how you may be prepared to exert a good, saving influence in your families and in society. I have proceeded upon the supposition that you are believers in the revelations of Christianity, and in the vast importance of religion to the welfare of individuals and the community. If this were not so, it would be necessary to pursue a different course of reasoning. I should be very

much grieved if I were forced to believe that any of you, who sustain the relations to which I had referred, were sceptical in regard to the divine origin of Christianity, or were not ready to say that you acknowledge Jesus Christ to be your Master, your infallible Teacher and Guide. In answering the question, I have uttered the strong conviction of my understanding and my heart, and something, too, of my own experience, as well as observation of life.

And now, my friends, let me say that personal religion, of which I have spoken, should be seen in its influence upon the united head of the domestic circle, in its influence in sanctifying and making happy the domestic, the marriage relation. I have said that this relation is more intimate and confidential, as well as more endearing and responsible, than any other on earth. This is admitted by all to be true. It is admitted that in all worldly interests, as well as in affection, husband and wife should be one, — that between them there should be no reserve, but entire confidence. And it is known to be true, that where there is not this mutual, entire confidence, there is not and cannot be true domestic harmony or peace.

And should there not be the same unreserve, the same perfect freedom, the same mutual confidence, in regard to spiritual interests, that are admitted by all to be so indispensable in worldly interests and to domestic happiness? And should it not be the earnest endeavor of each to be a helper of the other's faith and joy, and to exert, by the grace of God, a mutual sanctifying influence? I think, my friends, that upon reflection you will see and appreciate the force of these questions. And yet is it not a sad truth, that this unreserved interchange of religious views and feelings by husband and wife is often withheld, — that, while they are free to commune upon all other subjects, they seldom, if ever, commune with each other upon those interests in comparison with which all earthly interests are vanity? It is enough, I hope, that I have asked the question. I said,

in the commencement of my discourse, that I should speak with great familiarity,— and I would now very earnestly say, that it should not be so. Upon the subject of religion there should be no reserve between you,— your minds and hearts should be open to each other; and if you have any personal interest in it, it should be your endeavor, not only to grow in grace yourself, but to aid the bosom friend of your life to go forward with you in the bright, upward path that leads to a yet brighter and happier world. It is here that your influence should be first and strongly felt, and surely I can conceive of nothing more blessed than a relation so protected by mutual confidence and sanctified by religion.

I will not pass from this topic without saying, that, so important and indispensable are the interests and duties of religion, that in no case should obstacles be thrown, as they sometimes are, in the way of a conscientious compliance with these duties. This, I know, is a delicate subject,—and yet I cannot hesitate to express my convictions. I have said that it is the duty of those who believe in Christianity, and who have a personal interest in religion, to give expression to their belief. It is pleasant, it is delightful, when husband and wife, with one heart, publicly affirm their belief in Christ, and connect themselves with the Christian Church,—when they walk together in the faith and spirit of the Gospel. It gives dignity and glory to the position they occupy, and secures for them an influence and happiness which nothing else can. But it often happens that they are not ready to go forward together to the ordinances which Christianity enjoins. And here let me say, that, when this is the case, there should be no hinderance to the one who wishes, from the heart, to enjoy the privileges which Christianity furnishes, but, on the contrary, cheerful encouragement and aid. It should ever be remembered, that religion is a concern between the individual soul and God,—that duty is a matter of conscience, a personal affair. If there

is the confidence and affection of which I have spoken within the united head of a family, there will be no hindrance on either part to the performance of duties so important, so imperative, and so refreshing as those of religion. If you cannot, my brother or my sister, feel yourself prepared to confess Christ before men, rejoice that the companion of your life is prompted to perform this duty, for the living faith and fervent prayers of one may return in rich blessing on the other.

I proceed to say,—leaving necessarily a subject of great interest, which I have imperfectly treated,—that personal religion should be seen, also, in the influence of parents upon the children which God has given them.

Need I say, that, if parents feel the power and value of religious truth themselves, they cannot but feel an interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of those who have been intrusted to their care? It cannot be otherwise. I have spoken of the confidence and freedom which should ever exist between parents. Your children, my friends, should have your confidence, as well as your love. And not only so, but you should be free to converse with them upon their religious duties and interests. You are interested in their education and in their worldly success and respectability, and you hesitate not to express to them your wishes and feelings on all subjects relating to their present welfare. And will you leave their immortal interests to chance? Will you not, with the same freedom, talk with them of God, of Christ, of duty, of Heaven, of that immortality to which they are destined? Why should there be any timidity, any delicacy, any reserve, here? O, think of the relation you sustain to your children! They are your immediate charge, and you are responsible, in some good measure, for the direction which they take in early life, and for their character and happiness. Think of this, and then let all your influence be brought to bear upon their spiritual improvement and welfare. And while you converse with them with all the af-

fection and interest which a true regard for their immortal happiness can inspire, let the light of your example shine brightly before them,—let its beauty attract them. Let them see, by your confidence in each other, by your conversation and conduct in your homes, by your public profession of Christianity, and your earnest endeavor to follow and to exhibit the spirit of Christ, that religion is with you a solemn, and yet joyful, reality, and that it is your life, the source of your peace and happiness, the foundation of your hopes. Then, and not till then, your influence will be felt, and not only felt, but blest. How can you hope that your children will be attracted by religion, if in your own homes it is never tenderly and earnestly spoken of,—if you fail to exhibit its lovely spirit,—if you neglect its duties, public and private,—if you go not before them in the order of the Gospel,—if you withhold your presence from the Christian sanctuary,—if you neglect all those instrumentalities which are provided to educate men for the eternal life? I need not multiply these questions, and their force cannot be evaded. Let, then, your light shine brightly in your homes, my friends,—let your conversation there be according to godliness,—let the sacrifice of prayer and praise ascend from the domestic altar,—and God's blessing will be upon you, the parental relation will be a peaceful and happy one;—yes, and your children, and those given to your charge, will rise up and call you blessed.

I refer now, very briefly, to your relation to society, and remark that personal religion should be seen in the good influence which you seek to exert over those with whom you are necessarily associated in life. This remark applies to all of you, who are in mature or middle life. If you have received Christianity as divine truth,—if you have made religion a personal concern, enthroning it in your own hearts,—you are bound by its very affectionate and benevolent spirit to let your light shine, not only in your homes, for the blessing of your families, but before men; you are bound to do

all in your power to extend the influence of truth and righteousness, and to bring your fellow-men under the influence of that religion which is the source of your own peace and joy. This is what our Saviour meant to enjoin in the striking passage containing the text.

I have said that your position in life is an important and responsible one. It is so. Your children and the young around you are looking to you for an example. The young men and the young women who are soon to enter life, to form its connections and assume its responsibilities, are looking to you,—and it depends very much upon you whether the community shall be morally healthy, virtuous, and religious, or whether the institutions and all the interests of religion shall decline, and vice, licentiousness, and irreligion generally prevail. You cannot, my friends, evade the responsibility of your position. Your influence will be felt, whether you will or not, either for good or evil; and it may be good beyond your fondest hopes,—it may be evil beyond your conceptions. Which shall it be, ye husbands and wives,—ye fathers and mothers,—ye who are in the vigor of manhood or womanhood,—ye to whom the rising and risen generation are looking as lights and guides? I pray that you may not hesitate in answering this question. I say again, let your light—the light of pure, virtuous, religious characters—shine clearly before those whose eyes are upon you. Throw all your influence—the influence of your conversation and lives—upon the side of religion. Say to all who may hear you, I believe in Christ, and am willing to confess it, and mean, God helping me, to live out my faith. Take this stand, and maintain and defend it, and you will be enriched yourselves, and others beholding you shall be won to the obedience of the faith;—your example will have the effect of leaven, to leaven the whole mass. To this duty I most earnestly urge you,—for the apparently declining regard for religion and Christian ordinances demands of the friends of religion, demands of you, that

you put forth all your energies to revive an interest in religion, to save the rising generation from irreligion and infidelity, to reform and elevate the community around you, to bring wanderers within the influence of Christian instrumentalities, and to sustain and strengthen all good institutions. I am happy in believing that you have a high regard for your moral characters and your personal respectability,—that you intend that your example shall be morally good. This is well. God aid and bless you in your purposes and efforts. But add to all this the life-giving, the sanctifying sentiment or principle, In the name of Christ. Let this principle be the foundation of all your actions, and then a healthy, saving virtue will go out from you. Those who touch the hem of your garments will feel its divine efficacy.

I have spoken familiarly of the relations you sustain, and of the influence you should seek to exert in those relations. I only ask you, in closing, to receive what I have said kindly and candidly, and, if true and important, as I believe it to be, to endeavor to profit by it.

The relations you sustain will one day be dissolved. Husbands and wives, parents and children, the firmest friends, will be separated. As you approach, separately and alone, the boundary which separates the material and spiritual world, what unspeakable peace and joy will you then experience, if you can look back and say, "I have been faithful in the relations I have sustained,— I have reflected the light of divine truth and love,— I have lived for God, for Christ, for man, for heaven,— I have finished the work given me to do in the sphere appointed me!" And when the veil shall be raised, and your eyes shall open to behold the glories of the upper world, and you shall stand before the throne of God and the Lamb, with those whom you here loved surrounding you, supreme will be your felicity, if you can then look up, and say, with confidence in the Divine acceptance, "Here, Lord, am I, and all those whom thou gavest me." May this, my friends, be your exceeding joy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF REV. DR.  
GILMAN.

A SERMON BY CHARLES J. BOWEN.\*

JOHN xiv. 25, 26:—"These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

WHEN one whom we love dies, how precious and sacred are the last uttered words and wishes! How do we love to recall and cherish every thought and expression! With what new and strange interest and value is the simplest utterance invested, when they are gone and can no longer speak to us! If they had recovered from sickness, and were with us still, we should perhaps attach little or no importance to those recollections which are now our most cherished possessions.

It is so, because the familiarity of our earthly intercourse ceases with death. The dead no longer speak to us with audible voice. They no longer assure us, in the old language and tone, of their continued love. Their silence remains unbroken, though we plead ever so earnestly for one more word. Having passed through the mysterious shadow of the dark valley, our earthly relation is relinquished. They shall no more come and speak to us, but we shall go to them.

It was so with the friends of Jesus. They fondly recalled his words and deeds when he was lifted up from their sight. They loved to revive in memory the various experiences through which they had passed together. They cherished his parting counsels, and remembered his prayers, and were comforted by the recollection of his last loving ministrations. The Holy Ghost taught them all things, and brought all things to their remembrance, whatsoever he had said unto them.

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\* Preached in the Unitarian Church at Charleston, S. C. on Sunday, February 21st, 1858.

It is so with you, my friends, at this time. Now that your beloved shepherd has been taken from his flock, so suddenly and unexpectedly, and translated to that land whence no traveller ever returns; now that you have looked for the last time upon that face, beautiful in death, as the lifeless body rested in this sanctuary, guarded through the day and night by willing and loving sentinels; now that you have seen his flower-crowned body descend into the grave, and all that was visible and earthly has been buried from your sight,—you long to know more particularly from us who were permitted to be with him, how it was with him in his absence from home,—what he did,—what he said,—how he died. Coming to you directly from his death-bed, it is my sad privilege to answer these yearnings of your hearts, to relate to you some of the incidents of his journey, and to tell you of the last events of his life. And as I address myself this morning especially to his own cherished people, I shall let him, as far as I can, speak to you in his own words.

It was the appropriate and pleasant custom of your pastor, when he went from home to preach in other pulpits for successive Sabbaths, always to introduce himself to the congregation by some pertinent remarks, and thus, though a stranger, he obtained at once the sympathy and attention of his hearers. I heard him last spring address a congregation of Methodists in Connecticut, who had kindly offered their pulpit to us for the Sabbath; and so genial, charitable, and Christian was the strain of his remarks, that I could see in their faces the willingness of the people to hear him, though they had been taught to think most hardly and unjustly of our faith. Perceiving, at a glance, the singleness and purity of his heart, and the sincerity of his purpose, they listened eagerly to his inculcation of Christian truth.

In accordance with this custom he addressed the congregation in Baltimore, upon the first Sunday morning, in the following remarks.

"Brethren of this Church and Congregation:—By an arrangement with your respected pastor, it falls to my welcome lot to enter upon the supply of this pulpit for a few successive Sabbaths, as I am happy to say that he has reciprocally undertaken the supply of mine. I have long been desirous of this particular exchange of pulpit labors, especially as I have been in habits of intimate friendship with all the pastors of this Church from its foundation, and there being much in the circumstances of our two congregations to induce the cultivation of a mutual Christian harmony. I am further happy in professing on this occasion full theological sympathy with your present and former pastors. Those views of Christianity which I imbibed from the Kirklands, the Channings, and the Wares of my earlier life, only inspire me with increasing confidence and reverence as I advance in years. The supernatural element in the character of Christ and his religion, mingling with, elevating, and strengthening that human reason to which it is addressed, seems to me to meet all the wants and capacities, the aspirations and the destiny, of man. It is such a system that I wish to live and to die by, and it is such a system that will constitute the foundation of the instructions which I shall humbly and faithfully endeavor to offer you from this spot. I feel sure in advance of your kind and candid attention. I pray God that even this little fragment of continuous duty may result in the mutual spiritual benefit of us both. It is said that some variety introduced into the monotony of our spiritual life may prove equally wholesome with changes in our physical condition. Could I but aid to stimulate and establish you in your Christian faith, to comfort you under the inevitable trials and anxieties of life, to animate you in submitting to the demands of lofty duty, and to encourage you in your ascending path to heaven, as I am confident your pastor is well doing in my distant sphere, my winter's journey will be amply repaid, and the utmost wishes of my heart fulfilled."

Although his sojourn in Baltimore was brief, he won and impressed many hearts, and was in turn the recipient of a generous and friendly hospitality.

But even on his journeyings and during his seasons of recreation he always devoted a portion of each day to some profitable employment, and to the fulfilment of some required duty ; and I have known him, in past years, to be most laboriously and deeply engaged in literary and theological pursuits during his brief visits in our New England homes, where he came to seek rest and enjoy repose from toil.

It was in Baltimore that he commenced, but did not complete, his last literary work. The Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany, who as you know is preparing a voluminous work entitled *Annals of the American Pulpit*, or lives of deceased clergymen, had applied to the widow of the late Rev. Dr. Jasper Adams, a former Episcopal minister and President of Charleston College, for information relating to her husband's life. "It is part of my plan," he writes, "to append to the narrative of the life a letter of personal recollections from some prominent individual, illustrative of the character. I am aware that Dr. Gilman was intimately acquainted with your husband, and had a very high appreciation of his character ; but I am already so much indebted to him for various contributions to my work, that I really have not the courage to ask him to do anything more for me." Nevertheless, Mrs. Adams makes the request, and urges him to comply, as being in her opinion the most suitable person to commemorate her husband. Dr. Gilman willingly accedes to her request, and the unfinished manuscript which he had commenced during his visit in Baltimore lies before me, and I make a brief extract in this place, as they were the very last words he wrote himself, and as it furnishes a glimpse of his early life in Charleston.

Desiring to make some further advances in the study of German literature, and finding Dr. Adams in the same predicament, they formed a plan of pursuing the task together.

"We resolved to read in company some eminent German writer, and to devote to the object one hour of every day, which was as large a portion of time as either of us could spare from our other duties. In consideration of his multiplied avocations through the day, and his liabilities to interruption at night, we were compelled to fix upon the hour between five and six o'clock in the morning. Accordingly, as he lived in my neighborhood, I visited his house every morning at that hour, summer and winter, for about two years. I always found him at his post, awaiting my arrival, with his fire glowing and his candle burning in the short and gloomy winter mornings. The author whom we selected for joint perusal was Eichhorn, who was at that time in the height of his reputation as a writer on Biblical criticism and general literary history, and whose works, occupying some thirty or forty octavo volumes, I had recently imported. With all the ardor of youthful scholarship, we anticipated the accurate perusal of the entire series, to be followed by new and boundless fields of achievement in the same career. But long periods of indisposition or of absence from Charleston, on the part of the one or the other, and then of enforced removal of residences, dissipated these fond dreams, and we conquered but comparatively a few volumes of the learned Eichhorn."

Is not that a pleasant picture of intimate friendship devoted to mutual improvement? While others slept, those young men were toiling, side by side, up the heights of learning, to gain wisdom for their chosen spheres.

Leaving Baltimore Tuesday morning, the twenty-sixth of January, your pastor with his wife reached our home on Friday evening, apparently well and strong, having previously visited his two sisters and their families in Boston and Salem. "We have come," he said, "this time, not for health, but for recreation and enjoyment." Having selected his sermons to preach in Plymouth the next day, he retired on Saturday night, leaving us with a smile and a blessing. In

two hours we were summoned to his bedside, where we found him apparently in a dying state.

“ The voice at midnight came ;  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;  
He fell, but felt no fear.”

The symptoms of death were upon him. He said himself repeatedly, “ I am going, I am going quickly.” He felt that the dim spark of life was expiring, and we had little hope,—no expectation of his recovery. But the untiring devotion and skill of his physician, and the ceaseless attentions of kindred and friends for eighteen hours, with the aid and blessing of the Great Restorer, dispelled the chills of death and brought back the warmth of life, and he revived again. We looked upon him as upon one rescued from the embrace of death, and when we spoke to him of the suddenness and violence of his illness he replied composedly, “ Shall we receive good from the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil ?”

The recollections of those succeeding days, which were to us days of convalescence, are now most precious and profitable. There is more to be remembered than can be repeated. We rejoiced, day by day, in his increasing strength, but he strangely admonished us not to be too sanguine or too hopeful. Until the day before his death he expressed many doubts about his recovery. “ I am setting my house in order,” said he to his wife. But on that day, feeling better and perceiving so many indications of renewed strength, he said cheerfully, “ I believe that I *am* improving, and that I shall mend again. The old bough has indeed been propped up, which was almost dead and useless.” He requested to have our family devotions in his chamber, and on Tuesday morning, the 9th of February, only a few hours before he expired, he joined in a clear voice, sustaining well his part, in singing the last verse of a hymn.

“ Yes, I believe ; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief ;  
Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow,  
Help Thou my unbelief ! ”

Later in the morning, when he had received some little attention from his daughter, he broke forth in these words :

“ How rich the blessings, O my God !  
Which teach this grateful heart to glow !  
How kindly poured and free bestowed  
The rivers of thy mercy flow ! ”

But his last thoughts were of you, the people of his love ; and, as if he knew of the nearness of his death, his last words addressed to the chairman of this Church were most touching and appropriate, — a fitting legacy to a bereaved people.

“ Tell them,” said he, in dictating a letter an hour before his breath ceased, “ that I have no other wish but the good of the Church, whether in sickness or health, in life or death.”

When the hand of death touched him, he said, “ I feel faint,” and in a moment his countenance changed. He continued to breathe a little while, and then, without a struggle, passed away.

I rejoice in being able to assure you, that during that last week of his life every wish was gratified. The watchfulness of physicians was untiring, the kindness of friends and neighbors was devoted and tender. When a beautiful offering of flowers, so rare at this season in our cold region, was sent to him, he crossed his hands upon his breast and bowed his head reverently, and said, “ They never looked so beautiful to me.” He loved to have the little children in his room, and begged that they might be permitted to remain with him. “ For,” said he, “ they are life, — they are heaven.”

Thus do the things that he spoke to us, being yet present with us, remain in our memory as most precious possessions. And now that he has gone from you for ever, it will be a

source of gratification and profit to you to bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever words of counsel and of consolation, of wisdom and of admonition, he has spoken to you in the years that are gone. Thus may he continue to dwell among you and be your teacher.

“ God calls our loved ones ;  
But we lose not wholly what he hath given ;  
They live on earth, *in thought and deed*, as truly  
As in his heaven.”

Before concluding these remarks, let me remind you of the shining virtue of his life, which I cannot refrain from emphasizing here, and to which you will all bear witness. I mean *his conscientious and untiring performance of duty*. I have never known the man whose whole life was so habitually and thoroughly consecrated to the fulfilment of every duty, great and small, public and private. He came to you in his early years, with the solemn vow upon his heart that he would here *do* his Master's work; and when he left this earthly sphere, he might have said in all sincerity and humility, “ I have *finished* the work which thou gavest me to do.”

In the year 1819, when he left this city, after a severe attack of yellow-fever, to go to be married in his native land, he wrote the following verses, which embody the aspirations and aims of his life:—

- “ Farewell awhile, thou hospitable spot !  
Farewell, my own adopted dwelling-place !  
Scene of my future consecrated lot,  
And destined circuit of my earthly race.
- “ Farewell, ye friends, who hung so long and true  
With sleepless care around my fevered bed,  
And ye from whom a stranger's title drew  
Profuse attentions, delicately shed.
- “ Yet why a stranger ? Since no other home  
Remains for me ; e'en now, depressed, I fly  
For the last time through youthful haunts to roam,  
And snatch the breezes of my native sky.

“ Yes, dear New England ! help me from thy breast  
To wean these childish yearnings ere we part ;  
Help me these cords to snap, these ties to wrest,  
So wound, and stamped, and woven in my heart.

“ A few more bounds along thy rocky shore,  
A few more pensive walks among thy streams,  
A few more greetings from dear friends of yore,  
A few more dreams, and then—no more of dreams.

“ Come, *sacred, solid duty!* at thy call  
My cheerful will submissively shall flow,  
So Thou, great Source of strength and light to all,  
Lead me the awful way my feet must go.

“ Teach me to bear the Christian herald’s part,  
To set the slaves of sin and error free,  
To guide each doubting, soothe each aching heart,  
And draw a listening, willing flock to Thee !”

How faithfully he has heard and obeyed the various and incessant calls of duty, you know full well. His labors in the pulpit have been continuous, and for years he has stood a faithful watchman at this isolated post, with no one to aid or to relieve him. The more than eighteen hundred manuscript sermons upon his shelves; the occasional hymns in our books of devotion; the orations, addresses, odes, and poems that he has composed and delivered through the past forty years,—are the witnesses of his industry and fidelity. Through the exhausting heats of summer he has maintained and performed the two services on Sunday, though you have frequently urged him to spare himself, and it has happened not a few times, as his diary reveals, that after a week’s prostration and sickness he has come from his couch to the pulpit.

But he did not minister to you alone from the pulpit and on the Sabbath. He has been a frequent and a faithful visitor at your homes, and was always a tender, watchful Shepherd of this flock. He was not only your preacher, but your

pastor and personal friend. He rejoiced with you in your joys. He wept with you in your trials. He prayed with you in your afflictions. "God be with you!" was not a formal and frigid benediction with him, but you *felt* that that frequent utterance was a *true prayer* from his heart.

He loved to pray because he felt his daily dependence upon God. He loved to pray because his Master was a man of prayer. He never allowed circumstances to interrupt his daily devotions, and on this last journey, in the hurry and confusion of travel, he always found time enough every morning to kneel down in his chamber at his wife's feet, and repeat the Lord's prayer. He never omitted it. He was indeed through life a Christian in the closet as well as in the world.

Shall such a life soon be forgotten by you? Shall not the immortal past remain with you? Shall not his teachings and his example bring forth fruits in your lives?

You have already planted flowers upon his grave, and you will erect a fitting monument over his sleeping dust. But, O my friends! let the Christian graces which he recommended and illustrated grow and blossom in your characters. Let there be *living monuments* of truth and goodness and justice and love in this Church and in your homes. Let the simple, unadulterated Gospel which he preached prevail here. Remember the words which he spoke being yet present with you. And if any of you failed or refused to hear those words of life,—if any delayed too late and too long to be led to Jesus by him when he was with you,—delay no longer, but let him lead you and lift you up and draw you after him even to the feet of Jesus now, that you may, in the great reckoning and judgment, be numbered with him, among the jewels in the crown of the Lord, where he will shine among the purest and the brightest for ever and for ever.

## “TIMES OF REFRESHING.”

TIMES of refreshment from the presence of the Lord have their place in the Christian dispensation. They were inaugurated on that day of Pentecost, when about three thousand souls made confession to their faith in Christ the Saviour, and were baptized in his name; and they have been identified with the history of the Church from that period to the present, sometimes in a more marked manner and sometimes in a less. They are seasons, whenever they occur, when the Divine Presence seems to be more especially felt, and to be acting in new and unexpected ways, when the souls of men seem to be especially moved, and their spiritual interests and well-being become objects of deep concern, and when the Church of Christ is invigorated and replenished.

The Christian religion had its origin in a special descent of the Holy Spirit. Christ the Saviour was set apart and consecrated to his heavenly ministry by another descent of the Holy Spirit. The Apostles' first preaching was characterized by a most remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit. So it is that the Christian Church and the Christian religion have ever been under the guidance of, and been attended by, the Holy Spirit. Times of refreshment from the presence of the Lord, which have so signalized the history of the Church all along the centuries, since it was first founded, have been so many manifestations of the Holy Spirit. In view of the doctrine of the omnipresence of God, and of the divine mediatorship of Jesus Christ, and of a kingdom of heaven to be set up here on earth, and in human hearts, such times are to be expected. They are a part of that divine economy with which God is now governing the Christian nations of the earth, and accord with its genius and its purposes.

There is at the present time a very remarkable and ex-

tensive religious awakening in various parts of our land. Such an occurrence deserves to be seriously considered. What does this awakening import? Whence comes it? How should it be regarded? What should be our feelings with reference to it, and our attitude towards it?

There is undoubtedly a very intimate connection between the present religious interest and the great financial crisis through which the country has passed, which has so taken away the hopes and undermined the reliance of the people, and which has so signally shown how uncertain all earthly possessions are. There are susceptibilities and instincts of the human heart which only spiritual realities can reach and satisfy. In the lull which the prostration of business has given to the other powers of the mind, these seek their true objects. It is natural that they should; it is most proper that they should. And how sublime is the spectacle of this moving of the people, this so widely extended, this so earnest and so deep “seeking after God,” which is now prevailing in our land!

With regard to the movement itself, the manner in which it has taken place is deserving of consideration. In past years, and in different localities, such movements have been consequent upon a good deal of special preparation. Particular measures have been adopted, particular exercises have been instituted, particular descriptions of meetings have been ordained, for the special purpose of originating and conducting them. And, as a general thing, they have not been in vain. The results aimed at by them have, in a greater or less degree, been realized. I have no criticisms to make upon these extra means which different branches of the Church have from time to time resorted to, and upon which they have seemed in no inconsiderable measure to depend, to increase their number of confessors, and to strengthen themselves and build themselves up. Unquestionably, they all partook of the imperfections of humanity, and were not always wisely organized or wisely conducted. It

is not for me or anybody else to denounce them, or to say that they resulted in more evil than good. I do not think that I or anybody else have any right to say that.

But it has not been in this wise with the present movement. It has come up more spontaneously, and has been characterized by greater simplicity. In the city of New York, where it began, some eight or ten individuals in the early part of the season instituted a prayer-meeting in one of the most thronged of its business streets, at a convenient morning hour for the attendance of any who might be disposed to come to it. At first it did not attract much attention. But as the season advanced the number who dropped into this place of prayer for the brief hour during which it was held began to increase, and at length the room was not large enough to contain all who came. And now the interest has extended to all parts of the city, and many of the churches are opened daily for the gathering to prayer of the thousands who throng them. So remarkable is the interest there, so extensive, the principal secular papers have reporters in each place of worship, and publish an account of what is said and done in their widely circulated columns, to be read by thousands and tens of thousands in all parts of the land. And withal, there does not appear to be any very great excitement, or very much that could properly be pronounced extravagant or undignified, or inconsistent with Christian simplicity and sincerity. It seems rather to be a movement in the very hearts of the people, a reaching out of the spirit of men after the spirit of God.

But this movement is not confined to the city of New York, although there it is most marked, both as it respects its extent and the depth of interest which has been awakened. It is in our own metropolis also, and in most of the considerable towns and cities along the great railroad lines, and in regions near and remote. Why should it not extend? Who will undertake to say that there is not need of a true revival of religion — and this seems to partake of that character — in all our towns and in all our churches?

When Ananias of Damascus was sent to Saul of Tarsus, immediately upon the latter's miraculous conversion, the message which sent him concluded in this language, “For behold he prayeth.” “Behold he prayeth!” As it was said of that distinguished convert to the Christian faith, so may it be said generally of those at the present time who are the subjects of the prevailing religious awakening. “Behold, they pray!” Wherever there is any special religious interest, prayer-meetings are the form in which it for the most part is manifested. Prayer is a need of the soul, and it is a felt want of the soul wherever there is a just apprehension of human weakness and sinfulness;—prayer, for that brings one into intimate communion with the Infinite Father, and opens the heart and is a preparation of the heart for the indwelling and inworking of the Holy Spirit. Prayer was the Saviour's resource and strength in his trials and conflicts and labors in the flesh. It is a means which God has ordained for the renewal and the strengthening of the religious life in man.

Another fact deserving of consideration in the prevailing religious movement is the class of persons interested in it. The young and impressionable are among them of course,—as they should be. Religion is no less a need to them than it is their glory and their adornment. There is something beautiful, as there is something very proper, in young persons, while yet their hearts are hopeful and buoyant,—while yet they have only heard about, but have had no experience of, the stern and trying realities of maturer years,—consecrating themselves to religious life, and seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The fact itself is the promise of future usefulness in the Church and in the world. Woman is amongst them, as she is expected to be. Faithful to the Saviour when his chosen disciples left him, and first to proclaim the glad tidings of his resurrection, in all ages she has been most devout and most constant in the profession of his religion and in confession to his name. But for her stead-

fastness and consecrated interest, how would the Church languish, and how poor would the Church be in works and zeal! But the class of people to which I especially refer now is the substantial and reliable business-men of the cities and towns in which any special religious interest exists. To a large extent such men are engaged in it. They stand up to pray and to be prayed for. They make confession to past indifference and neglect as it respects their religious duties and obligations. They avow their intention of living different lives for the future from what they have lived in the past. They declare, in very direct and simple language, that they are changed men, changed in their feelings, in their hopes, in their desires, in their views of life and its ends and aims. These business men have their prayer-meetings, too, at such hours as they can attend them; and they do attend them, and conduct them, and they bear witness to the advantage they derive from them. This is a new feature in the present movement, and one which promises to be productive of immense good. Why should it not be so? Why should not our business men have their daily prayer-meetings, where they shall meet each other, not to discuss the state of the market, or the rise and fall of stocks, or the prospects of a revival of any branch of trade, or talk together upon any of the topics which are usually considered on 'Change; but to make a common confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to express their common need of a Saviour, to declare a common purpose and determination to consecrate themselves and their means and their influence, in their several spheres and walks of life, henceforth, to the service of God, and to the coming of his kingdom here on earth, to pray with each other and for each other, and to open their hearts together to the coming and influences of the Holy Spirit? Why should not our business men, in all our cities and towns and villages, have their daily prayer-meetings? Do they not need them? Have they not interests at stake in this matter of religion, in this

matter of discipleship to the Lord Jesus Christ, as great as any other class of men? Have they not the very same interests at stake, — those involved in a truly consecrated life, those involved in living soberly, godly, and righteously in this present world? Yes, religion is a need of business men, as it is of all other men: a need which they oftener feel than they are aware of, and which they come more and more to feel as their years increase and they withdraw from active pursuits, if they only in all instances knew it. And as much as religion is a need of business men, is it their honor and their glory when it adorns their characters, and is the ruling law of their daily lives, and is an acknowledged guide and teacher in all their transactions. And business men are needed in the Church to aid in carrying on its affairs, in conducting and directing all its great enterprises, in teaching the young and gathering them into its fold. It is a great influence which business men exert, either for religion or against religion, and great is their responsibility.

Another characteristic of the present religious awakening is the very general absence of sectarianism from it. Doubtless there are sectarian feelings indulged, and sectarian hopes entertained, and sectarian results calculated upon, by some of those who are most actively engaged in it. Doubtless, too, sectarian jealousies and prejudices may be aroused in some minds by it. How this may be I am unable to say, and it is a very little matter. It has been conducted thus far in a very liberal spirit, and has been such a movement as all who truly love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who have the interests of his religion and his Church at heart, could unite in and devoutly pray for the success of; — this in the main, at least, so far as anything like an unchristian sectarianism has been concerned, or controverted points in religion or theology have been discussed or alluded to. It is true expressions are used and terms are employed which have a technical signification, and which belong to particular schools of theology, — expressions and terms which are not found

in the Bible, and ought not to be allowed in Christian literature. This was to have been expected, and in reality signifies but very little. The movement is largely an unsectarian one, and as largely a Christian one. It has been more strictly and more purely a religious one, more strictly and purely evangelical, in the true sense of the word, especially in the large cities, than any one of the kind with whose history I am acquainted. The great burden of exhortation and of prayer in the thronged assemblies has been repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no sectarianism in these great themes of the Gospel, stated and enforced in the language of the Gospel. They are, or they should be, familiar themes in all preaching claiming to be Christian. It seems to have been, to a large extent, the purpose of those who have conducted the religious meetings and taken part in their exercises, to speak as men to men, from the heart to the heart, in penitence, in hope, or in gratitude to those of like experience,—to awaken conviction, to point to the Saviour, to cheer, to encourage, to lead to prayer. There is no sectarianism in all this, although the language used may not always be such as a fastidious, or even a refined, taste would adopt.

Now I do not doubt that in this great movement, this great religious awakening, many things will be said and done which in themselves may be reasonably objected to,—many things to offend a true religious sensibility. I do not doubt that numbers of those who have been reckoned and counted upon—in the language of the movement itself—as hopeful converts, and who afford good evidence of sincerity, will, after a time, fall away and become backsliders,—perhaps into the ranks of infidelity,—and will say that their faith and hopes were all a miserable delusion; that they were imposed upon, deceived. I do not doubt that there will be excesses of fanaticism, bigotry, uncharitableness, and superstitious terrors,—indeed, of all the weakness and infirmities of human nature. I do not doubt that there will

be some results from it which shall be of questionable good, to say the least, and others which shall prove to be positive evils. They are to be expected. They are human beings to whom this movement has been committed,—weak, fallible, erring men. It would be a miracle, almost, if they should make no mistakes. But after all the abatements that can be made, I am fully of the opinion that it will result in immense good ; that it will prove the means of setting the faces of many, perhaps thousands, Zionward, which otherwise would have continued on in the opposite direction ; that it will be the means of rescuing some from habits and courses of vice, which were fast consigning them to perdition ; that it will gather into the Church of Christ thousands who shall adorn their Christian profession, and, by the Christian use of their ability and their substance and influence, become benefactors to their kind ; that it will be the means of making worthy, industrious, well-ordered, and well-disposed citizens of thousands who otherwise would have been men of very questionable moral characters. Have not such or similar results come of all past movements of the kind ? Can we not all point now, or do we not remember now one and another individual,—perhaps a dozen or more, perhaps a score or more,—in whom great and most salutary changes have taken place in such religious awakenings, and who ever after were altogether different men from what they had been before,—men of worth in the community, which before they had not been,—men of standing and respectability, which before they had not been ? Have not such occasions proved the temporal as well as eternal salvation of many young men, whenever and wherever they have occurred ? I know they have, and I could give names and dates were it necessary.

From some unaccountable reason, those calling themselves Liberal Christians have hitherto been opposed to revivals of religion, and have said some rather hard things about them. I do not think this has been wise, or Christian, or politic.

We as a denomination and as a people have as much need of being religious as any other denomination or people. We have souls to save as well as others, and which must be saved in the same way that theirs are, and by the same divine grace, if they are saved at all. We are under the same obligation to be the consecrated disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ that they are. We are under the same necessity of being born again, of being regenerated, that they are.

But it is said by one and another among us : " This fitful religion, this periodical religion, this religion depending on excitement and extra measures,— I do not know about that; I have my doubts, I have my apprehensions ; I am afraid it will not wear well, I am afraid it will not last long. I have seen more or less of it which has done more injury than good. Religion should be a continual witnessing of the soul to God,— a daily answering of the spirit of man to the divine spirit,— a vestal fire on the altar of the heart which knows no declining, no going out. This is what I want to see." Very well. This is just what I should like to see too, but it is just what I do not see, to any great extent. I see some such Christians in the Church, it is true, at least some whose religion seems to be of this character ; but I see a greater number all around me who do not profess or claim to be religious at all, who do not profess or claim to have begun yet to be religious. They need, I think, to be the subjects of a revival of religion. They need to be brought into the Christian Church, and to become active and devoted members there. How shall they be brought there ? I think a revival of religion—such a revival as is at the present time prevailing — would be a blessed thing for them, to place them in the kingdom of heaven and to set them on the way in which henceforth they should walk.

Of course, I should much prefer that the state of the Church were such, and the state of society generally were such, that there were no need or occasion for a revival of religion. I should much prefer that children should be regard-

ed as born into the Church, to be brought up in the Church, and under its nurture,—to grow up into manhood and womanhood as members of the Church, living and acting and filling their appointed sphere of labor and duty in the world as members of the Church. This, I say, is what I should much prefer. But this is what nowhere among us is. What shall be done? The greater part of the community are outside of the Church, where they ought not to be,—are not pledged disciples of Christ, which they ought to be. What shall be done? Here is just where revivals of religion have their place in the economy of the kingdom of heaven, for the sake of the souls of those who should be gathered into the fold of the Christian Church,—really so. All those outside of the Church need to become the subjects of some apparently unusual working of the Holy Spirit, that their spiritual natures may be acted upon in some extraordinary way, and that they may be made to feel their lost condition, and their need of repentance, and their need of a Saviour, as no ordinary means of grace can make them feel it, or hitherto have made them feel it.

“But a revival of religion, as the term is used,” it is said, again, “is something temporary. It does not at best last long, and is often succeeded by a season of apathy.” Very well. It is expected that it should be temporary. It is a religious awakening; and this is not what is needed all the time, but only as the state of the Church is at intervals. The object of awakening out of natural sleep is to be awake. So the object of being religiously awakened is to be religious. One does not wish to be doing the one any more than the other all the time. After any one has begun to be religious, after he has been religiously awakened, he must go on and perfect himself in the religious character, in the religious graces and virtues,—a work requiring composure, serenity, and self-communion. It cannot be always spring-time,—a time for breaking up the fallow-ground, a time for ploughing and harrowing the hardened soil, a time for casting in

seed, — in the spiritual culture, any more than in the natural culture. Both need rest for inward growth, and opportunity for keeping down noxious weeds, and the blossoming of flowers, and the maturing of fruits.

But there is not time to discuss all the considerations that present themselves with regard to this subject. Certainly we need a revival of religion, a religious awakening, if ever any people did. We all have souls to be saved, and souls that may be lost, and are in danger of being lost. It is a matter of infinite concern that each one be a consecrated disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. If it only were so, what a people might we be !

R. P.

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### THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

ALL-MERCIFUL ! from thy pure heights above,  
I know it were a sin to be forgiven,  
If my starved heart, too hungry for *his* love,  
Hath blindly craved that precious boon from heaven.  
Thy wisdom, scanning all the eternal years,  
Withheld the cup of bliss I could not bear.  
They “reap in joy” at last, who “sow in tears,” —  
I bless Thee now for that unanswered prayer.  
Dear eyes ! if all their splendor were mine own,  
Sun-gazing, would not *mine* grow blind and dim?  
How could I look upon the “great white throne,”  
With eyelids ever drooping down to him,  
Or catch the hymning from immortal spheres,  
With his “I love you” in my ravished ears ?

S. B. W.

## ACHERON.

I LEANED in thought by Crawford's grave,

To see the gloomy shore,

And mark the hungry roar

And rush of Time's o'erwhelming wave.

And, front the awful gulf, my soul

Found voice to question Fate : —

“ If this, our mortal state,

Is fame's sad crown and being's goal ?

“ If Art's supremest grace survives

The mind with glory fired ?

If form, howe'er inspired,

Can vie with our diviner lives ?

“ If ‘Hebe’s’ downcast eyes may tell

Their sweet tale evermore,

And ‘Orpheus’ dare explore

The realms of Death by music’s spell,

“ While he who wrought their passion fails

To keep the star-strewn course,

Far-flashing to the source

Where Beauty all her soul unveils ? ”

Then Faith arose, the rapture-eyed,

In all her queenly might,

To old prophetic height,

And to the yearning soul replied : —

“ Not by the dark flood’s dreary flow

Does Hope fold down her wings.

There, where the Seraph sings,

He soars with Art or Angelo.

“ A light that hath no earthly ray,

And those immortal streams

That flash along our dreams,

Around him in full splendor play.”

We grope along the palace walls,  
And sit in shadows lone,  
Nor heed the blissful tone  
That echoes through our Father's halls.

This sapphire cup o'erflows with wine,  
That whoso drinks may see  
Thy shore, Eternity,  
Upheaving o'er the waves of Time.

B. F. P.

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## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*Annals of the American Pulpit.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.—We have another instalment, in two rich and crowded octavo volumes, of the extensive historical work bearing the above title. It is a matter of just congratulation that the life and health of the laborious author and compiler have been spared by a gracious Providence for the continuation of his sacred enterprise. Whether as contributions to general history, as treasures of local tradition and memory, as pious repositories of personal affection, as illustrations of the honor and beauty and glory of Christ's Church, or as testimonies of the wonderful ways of God among men, these records of faithful, godly ministers have great value, and deserve great esteem. They take a high rank in the literature of the country. They exhibit the real growths and the vital powers of the nation from its beginning. They belong as much among the real "evidences of Christianity," as any direct argument or array of ancient proofs; for they reveal Christianity, in its actual embodiments and its practical conquests. They show that its divine energy is not a whit abated in these later days, but survives and acts with ever accumulating, everlasting strength. Here are the memorials, we might almost say the pictures, of two hundred and thirty-five of the eminent servants of the Most High, abundant in labors, called with the highest earthly vocation, winning souls to Christ,—many of them "poor, wise men," that delivered cities,—in their lifetime scat-

tered all over the land, and now all fallen asleep in Jesus to awake in a common resurrection, "shining as the stars for ever and ever," because they turned many to righteousness. Here are the materials of many sermons yet to be preached, the means of kindling and confirming much faith. It would seem as if the mere sight of these pages must move many young men to enter among this host of witnesses, and become partakers in the ministry of the same Gospel.

The list of writers who have contributed papers to these volumes is still longer, and represents a still wider range of interests, gifts, and employments. Here are the names of Professor Silliman, Professor Olmsted, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Chief Justice Taney, W. H. Seward, Albert Barnes, Tayler Lewis, D. D. Barnard, and Drs. Bethune, Nott, Park, Potts, Beecher, Storrs, Spring, Adams, Cox, Kirk, Day, Skinner, Withington, Beman, and scores of others hardly less distinguished among the living, with many of the illustrious dead. Besides all these, we have an almost incredible amount of accurate and eloquent writing from the accomplished conductor of the work. May he be enabled to carry out his large and generous design, even to the end, realizing his best wishes in its completion, and seeing it everywhere received as a worthy tribute to the Head of the Church!

These two volumes are entirely devoted to the Presbyterian denomination, as the former two were to the Congregationalists. In those that are to follow, the clergy of other names will find their place.

*Endeavors after the Christian Life.* By REV. JAMES MARTINEAU. James Munroe & Co.—It is not at all singular that such discourses as these should come to a new edition, and be constantly in demand. With an intellect as remarkable for its penetration as for its breadth, with a rich and varied scholarship, with the reverential sentiments large and active, Mr. Martineau is rightly regarded as one of the foremost living pulpit-orators. Many of his trains of thought are original; all of them are fresh and vigorously pursued. He casts his ideas into forms of expression so vivid and so eloquent as to arrest the attention and command the admiration of all that will follow him. His religious philosophy is elevated and generous. His ethics are the purest and noblest. He uniformly

rises above every meagre, narrow, selfish interpretation of human duty, contemplating man and society in their loftiest relations, and calling manners, institutions, and souls to be judged by the standard of absolute Right. Even those who dissent from his theological system, and regret the association of his name with rationalistic modes of thought, are able to find a quickening spiritual influence in many of his sermons. The two volumes previously published under the same title are here united in one, of convenient form and handsome appearance.

*The Annual of Scientific Discovery.* By DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Gould and Lincoln.— This publication has now become extensively known, not only among scientific men, but among practical machinists, inventors, and all who are concerned in the application of the principles of science to the arts of life. The materials are collected from a wide field of observation, and are arranged with care, according to their several departments. The editor contributes an account of the eleventh meeting of the American Association at Montreal. At a future day, this series of compact volumes will be diligently consulted by the historians who shall write of our times. A full knowledge of their contents would form quite an education in itself. Along with records of the most important discoveries and improvements in chemistry, astronomy, geology, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, geography, antiquities, mechanics, and natural philosophy, there is a list of recent scientific publications, and a classified list of patents, with obituaries of eminent scientific men.

*Remarkable Women of Different Nations and Ages.* John P. Jewett & Co.— The varied interests that attach to personal biography, to heroism, to romance, to religious enthusiasm, to empire, crime, tragedy, art, and war, are all combined in this entertaining volume. The work is not only complete in itself, but it is the beginning of a new enterprise which, in the hands of Mr. Jewett, will doubtless be highly successful,— namely, a Library of Biography, comprising contributions from English and American writers. Among the subjects here included is that of Beatrice Cenci, the treatment of which embraces all that is essential to the horrible story, and is to be put in honorable contrast with the disgusting narrative of Guerrazzi, lately given to the public through an American translation.

*Voices from the Silent Land.* By MRS. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. J. P. Jewett & Co.—Passages of prose and poetry, chiefly from the very best authors in our language, old and new, are here brought together in a book of consolation. Such collections are apt to be somewhat sentimental, and gain a welcome only because the moods of heavy sorrow are not critical. But the taste and judgment employed in the present instance will enable the book to bear almost any test that may be put upon it. Of about a hundred and fifty selections very few have not a high literary and spiritual character.

*Lectures on Christian Doctrine.* By REV. A. P. PEABODY, D.D. James Munroe & Co.—Perhaps there is no more favorable or just exposition of the form of belief known twenty years ago as Unitarianism than in these Lectures. That they exhibit the Unitarianism of our own day is more than can be said, partly because the name has become more indefinite with time. Nothing need be said of the ability or sincerity of the author. All that he does is done in a reverent spirit, with a strong mind, from excellent motives. His work has contributed much to remove prejudice and soften sectarian animosity. One can hardly be expected to speak of a book distinctively doctrinal without indicating whether he agrees with its conclusions. Yet it avails little to express mere assent or dissent, so long as reasons are not given. It is easy to say that our own statement of the Christian doctrines would be very different from these statements. It is equally true that it is an advantage to the Christian world to have a clear and competent declaration and defence of every prevalent form of theological opinion. This new edition includes a Lecture on the Authority of the Scriptures, not found in the editions hitherto published.

*Seven Stormy Sundays.* American Unitarian Association.—For each Sunday there is a special topic. Under this topic are arranged several congenial pieces from various authors, meditative, practical, devout. Sometimes there is a sermon printed; sometimes part of a sermon. The extracts are in prose and verse. The subjects are "The Rhododendrons," "The Sure Wall," "The Daily Bread," "Forgiveness," "The Children," "The Bible," "Pain." Some of the authors quoted are Tholuck, Bretschneider, Robertson, Coleridge, W. B. O. Peabody, Dr. Arnold, Keble, Schleiermacher, Alford, and

Milnes. The whole has a bright, attractive look, and, though it comes to hand too late for a very thorough examination, promises well.

*The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures.* J. P. Jewett & Co.—So much publicity has been given to the plan and the printing of these Lectures, that a very brief notice is all that is necessary here. Rev. S. H. Winkley, a Unitarian minister at large, obtained their delivery. The Methodist Episcopal, the Universalist, the Baptist, the Trinitarian Congregationalist, the Episcopal, and the Unitarian sects, and the Practical View of Religion, are all represented and defended by competent preachers. No one of them is quite competent, however, to speak for all his brethren. Probably those who agree in the main with each, would yet find some points of difference. The most thorough piece of work in the volume, as an historical and logical argument, appears to be that of Dr. Randall, who pleads for Episcopacy. The discourses are generally creditable to their several authors, and it is to be hoped that their collective presentation will promote extensively an earnest, unsectarian, evangelical Christianity.

*The Roby Family: or, Battling with the World.* Robert Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—This is an interesting and pleasing story, leaving a good moral impression, and inculcating religious truth.

*One Week at Amer, an American City of the Nineteenth Century.* James Munroe & Co.—The attempt at versification here made does not strike us favorably.

*Poems by Howard H. Caldwell.* Whittemore, Niles, and Hall.—Here, handsomely printed and bound, are just as many pleasant poetical pieces as there are hours in the day. Both the text and the notes discover classical culture and good reading. The versification is smooth; the style of expression is at once natural and scholarly; and the sentiment is uniformly pure.

*History of the Cross of Christ.* By REV. WILLIAM R. ALGER. American Unitarian Association.—An interesting sketch of the uses

and meanings of the Cross before it was hallowed by Christian associations, and also a beautiful and touching, but not always complete, analysis of the spiritual power and the symbolic history of the Cross

"On which the Prince of Glory died."

T.

*Doubts concerning the Battle of Bunker's Hill.* By CHARLES HUDSON. James Munroe & Co.—A pleasant application of the *reductio ad absurdum* to the common arguments of that "rational disbelief," which refuses to believe the Gospels because their records contain much that is contrary to the experience of the world, and because their writers sometimes differ in their ways of narrating events. Mr. Hudson applies these sceptical principles to the battle of Bunker's Hill, and succeeds, on these premises, in showing the improbability that such a battle ever took place. The object and method are similar to those of Whately's "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte."

T.

*The American Educational Year-Book.* 1858. Boston : James Robinson & Co.—An abstract of the educational statistics of the United States, especially of New England ; valuable to all teachers and school committees as a sort of literary and scientific directory.

T.

*The Jewish War of FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.* Traill's translation. Edited, with Notes, by ISAAC TAYLOR. John P. Jewett & Co.—The writings of Josephus have a fourfold interest ;—from the nature of his themes, for, as De Quincey says, we are compelled to rely upon him for the most affecting section of ancient history ; from his pure, vigorous, and graphic style, which won for him from St. Jerome the name of the Greek Livy ; from the incidental confirmation they bring to the historical accuracy of the New Testament, and the aid they afford for its interpretation ; and from his personal character as a man of the world with infinite tact and no principle. This edition embraces only a faithful and elegant translation of the *Jewish War*, "the most important, and the most entertaining, of the writings of Josephus." We recommend this edition as far superior to the common one of Whiston, of whom De Quincey says, but with his usual extravagance, "he was a poor Grecian, and, what is worse, he knew very little about English."

T.

*The Land of Promise.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Robert Carter and Brothers.—A Scriptural, but also a sentimental, pedantic account of “a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon.” Palestine will soon lose its associations of tenderness and beauty, if every traveller who has seen Jerusalem pours out his notes and moral reflections upon the Holy Land. It is to be hoped that the passengers in the Ericsson, who are so soon to spend ten days in Palestine, may have the grace to be silent about what they see and feel. T.

#### PAMPHLETS.

Two Pamphlets, by Rev. Edmund Kell, have been received from the press of Whitfield, London. The first is a Sermon which has deservedly passed through four editions, boldly rebuking the English policy in India, calling for the application of the principles of patriotism, justice, and Christianity to British affairs in the East, and fervently illustrating the position that there is “no greatness in persisting in wrong.” The other is a spirited defence of this Sermon against an anonymous reviewer.—A “Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Sermon,” preached in Uxbridge by Rev. Samuel Clark, sketches the incidents of his long ministry, sets forth clearly an outline of the religious views he has presented, and affectionately commends his flock and himself to the God of the shepherd and the sheep for the future.—The “Eighth Annual Report of the Association for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females,” and the “Fifty-fifth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention,” are both acknowledged.

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No. 5.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., EDITOR.

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JEW AND CHRISTIAN: LAW AND GOSPEL.

"Not having," says the Apostle, "thine own righteousness which is of the Law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." The "righteousness which is of the Law" means, of course, the righteousness which was the result of obeying the Law, which came by Moses, the keeping of the commandments of God, as delivered through Moses. The good Jew received the commandment of God and obeyed it, just as an obedient child hears the command of his father and obeys it, simply because it is his command. This is precisely the same principle on which we of to-day obey the dictates of conscience, or the inner sense of right. We receive these dictates as the command or law of God, and obey them accordingly. We do not commit a dishonest action, because our conscience forbids, and God's word echoes its voice, "Thou shalt not steal." We do a kind deed because conscience prompts it, and God's word tells us to "be kind one to another." In both cases, though in different forms, obedience to God's command is the motive of the actor; and this was precisely the motive of the right-

eousness of the olden Jew. When we keep God's law today, come whence it may, we are so far good Jews, neither more nor less; and this is Morality, the keeping of the laws of God in special acts as they occur; this is obedience to the Moral Law, written in God's word and on the conscience, and forms what is rightly termed the good moral character. The moral man is honorable, honest, and generally virtuous, because God commands him to be so; and this is a good thing; this, a high attainment; this, a thing greatly to be honored; this it is to be a good Jew; and a good Jew, IN HIS TIME, was the best thing under heaven; and even now, a good Jew is a good man; still a Jew he is, neither more nor less.

Now there is one special attribute concerned in this Judaic obedience to God's law, the attribute of Self; the Apostle calls it, "*Mine own* righteousness, which is of the Law." I hear and I obey. There is no one *else* concerned in my obedience. I do it all by myself; and when I have done it, it is my own. It is not the action of another in me, but it is the action of my own mind; it is independent virtue, won by myself, and worn as my own.

Now I would remark, first, that this is often very hard work. Let a man sincerely try, all by himself, to obey the commands of God as contained in his word, and he will find it a difficult task, so difficult that he will soon give it up in despair. Or, let him sincerely try to obey all the dictates of a sensitive conscience, by himself, and he will soon find this a burden not easy to be borne; for there is a formidable difficulty in the case, namely, a constant warfare between the *nature of the command and the principle that is to obey*; there is a rooted hostility between the master and the servant; and you know such a relation is by no means a pleasant one. God commands us to live and die for others, but Self prefers living and dying to itself. God commands us to love our enemies, but Self does no such thing; try as it will, it does not, it cannot, and yet God's command is right,

and must be obeyed. God commands us to live a life of self-denial, which, of course, to Self is a constant misery and martyrdom; and when a man comes into this estate, that his conscience is always telling him he ought to do what he often fails to do, and sometimes feels he cannot do, why, such a man cannot be a happy man. Nothing, in fact, is more wretched than the unceasing rebukes of a high-toned and sensitive conscience; yet such a condition is inevitable to the man who strives truly to keep the commands of God by himself; "having a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge," he is in constant warfare with that God whom he labors to serve. And this, all have seen, is just as much the condition of the man who strives to keep the Christian precepts by himself, as it is with the man who strives to obey the dictates of his conscience, or the ten commandments, by himself; nay, the condition of the first is tenfold worse than that of the other, inasmuch as the Christian precepts militate tenfold more against that very principle of Self by which he is striving to obey them. The man who, calling himself a Christian, and admiring the sublimity and loveliness of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, strives by his unaided efforts to embody that sermon in his own character, is tenfold more a Jew, tenfold more under the penalties and terrors of the Law, than if he stood hopelessly gazing on that flaming Sinai which he could not approach, or stopped his ears to that awful voice which he longed but could not bear to hear. For what Moses only condemned, *that* Christ crucified and slew, even that very Self which would strive to keep his law. A self-righteous Christian is a contradiction in terms, and a much more hopeless being than a self-righteous Jew.

Besides, the fact is, that no one has ever fully kept the commands of God, try as faithfully as he may, and therefore the attempt is a constant self-condemnation. Further, and lastly, no one can keep the commands of God by himself, for God is Love, and Self is of course his enemy; how

then can Satan cast out Satan? The whole system, therefore, of self-righteousness or morality, whether Judaic or conscientious, whether in the time of Moses or at this hour, is a falsity; there is no such thing, there can be, from its nature, no such thing. Even the olden Jew, with the law of God thundering in his ear, could not attain unto it; and there was therefore provided for him that offer of mercy to the penitent, which brought him on his knees; prostrated his self-righteousness in the dust; taught him, as it was intended to teach him, that by himself he could never keep this law; and showed him how much nearer to God came the cry of the publican than the boast of the moral Pharisee.

But is, then, holiness impossible to us? Does God mock us with his laws? God forbid! God's law is holy and just and true, meant to be kept, and we must keep it too. Righteousness is not only a good, but an indispensable thing, without which we shall never see heaven. The Unitarian is right in holding it up, in the midst of hypocrisy and sin, as the one thing needful; but, oh! the true question with him and with all of us is how to get it. By self? Never. By high will? Never. By conscience? Never. By principle? Never. In a word, by morality? Never. The voices of tens of thousands of once struggling, disappointed, heavy-laden, penitent souls, cry to us from their heaven. Not of self-righteousness? Never. How, then? How did they win that home of the righteous? Listen to their hossanna, "Worthy is the Lamb that is slain!" Through the faith of Christ, then, is this righteousness to be alone attained. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one who believeth." How believeth? Does a simple faith in the existence of Christ make a man righteous? Certainly not. This is not *believing in* Christ. To believe in Christ is, according to that fine old Saxon word, to "lieve," to live in him. It is one of the peculiar attributes of the spirit within us, that it can go in quest of higher and purer spirits than itself; that it can meet them, unite with them,

and live in them and they in it. Unrestricted by the physical limitations of our earthly friends, their affection needs no outward demonstration to make itself known to us; they need not the grasp of the hand, the glance of the eye, the affectionate embrace, to tell us that they love us; but they penetrate immediately to our souls, and thrill us inwardly with their grace. Our spirit also loses itself in theirs, and where this mutual reaction is persistent, we "abide" in them and they in us. Especially is it our unutterable privilege thus to commune with the King and Prince of holy spirits, the Father, and the Son. "Truly our fellowship," says John, "is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." "If a man love me," says the Saviour, "my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our abode with him." "I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Thus not only do these holy beings act upon us from without, to draw us after them by a distant imitation, but they still more powerfully inspire us from within, to evolve their own holiness in our willing and co-operative lives. This is the great doctrine of the Holy Ghost, the first to be received and enjoyed by the primal Church, the last to be accepted by us of these latter days, its rejection the cause of our weakness, its efflux upon the recipient future Church the prophecy of its revival and the seal of its victory. This precious influence, then, is offered to all believers, that is, to all those who seek it with earnest prayer and open soul. Nothing shuts it off from each one of us but unbelief, that fatal bar to God, which necessitates his final condemnation as the chief of sins. This indwelling of the spirit of Christ in that of the believer makes him one with Christ, a sharer of his attributes, a partaker of his divine nature. His Saviour's holiness becomes his own, not merely by imputation, but by actual possession. His Saviour's merits are not accepted instead of his own, but become his own by this spiritual alliance and this appropriation of faith. His Saviour is not accepted instead of him, but he is ac-

cepted in his Saviour. They are one. Especially does the Christ flood his open soul with his unfathomable love, and in those spiritual holidays which are sometimes vouchsafed to him, the floodgates of heaven are opened, and a joy pours in upon him, almost more than he can bear. "My joy shall remain in you, and your joy shall be full." It must be at once evident, therefore, that this spiritual oneness with Christ himself, this participation of his interior nature by faith, is as much more copious a source of righteousness than the morality we have described, as the fountain than the stream which flows from it. The motive of the very highest morality, we have seen, is the word or command of God; but faith brings God himself to our help, even the God that is in Christ. In morality, Self is the actor, struggling, impotent, vanquished Self; but faith brings all the powers of heaven to our rescue, links us to the Father and the Son, and marches to the battle with the prophetic pæan, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Indeed, when we shall really believe, when we shall rise up from our present prostration of doubt, and with upward eye and open hand grasp the Christ, I cannot tell to what heights he will not lead us. We need not appeal to the stimulus of imagination; the coldest reason will prophesy that, when human nature is thus linked with the divine, it will become great indeed. When this celestial marriage is achieved, then we may talk about "the dignity of human nature" without reproof; but alone, unmarried to the Lord, her dignity is Satan's choicest jest. When man once leans on Christ, then, and not till then, will he begin to walk; he will march through widening vistas of miraculous and ever-increasing glories, nor halt till that new earth dawns on him whose floor no mortal foot may tread,—those new heavens in which his Immortal Guide shall emerge on his vision; and no longer blindly feeling his hand by faith, he shall see him as he is, and be satisfied. O Faith! thou art holier than Morality.

What, then, you cannot do by yourself, you can do by your God. What you cannot do by yourself, Christ can do in you. What is and ever must be impossible to the man, is perfectly possible to the God in the man. No longer, therefore, fight the hopeless fight of self-righteousness, the fight against yourselves, the living death of a protracted spiritual suicide. Fight the good fight of the faith of Jesus, and lay hold on his eternal life. By this faith you acquire a oneness with Christ himself, with him who is the very soul and climax of all righteousness. You need not his command, you have him. You need not the Law, you have the Lawgiver. By this simple faith in Jesus you are united to that Spirit of Infinite Love, which is the fulfilling of the Law; that perennial and unconquerable Love, which, from the smile that lights up the home to the life we give up for the brethren, is constant goodness and most willing obedience; which keeps the Law, not by Self, but by casting it out; which is not only moral, but holy also. This is the righteousness which has been achieved by thousands, whose names are written nowhere but in the Lamb's book of life; this is the righteousness by which myriads yet unborn will crowd the heavenly gates. It is the righteousness of the faith of Christ, "the righteousness which is of God by faith."

E.

## QUESTION AND ANSWERS.

"WHAT wouldst thou have, O child,  
To hush these yearnings wild,—  
What grace to thee be lent,  
To make thy heart content ?

"Have not I loved thee well ?  
Of that thy past will tell ;  
I set no heavy task.  
What more, O child ? I ask.

“ I have been at thy side,  
 When danger did betide ;  
 My arm has held thee back  
 From sin’s dark, downward track.

“ Some souls I crush with loss,  
 Some shoulders with a cross,  
 Bright eyes make dim with tears,  
 Young hearts make sore for years :

“ Wilt thou have these, wild heart ?  
 Dost want the martyr’s part ?  
 Dost want the power to do,—  
 To speak brave words and true ?

“ Couldst keep thee calm and still,  
 Couldst bend unto my will,  
 The nearer live to me,  
 If such I gave to thee ?

“ Think, child, if thou couldst pray,  
 ‘ Thy will be done,’ each day,  
 When earth held all the pain,  
 The distant heaven the gain.”

“ My Master ! now I dare  
 To say, all these I ’ll bear ;  
 Such orders have thy seal ;  
 They but thy love reveal.

“ For they who work with thee  
 More of thy smile do see ;  
 To thee each strife is known,  
 They are so near thy throne.

“ Twixt them and thee, no veil ;  
 Who would from danger quail  
 When they could find thy face,  
 A shield, a hiding-place ?

“ They can grow like to thee,  
And sin from them will flee.  
O grant me but this grace,—  
Let me but see thy face ! ”

“ My child, it may not be ;  
Not yet my face for thee ;  
Do thy small work and wait,  
For thou shalt see, though late,

“ My way for thee is best !  
The thought must give thee rest ;  
The blessing thou dost crave  
Comes only through the grave.

“ In heaven thou shalt awake ;  
My face will on thee break ;  
My likeness thou shalt wear ;  
Search here, — but find me there ! ” \*

A. M. S.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ALBERT DÜRER.

THE two poles of art may be considered as character and beauty. Art has its sensuous side, of fresh, fair, and luscious loveliness ; it has its stern, ascetic tendency to express the awful tragedies and stern possibilities of human experience. And so those to whom the artist appeals for comprehension and sympathy are affected by these differing tendencies. It is not alone the weak and frivolous who demand of art that it should express only beauty and joy, that it should help man only by showing him mere objects of love and admiration, never by stirring his indignation or his horror. Some persons dislike the expression of suffering in art, because they do not fully accept its min-

\* “ I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.” — Psalms xvii. 15.

istry in life. This great mystery is rejected by them; they allow it at best only a transitional and doubtful use. A spiritual epicureanism seems to prevail, which finds its expression in thought and literature, and has its influence upon life, though often modified and rectified in practice by the genuine instincts of the soul. There are still others who have suffered so deeply that their spiritual nerves respond too powerfully to any exhibition of pain, their overwrought sensibilities carry the artist's expression beyond his intention, and they shrink from all but representations of peace and joy. But the true artist must unite these two poles, and form a perfect circle of character and beauty. He must be able to descend into the abysses of misery, or he cannot ascend the heights of joy; he must stand with Jesus at the cross, or he cannot rise with him in the resurrection. Every human nature, by its very individuality, will tend more strongly to one or the other of these poles of art. The stern soul of Michel Angelo, whose love is as chaste and severe as that of a god, while it is true and deep as a woman's, will always give character, meaning, and expression to his figures, at whatever sacrifice of roundness and beauty,—while Correggio's sunny spirit fills the whole air with joyous and happy beings, and in his Magdalen we see rather the delight of a summer hour of contemplation than the agony of repentance.

To which of these classes we must refer the grand old German artist, Albert Dürer, there can be no doubt. And because, while he is by no means wholly one-sided, he is still so strongly bent in one direction, he has never become a universal favorite, but is rejected as harsh and bitter by some, while others take him to their hearts as a great religious friend and teacher. Albert Dürer possessed, in its fullest extent, the artist's temperament,—its love of beauty and joy, its keen and exquisite sensibility to suffering. A German by birth and life, he had all the earnest, warm, rich qualities of heart and head which belong to his nation,

especially when the great heart of Germany was stirred to its depths by revolutions in church and state. His outward life seems not to have been specially hard except in one particular. He won name and fame in his lifetime, and although not wealthy, did not suffer from extreme want. And yet his life, as revealed by his biographers, as it lives in the traditions of his countrymen, as we see it expressed in his works, was one of deep, intense, and constant suffering. In the great realities of life he was robbed and beggared; in the affections, in his home, he was an exile and a martyr, and no outward success could console his spirit for this private grief. We have often looked in vain through the biographies of artists for any hint of their married and home life. We are told what pictures they painted, what popes and kings they served; but not how they were nourished by the daily bread of affection and care. And yet the artist, more than all other men, is dependent upon these private but powerful influences. The sunny Correggio is reported to have been wretchedly poor, but he was husband and father. Such was Michel Angelo's success, that he could overawe popes and nobles; but an old and faithful servant was all his household. The artist's world is an interior one, and if the first great central affection of life be poisoned or maimed, he feels it throughout his whole being and his whole work.

The ancestors of Albert Dürer were Hungarians, his father or grandfather having emigrated to Nuremberg in Germany. His father was a goldsmith, and well skilled in the higher branches of his trade. He had eighteen children, of whom only three lived to mature age. Of these, John Dürer became court painter to the King of Poland, and Andrew was a connoisseur in art, and inherited all his brother's works. Albert or Albrecht Dürer was born at Nuremberg on the 6th of April, 1471, which was the festival of St. Prudentius, and also the Good Friday of that year. As his most celebrated works are representations of the Passion of the

Saviour, this circumstance is not without significance. He died also during Passion Week. We find no account of his childhood; but at the age of fifteen he was already master in his father's business, having executed in silver a beautiful work representing the "Seven Falls of Christ." He could not, however, resist his inclination to painting, and his father accordingly gave him a letter, and sent him to the celebrated painter, Martin Schön of Colmar. He arrived only to find the artist already dead, and the young Dürer had recourse, therefore, to Haspe Martin, and to Michael Wohlgemuth, the most celebrated painter in Nuremberg. This took place in the year 1486.

Thus the young artist was commencing life at one of the most interesting periods in the history of Europe and the world. The recent invention of printing had given a new stimulus and extension to literature, which it can never lose again; Columbus was busy with those problems which brought to light a new world. He lived successively under the reigns of Maximilian I. and of Charles V., and he saw the rise and progress of the Protestant Reformation. In art, Bramante, Leonardo da Vinci, Marc Antonio, Raphael, and Michel Angelo were among his most celebrated contemporaries. It was a time when life was full of earnest and solemn meaning, when art was deeply religious, and every man's character was put to a severe test. Albert Dürer bore his part bravely. He accepted all friendliness, all counsel, all help from his great compeers, but he was true to the instincts of his own nature, and marked out his own path.

In 1490 he travelled in Germany, Alsace, and Switzerland. He returned home in 1494, and married Agnes, the daughter of Hans Frey, a mechanic of Nuremberg and friend of his father.\* This was the beginning of his life-tragedy. Only

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\* There is a novel probably well known to our readers, called "The Artist's Married Life," being that of Albert Dürer. "It is from the German of Leopold Schafer, and pleasantly translated by Mrs. J. R. Stodart." The novelist has

nineteen years of age, he accepted the beautiful maiden at the hand of her father, without knowing if she were fitted to meet the deeper wants of his nature. Agnes was beautiful, chaste, economical, and practical. What should man ask more in a wife! Perhaps, with a husband fitted to her in narrowness and hardness of nature, she might have passed through life honored and respected; but now the glory of her husband is her shame. Utterly incapable of appreciating an ideal and artistic life, she embittered his by her jealous and exacting temper; she made his home wretched by her mean and sordid economy, and drove him to continual work, however exhausting and ungenial, that he might accumulate money for her. His friend Willibald Perkheimer says: "She gnawed into his heart," "she gave him no peace night or day, until he was wasted away to a skeleton." His father died about twelve years after his marriage, and Albert wished to take his widowed mother home to his own house; but his wife treated her ill, and wounded him anew through her. It is not known that they ever had any children. In his little studio on the ground-floor of their house at Nuremberg, a hole is still shown in the ceiling, through which, it is said, Agnes used to look down from her chamber and scold him, if through weariness or excess of thought he neglected his work for a moment. "Ach sie war schlimme," says the guide who points it out to the visitor. "The evil that men do lives after them." Albert bore all this with the greatest mildness and patience. He seems to have felt such need of loving that he tried to melt even the ice of Agnes's nature, but all in vain. His diary makes frequent mention of things which he had bought for her, and of attentions paid to her. His childless lot must also have been a deep grief to him; for he loved children dearly, and often stood watching their sport for hours together. "Agnes called this idleness."

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adhered very closely to the facts of Dürer's life, and by a fine imagination and delicate sensibility has entered into his feeling, and given us what we accept as a true picture of his unhappy married life.

Tradition reports that they had one little frail blossom, who died through its mother's fault; but there is no record to substantiate it. All the suffering, all the deep struggles of his heart, which he repressed in his life, have found expression in his works, and so the sympathy which he did not find in his home he has given to the sorrow-stricken in all ages, and men and women are sustained in their hours of bitter trial by the strength which he drew from the cup of sorrow.

In the mean time his life was full of honorable success. In 1506 he travelled to Venice, where he painted a large picture of Mary crowned with roses, which was bought by the Emperor Rudolph, and which is now at Prague, though in a bad condition. From thence he went to Bologna. His Italian journey seems to have had little influence on his style, which was always thoroughly German; but he must have learned a great deal in his art, for after his return he was recognized as among the first masters. He was appointed court painter to Maximilian the First, and Charles the Fifth continued him in that dignity.

In 1519, he made a journey to the Netherlands. He was everywhere received with great reverence and attention. The study of the Dutch and Flemish masters had a marked effect upon his style. He became a more thorough student of nature, and held to it with a simple truth and directness which is full of charm. During this period he kept a diary, which has been preserved, and which gives us an insight into his mode of life, although the entries are usually very brief. The greatest and noblest men paid him court everywhere. Kings, princes, archdukes, and duchesses are casually mentioned. "Farther," he says, "Master Erasmus (the witty scholar of the Reformation) gave me a Spanish mantle." He presented to Lady Margaret, the sister of Charles the Fifth, copies of all his works, and also to "Thomas the Polander."

The following account of a feast given to him by the

painters at Antwerp affords an idea of the style of his diary, as well as of the feeling of his contemporaries towards him.

"On Sunday at Antwerp, which was also St. Oswald's day, the painters received me in their chamber with my wife and maid, and served us with silver ware and other costly preparations, and a particularly costly banquet. Their wives also were there, and while I was at table the people stood on each side, as if they were treating a great lord. There were also among them some persons of importance, who received me with very deep and reverent salutations; and they said they would do all that they could which might be agreeable to me. There came a messenger from the lords of Antwerp with two servants, and presented me from the lords of Antwerp four cans of wine, and sent me word I should be honored by them in this and have their good will. Then said I that I thanked them humbly and sent my humble service. Thereafter came Master Peter, the city carpenter, and presented me with two cans of wine, and sent with the expression of his willing service. So we were long merry together, and late in the night, when they conducted us with lanthorns worshipfully home, and undertake to do what I will that they will render me every service in their power. Also I thank them and lay me to sleep."

This simple account is creditable to the lords of Antwerp as well as to the painter. How upright and manly he is before them, paying the same respect to the city carpenter as to the dignitaries! He reaped little pecuniary advantage from this visit. He says: "I had disadvantage in everything I did. Even Margaret gave me nothing."

One other extract from his diary is of especial interest. We cannot look at his works without feeling that his religious spirit is that of Protestantism,—strong, brave, severe, upright before God and man. Still he paints the legends of saints and the traditions of the Church, and does honor to the Madonna. He was well received by Catholic emperors

and princes. But while thus tolerant and truly Catholic, he felt a deep and strong indignation against wrong, as the following passage shows. It is from his diary.

"On Friday after Pentecost, in 1521, came a tale to Antwerp that they had captured Martin Luther, so traitorously that the Emperor Charles's herald was given to him with a safe-conduct to which he had trusted, but when the herald had brought him to Eisenach in an unfriendly place, he said he dare be no more and rode from him. Then there were ten horse who carried away traitorously the pious man enlightened with the Holy Ghost, who was a follower of the true Christian belief, and whether he still lives or whether they have murdered him, I wit not. Thus has he been treated for writing Christian truth and because he punished the unchristian popedom, which strives so against Christ's redemption, with its great trouble of human law, and also because that we are robbed of our blood and sweat, and the same are so scandalously treated by idling men; and to me it seems particularly hard that they will let our God remain probably under their false blind learning, which the men whom they call the Fathers have written and composed, whereby the rich word is twisted to many ends falsely, or even held for naught."

Albert Dürer's services to art were great and various. His earliest picture remaining to us is his own portrait, painted in 1496. This is in the collection of portraits of artists by themselves at Florence. Another likeness of himself, painted in 1498, is in the Pinakothek at Munich. Five pictures at Vienna represent the Holy Trinity; and there is also there a Madonna and Child. The only oil pictures of his which we have been so fortunate as to see are his own portrait and the pictures of the four Apostles, Mark, Paul, John, and Peter, in the Pinakothek at Munich. These are very grand pictures, which fully justify his immense reputation. They are fine in color, and represent heroes of the soul noble in every lineament.

His picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise, formerly at Prague, but now unfortunately lost, called forth the following epigram :—

“ When the angel beheld them, wondering cried he from Eden,  
Had I so beautiful seen you, never had ye been banished.”

But it is by his engravings that Albert Dürer is principally known. He gave great attention to this art, was the inventor of etching, and improved greatly the art of cutting in wood. His works have been pirated and counterfeited to a great extent; but many undoubtedly genuine engravings by his own hand still remain to us, and are among the choicest treasures of the amateur and antiquary. They are marked with his anagram. His best engravings on copper are Fortune, Melancholy, Adam and Eve in Paradise, Knight Death and the Devil, Temperance, Holy Hubert, Hieronymus, and the so-called Minor Passion, in sixteen plates. Of this last we shall speak more particularly hereafter. Of wood-cuts, the most remarkable are the Great Passion, in thirteen leaves, the triumphal arches of the Emperor Maximilian, and the marginal drawings in a prayer-book of the Emperor. He executed many others, however, not unworthy of his genius and reputation.

Besides these works, he was the first to improve the science of perspective in Germany, inventing valuable instruments in its aid; and he published an admirable work on human proportion, still in use among artists. He wrote the first part of a treatise on fortifications. He was an excellent geometrician, and used geometry to improve the forms of the German letters, showing that their formation depended on geometric laws. As a writer, he contributed to the purity of the German language, then in a crude and unformed state, in which work his friend Perkheimer was an assistant. He was a most exact and skilful draughtsman. In a pleasant trial of skill he took his pencil, and at once drew a circle as round as Giotto's O. Even the critical Ruskin accepts the fidelity of his drawings of leaves and

foliage as worthy of imitation. Fuseli says his color was as superior to Raphael in juice and breadth of handling as Raphael excelled him in other respects. The English Stothard particularly admired his works, and made his draperies objects of especial study.

But in the midst of these varied and precious labors his life was hastening to a close. Worn out by mental suffering, he yielded to the insidious disease of which he had had some slight attack many years before, and died of consumption on the 6th of April, 1528, aged exactly fifty-seven years. His biographer, Campe, says: "He was weary of life, his body emaciated, and his fine aspect gone."

In regard to his moral character, his contemporaries and posterity have but one voice, and it is the same which speaks from all his works. He was upright and manly in all his dealings; he was first pure and then peaceful, patient in suffering, modest in prosperity. He knew no jealousy nor envyings, but lived in perfect love with all men, seeking to do good to all whom he met. His wife's ill-treatment could not anger him, the cares of life fret him, nor its honors spoil him. He was, in the words of one of his biographers, "a genuine German artist and a right pious man."

His appearance was striking and picturesque. In the earliest portrait of himself by his own hand, he is represented in a rich costume, with his long curls flowing over his shoulders. "Campe says that he was well made, his chest manly and broad, his hands slight, his brow serene, his nose slightly aquiline, his hair dark brown falling in natural curls over his shoulders, his expression kindly and open, and that there was something so pleasant in his talk that he was listened to with attention and delight." The portrait at Munich has an intensity of expression betokening an enthusiasm bordering on that divine madness which belongs to the inspired soul.

His works are very rare in this country, and in conclusion we shall say a few words of those which are most common,

— the copper engravings and the wood-cuts called the Minor Passion, a series of pictures of the life and sufferings of Jesus of Nazareth. This was his favorite theme, often repeated, and his whole soul expresses itself in these wonderful works. They are drawn with his usual skill and care, and beautifully engraved by his own hand. It is a touching thing to hold in one's hand one of these little prints, preserved for over three hundred years, and enter into the feelings of him who cut these lines. It is hard to criticise ; the story takes possession of the heart, and we forget the art in the feeling called up. Nothing is without meaning. In the rough wood of the cross we see the marks of the hastily driven nails ; in the expression of every one of the by-standers is something which marks the spirit of the scene. Especially original and characteristic is his manner of representing the Redeemer himself. Herein is his departure from the Italian and Catholic models most clearly shown. Jesus is not fresh and fair with beautiful youth ; he is not girt about with a mystic halo ; he is not exalted above human sympathy. Rather would we say that he was one of the working-people, that his limbs were worn with toil and his face furrowed by exposure. His sensitive frame shrinks from the blows of his tormentors, his soul sickens at the moral tortures to which he is exposed. His weary head sinks beneath the scourging, so that one soldier, with a touch of compassion, supports it with his hand. It seems to show the simple earnestness with which Albert Dürer entered into these themes, that, however varied the accessories in different pictures of a subject, the main thought is often precisely the same. An instance of this may be found in the treachery of Judas : the grouping of the soldiers, the attitude of Peter and the servant of the high-priest, are very different in the wood-cut and the copper-plate ; but the relative positions and the expressions of Christ and the traitor are nearly the same, as if this scene were so impressed on his mind that he could not see it otherwise. So the rich and

beautiful head on the cross, bending as much in resignation as drooping in suffering, is very similar in all his pictures which we have seen. But the most powerful of the series of copper-plates is the Agony in the Garden. The weary disciples slumber heavily below, while on the mountain-top Jesus, with both arms upraised to heaven, wrestles alone with his sorrow, and every nerve and muscle struggles upward in an agony of aspiration and prayer. The ministering angel is speeding towards him, but he bears the cross in his hands.

The range of expression is almost infinite. The malice and stupidity of his foes, the cowardice and hypocrisy of his judges, are admirably expressed. When Pilate washes his hands of the blood of Jesus, the face of the soldier who holds the ewer seems a perfect satire on the emptiness and pusillanimity of the act. Not the less can Albert Dürer express the sweet charities of life. A Madonna and Child, engraved on copper, is a beautiful picture of full, happy babyhood and genuine motherly feeling. Another picture represents the beautiful old legend of St. Christopher and the Christ child. The union of tenderness and strength in the grand old giant is in fine keeping with the loveliness of the sweet child, who sits upon his shoulder and playfully fondles his hair. In the Descent into Hell, a subject borrowed from an old Catholic tradition, Christ has most tenderly taken a sinner by the arm, and is striving to lift him out of the abyss, as a mother would save a fallen child.

But why should we multiply words on such a theme, when we have said, and that with the added testimony of the learned and simple for hundreds of years, that the artist was worthy of his theme? What can we add more? We look on these works, not to admire and criticise, but to feel more deeply the meaning and the influence of the greatest life that was ever lived on earth. There is no dearer name in German art than that of Albert Dürer. His designs are reproduced in books for the people and for children, and not the lore of schools, but a simple and loving heart, is alone

needed to appreciate his spirit. His country has not been wanting in due honor to his memory. On the three hundredth anniversary of his death, the corner-stone of his monument in bronze, modelled by the celebrated Rauch, was laid, to be dedicated to his memory. The house where he lived and labored, in the Gieselgasse at Nuremberg, is still preserved. The amateur and student of art does not fail to make a pilgrimage to it; and though he may have visited the most classic spot of Europe, and studied in her most celebrated galleries, he may yet count among the richest treasures gathered from his journeyings his deeper insight into the spirit and life of Albert Dürer.

E. D. C.

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### THE COVENANT VOW.

WHEN that clear signal sound, "Seek ye my face,"  
 Came swift from heaven to arrest my youthful feet,  
 I could repeat alone those words of grace,  
 "Thy face, Lord, will I seek," — and this was meet.

For I would ever mean the same ; no pause  
 Shall come between the echoes of that sound ;  
 No fears, no lapsing doubts, shall ever cause  
 My soul to quit the earnest speech it found.

This is my first and deepest wish, — my all  
 Of hope or joy, — to be alone Thy child.  
 O Father, let me hear no other call  
 But thy dear voice o'er Life's far troubled wild.

And when in heaven no anchoring word I need,  
 Because enchain'd by ravished sight of thee,  
 Help me to join the song where angels lead  
 The Church Triumphant's glorious melody.

L. P. S.

## SPIRITUAL HOUSES AND THEIR ODORS.

Not long since I noticed an article, in which the soul of man was compared to a house, and its various attributes, such as hope, love, truth, humility, faith, etc., to the different rooms in the house. Then the appearance of these rooms, as they might be supposed to present themselves in the case of a worldly man, was graphically described, and the transformation that would take place should Christ be admitted to these gloomy apartments as an abiding and welcome guest.

I think it was the next morning after reading this article that I listened to a sermon from the text, "And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." The thought elicited and dwelt upon was, Religion as a sentiment; not religion as a law, or as duty alone, but as the free and spontaneous action of the soul. The Christian should not be satisfied to make a drudge of himself, content with keeping within conventional forms and respectable moralities, but should always strive to pervade with the very spirit and essence of his faith all, even the commonest events of his daily life. The two productions, starting from different points, verged to the same conclusion; namely, that the true beauty and life of the Christian character can only be maintained by communion with the Master. Only as he enters the desolate chambers of the soul, and fills it with his life-giving presence, will the precious perfume of his spirit escape with, and sweeten, and adorn every action of that soul.

When an individual adopts a profession from deliberate choice, it is not uncommon to find him possessed of an *esprit du corps* which fairly puts to shame the halting gait of those who may have resorted to the same profession as a matter of course, or for the mere purpose of getting a livelihood. He is always jealous of the honor of the body to which he belongs; he feels keenly the delinquencies of any who belong to it. He is ready to defend it from unjust

aspersions, and is careful that through him no disgrace shall attach to it. Such, undeniably, should be the spirit in which the Christian enters upon his profession. His calling is a noble one. He has for companions in labor the choicest spirits of earth. The objects for which he labors are of no temporary character merely, but include in their scope the revelations of eternity. For teaching and guidance he refers to no uncertain authority, but to the fountain of all wisdom and truth ; and if true in his allegiance, he has a reward transcending all earthly fame in the consciousness of an indwelling peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Such, then, being his companionship, his teachers, the objects for which he labors, and his anticipated rewards, it surely becomes one of this privileged fraternity to seek the most intimate connection with Him who is the bond and life of his profession. Not alone is He needed to consecrate, by the sanctity of his presence and the hallowing influences of his Spirit, the church, the family altar, and the closet, but the forum and the market-place, the school-room and the domestic board. Scenes of amusement, no less than those of trial and temptation, need his guiding and restraining hand. If such were the case, every chamber of the soul would be filled with the odor of a Christian spirit, and the peculiar fruits of that spirit would as naturally flow out in the daily and hourly transactions of life,—in words of gentleness and purity, in deeds of self-denial, in thoughts of love and good-will,—as the perfume from the opened box of ointment. Instances of those who are thus filled with all the fulness of Christ are rare; but the Church has always held and still holds within her bosom enough of such to show that the rare attainment is possible. Prominent in apostolic days stands the saintly Paul, whose whole being, from the hour when the scales fell from his eyes at Damascus, seems to have been surcharged with tides of heavenly love from his glorified Redeemer. Educated with pharisaical strict-

ness, of passions naturally keen almost to fierceness, with a will inflexible and stern as the Law which in his self-righteousness he made his glory, how cold and dark must have appeared even his own heart before that flood of light and love which, while it blinded his mortal vision, filled and illuminated every chamber of his soul!

If we follow his subsequent career, we find one motive actuating him, one thought swaying his mighty intellect with the force of an inspiration. It was the love of Christ. Not only, in almost every line of his writings, do we find this sentiment pervading his discourse, but his whole life shows a prodigality of effort, a recklessness of ease and comfort, a contempt for the blandishments of fashion and luxury, a devotion to truth and duty, which leave no doubt that his whole soul is filled to overflowing with the odor of a living faith. In the warmth and vigor of the earlier period of the Church, illustrations of this all-absorbing faith are thickly strewn over the historic page. These, owing to the peculiarity of their position and circumstances, stand out in bold relief; but we may well suppose there were many others who, like the mother of St. Augustine, were continually receiving fresh anointings of the Spirit, causing the fragrance of a Christian motive to sweeten all those little acts which go to make up the routine of daily life. Even in those dark ages when the gentler virtues seem to have fled to the cells of the cloister, there is something that commands our admiration in the loyalty with which the brave old knights defended their religion. Adopting the figure of the cross as a distinctive badge in their martial equipage, they were ever ready to rest a spear, to tilt a lance, against any and all, heathen or infidel, who should dare dispute the divine authority of the Founder of their Faith. We must attribute to the age in which they lived the questionable form of their devotion, which led them across seas and continents to cross swords with the Mussulman and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from his power, rather than to a more legit-

imate exercise of their beneficent faith. Since the first promulgation of Christianity a flood of barbarism had swept down from the North, almost obliterating every trace of civilization in its way; but there was that in the new religion that survived the shock, and it is not surprising that, while it was engrafted upon these roving savage nations, its earlier manifestations should partake more largely of the camp than of the cloister and confessional. The Crusades serve, however, to illustrate the truth, that, when a living faith takes possession of the heart, it will show its inherent vigor by some corresponding outward action.

Passing by these darker periods of Church history, we turn our eyes to the dawn of the Reformation; and in its light we trace fresh proofs of the Master's presence and power in the many examples of Christian grace. Time would forbid us even to rehearse the names of those who stand before the world as bright examples of the truth we are considering. Take one from a corrupt and licentious age, and from a denomination of Christians which, if it has abounded in corruptions and superstitions, has also nourished some of the brightest forms of Christian faith and apostleship. The name of Francis Xavier, though comparatively unknown to the Protestant world, is associated in the Catholic mind with all that is holy, self-sacrificing, and devoted. His conversion affords an illustration of that diversity of operations by the same Spirit, of which St. Paul speaks in his Epistles. Not the dazzling splendor of a direct revelation from the Heavenly Powers, as in the case of the self-righteous Pharisee, was required to arrest the attention and arouse the conscience of the gay and dissolute scholar. But there followed in his path, and courted his society, one among the crowd of his admirers, though not of them, who, whether he discussed with him the charms of society and friendship, or presented him with the means of recruiting the fortunes which his improvidence had squandered, was ever and anon repeating in solemn tones the dread in-

quiry, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Whatever may be thought of the motives of Ignatius Loyola in instituting the order which has made his name so celebrated, it must be confessed that he pursued his object with a tenacity and perseverance which has few parallels in history. It is not for short-sighted mortals to say how much of worldly ambition may have mingled with his Christian zeal; it is enough to know that in one instance at least its result was most auspicious. Touched at length as with a living coal from the great altar of sacrifice, Xavier's heart became the scene of a consecration as sincere and devout, perhaps, as ever mortal made. Henceforth his grateful service knew no bounds but the possibilities of human nature. The first fruit of his newly awakened religious life was a pilgrimage to the city of Rome, in which Xavier was the leader of a small band, and distinguished himself by the number and magnitude of his mortifications of the body. Fruitless as these self-inflicted macerations must have been in spiritual growth, they exhibit a sovereignty of the spiritual over the animal nature, and a desire to share in his own body the sufferings of his Divine Lord, that is not to be contemplated without feelings akin to reverence. But an opportunity soon offered in which his desire to labor and suffer for the salvation of men was to be fully gratified.

John III. of Portugal, desiring to introduce the Christian faith into those Indian countries which were subject to his crown, had petitioned the Pope to select a leader for the enterprise. Through the influence of Loyola, the choice fell on Xavier. He received the summons to labor with heartfelt joy. In his journey from Rome to Lisbon,—the port of his departure,—he crossed the Pyrenees, on one of whose southern slopes he was born, and where still lived the mother and sister who had watched over his infancy with a love that a mother or sister alone can feel. The fair scene lay full in his view, but, in his eager haste to plant

himself upon the field, he could not stop even an hour to taste domestic bliss. The ship that was to bear him to the scene of his labors was filled with soldiers, and among these he was to find his food and raiment; but he took "no thought for the morrow." Though he was going to convert nations of which he knew not the language or the names even, no thought of discouragement disturbed the serenity of his spirit. Though himself suffering from sea-sickness and the privations he endured, he was incessant in his ministrations to the diseased and dying of his fellow-voyagers; at the same time relieving their bodily pains and administering the consolations of religion to their souls. Arriving at Goa, he was shocked by the universal depravity of the inhabitants. It was exhibited, too, in those offensive forms which always mark the admixture of civilized men with a feebler race, when beyond the restraints and decencies of civilization. Swinging a large bell, he traversed the streets of the city and begged permission to become a teacher of the children. He soon collected a school of youths, and lived among them as a father, trying by every means in his power to mould their characters according to the beneficent influences of the faith he himself lived and taught. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the leprous as his peculiar care. Nor was his presence wanting in the haunts of vice or the temples of profligacy. Always pure in purpose, everywhere the stern reprobate of vice, he sought out the vicious in their own abodes; and, while his example rebuked their excesses, his voice of encouragement and warning might ever be heard begging them to turn from their evil ways and live. Strong in one immaculate thought, the salvation of men, he little heeded the dictates of prudence, nor cared to live above the reproach of Him who was called the friend of publicans and sinners.

The coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, Travancore and Malacca, China and Japan, witnessed in turn his incessant labors, and bear testimony to the lofty faith that sustained him. "But now," in the words of another, "his earthly

toils and projects were to cease for ever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board a vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital powers. It was a solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance; and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith, and audible to the dying martyr, through the galling bars of his mortal prison-house, in strains of exulting joy, till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes,—tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, '*In te Domine, speravi,—non confundar in æternum!*' he bowed his head and died."

So lived and passed away one whom the world would call a fanatic; and yet it is a fanaticism very much like that of Paul and other Apostles whom the love of Christ constrained to toil and labor for the salvation of men. Stripped of the superstitions that belonged to the age, his character will always command admiration and love. One thing seems clear enough; his life was one of unremitting, self-sacrificing toil and hardship. Bred to the refinements and luxuries of one of the most enlightened of European nations, he gladly forsook all to become the companion of barbarians, share their wretchedness, and impart to them the same faith that sustained and comforted him. Say what we may of his extravagances, there was, there could be, but one explanation

of his marvellous career. The love of Christ constrained him ; this was the vital force that impelled him to his manifold labors and sustained him in all his trials.

But while we render to St. Xavier his due share of honors, we would by no means claim that in such a course alone could the higher forms of Christian faith be exhibited. It is the glory of Christianity that she does not require her subjects all to be cast into the same mould. She plants the seed, leaving it to the individual consciousness to give it a form best suited to it. In one case it will produce a Judson, with a patient and persevering spirit, willing to labor and watch and wait for years without seeing one encouraging token of success, save that his conscience tells him he is in the path of duty. In another, it prompts a Howard to give his life to the amelioration of the condition of prisons, or a Catherine Fry to preach to the spirits incarcerated there. In another still, it nerves the heart of a Florence Nightingale to walk amid scenes of carnage and death with the serenity and self-possession of an angel of mercy. Under its influence John Wesley revives the religion of a nation, or John Fox repeats, in his own person, the sufferings and persecutions of the early Christians, or Jonathan Edwards moulds the theological ideas of a century. But it is not in these prominent fields alone that she shows her power. All cannot be the heroes, the martyrs, or the thinkers of the age. Most of us must do the common work of life. If upon this work they cause the light of Heaven to be reflected, if upon every deed they leave the imprint of a Christian motive, if their daily life is raised from a mere scramble for perishable treasures to an alliance with Heaven in working out the world's salvation, in them shall also be realized the promise, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Every spiritual house, whatever the fashion of its architecture, its form, or color, may have in it the blessed presence of the Master, witness the offering of the incense of faith, and be "filled with the odor of the ointment."

## DANTE.

## I.

WHENAS I read in Dante's wondrous book  
 Of Beatrice and his constant love,  
 Though through the world his thorny way he took,  
     While she, unseen, looked on him from above,—  
 And think of all the burdens that he bore  
     In that sad pilgrimage of mortal life,  
 Of thankless toil, of faction's hostile roar,  
     Of friends unfaithful and unloving wife,—  
 I wonder if these evils were not sent  
     By Him who ne'er o'erlooks a soul's decline,  
 To punish him because he weakly bent  
     To heartless custom, and forgot love's shrine,  
 And, while in heaven awaited his bright bride,  
     Did woo another to his loveless side.

## II.

Hope not such fruit from any common tree  
     As long ago that oak of Florence bore,  
 Whose top kissed heaven, whose branches, spreading free,  
     Now cast their shade on every foreign shore.  
 Mightier than all, save one, who wear the name  
     Of poet, he stands our stature far above ;  
 Yet one debarred of genius, naught in fame,  
     May still be hallowed by as great a love.  
 How many a maiden leads her love to heaven !  
     How many a Beatrice dies unsung !  
 God justly deals : — to me he hath not given  
     The painter's pencil or the poet's tongue ;  
 But some short years of priceless joy he gave,  
     And this true heart that looks beyond the grave.

## THE PLEASURES OF THE SICK-ROOM.

ONE of the chief sources of pleasure to an invalid is the sympathy and kind offices of friends. These are sometimes so constantly and remarkably manifested through a long period of confinement, that we learn the worth of our friends and the sincerity of their attachment as years of health could not have taught us. That unfailing patience, which bears with all our petulance and caprice; that untiring faithfulness, by which all our wants are not only supplied, but anticipated; that anxious solicitude to promote our comfort;—surely, to those who regard affection as the richest boon this world can offer, these must almost compensate for the pains and privations of illness. Even those who are denied the ministrations of kindred must be singularly faulty or unfortunate if they cannot inspire in those around them a deeper interest than the mere prospect of gain could possibly excite. Few are so desolate that there are not many hearts in their circle of acquaintance tenderly sympathizing in their trial, and seeking to manifest it by the gift of flowers, books, or some delicacy tempting the fastidious appetite, or the thousand little nameless attentions which the invalid can so well appreciate. Even from strangers the kind message or the casual inquiry will often brighten the languid eye and call a smile to the pallid lips. We have a better opinion of human nature when we find that it is not so entirely absorbed in its own interests as we are prone to imagine. And to those watchful, much-enduring ones whose love has never faltered, though fatigue and anxiety might blanch the cheek and enfeeble the frame, we are bound by a new tie of gratitude and affection. And as every blessing involves a responsibility, let us never wrong by unkindness of thought or expression those friends who have not failed us in our hour of need; and in after years, if tempted to doubt their truth or to desert them for those of

more recent acquaintance, let us remember the days of darkness which they have brightened, and if we cannot repay them with similar kindness, let us not at least requite them with ingratitude.

Our comfort materially depends upon the character and manners of the nurses employed in attendance upon us. As we are thrown much on their society, it is desirable that they should be kind, yet wise in their sympathy, discreet, intelligent, and unassuming. These qualities, perhaps, are not often found combined with the more important ones of skill and fidelity in their appropriate duties; but when they are, the relation may become not only a source of pleasure at the time, but the foundation of a lasting friendship.

But there are other relations of peculiar nearness formed or strengthened in the sick-room, which frequently influence the whole future life. Happy the invalid who is attended by a physician kind, watchful, judicious, the intelligent companion and valued friend, not less than the skilful adviser, cheerful, yet conscientiously truthful, and leading his patient to look ever above and beyond his instrumentality, to that Great Physician without whose blessing all human remedies are unavailing.

Happier still, if possessing a pastor who regards it as his peculiar mission, as was that of his Master, to minister to the diseased in body and mind; who comes to them with counsel and sympathy, comforting their despondency, relieving their doubts, guiding their aspirations; faithful as well as affectionate, and quickening them in their preparation alike for time or eternity. These are more than the pleasures, they are the rich blessings of the sick-room.

The glimpses of Nature, few and faint as they are, which we can obtain in a sick-room, are fraught with more intense delight than when permitted free access to her temple, perhaps because the mind and heart are in a state to prize most highly the simplest and purest pleasures. Perhaps it may be owing in some degree to that mysterious affinity which

God has established between his material world and his yet nobler work, the human soul.

What a passionate love of flowers is awakened in the heart of the invalid! They may indeed recall painful associations of the days of health, but these are only transient and occasional, and absorbed in the fulness of delight with which they are welcomed. All the varied splendor of an extensive garden never excited in us half the admiration with which we now gaze on that little bouquet, all our own, to be placed ever in our sight. We study all their minute and delicate tints as if about to transfer them to canvas, and inhale their delicious fragrance as if it penetrated beyond the senses,—to our very hearts. No offering is more acceptable to the sick than that of flowers. They express in the most delicate manner the affection of the giver. They speak to us still more forcibly of the skill and goodness that painted their myriad dyes, and bring to us the assurance “that He who careth for the lily will much more care for us.”

“They comfort man, they whisper hope,  
Whene’er his faith is dim,  
That He who careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for him.”

We watch them until they wither, for wither they must, like our own fading hopes; and even in their decay there lingers a charm about them, and we feel as if it were almost ungrateful to abandon them for fresher blossoms, like deserting old and tried friends for newer and gayer associates.

And who has ever appreciated the glories of sunset until he has beheld them irradiating his sick-room? Why does that daily spectacle never lose its power over us, however languid or dispirited we may be, and why do we note all its changing hues almost with Persian idolatry? Is it not because they awaken within us thoughts and hopes as boundless and fathomless as the ether into which they fade away, beginning with earth, and lost in eternity? As God gilds those dark clouds with the promise of a bright to-morrow,

do we not feel that he will gild the darkness of our trial with the promise of a happier future? Are we not reminded of our own departing day, and of the world of glory to which we may be hastening, "the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the street of the city of pure gold," and do we not desire and pray that our descending orb may leave behind it a train of bright and blessed memories, to comfort survivors long after we have passed away?

The moon in her changing aspects seems attuned to the varying moods of our own spirit. Her crescent speaks of hope,

"And earnestly the sick man tries  
To fix his dim and b .rning eyes  
On the soft promise there."

The chastened radiance of her full orb, creating shadows in strange contrast with its brilliancy, harmonizes with the mingled emotions of the sick-room, where a shadow rests on our brightest pleasures. In her lonely and pensive beauty she looks down upon us as a familiar friend, tranquilizing our spirits, yet sympathizing with our regrets and aspirations. But in her wane she appeals most forcibly to our own consciousness.

"O Night's dethroned and crownless queen!  
Well may thy sad, expiring ray  
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen  
Hope's glorious visions fade away."

Yet we remember that it is but for a time, that

"Soon a new and tender light  
From out thy darkened orb shall beam."

And we have full confidence that for us, too, "a new light shall beam out from the darkness."

Music, from its very nature, which sounds the depths of the human soul and expresses sentiments unutterable by language, in its gentlest strains is well adapted to the sick-room. It forms an appropriate channel for those mysterious and blended emotions, those longings and regrets, which we

could not communicate, and which no one could understand. How often has the melody of sacred song, soothing yet elevating, ascended around the dying pillow, from lips that faltered as they sang, and prepared the departing spirit for the harmony of angels!

Children, to those who love their winning and playful ways, are welcome visitors at the sick couch. Their sympathies are ready, though not lasting, and we know them to be genuine; and there is great power in the tiny, soft hand to ease the throbbing brow, and in the bright smile to cheer the depressed spirits. They come to us, wasted and worn as we are, as impersonations of health, hope, and joy, to show us that the world is not all darkness, though our light may burn dim. They speak to us, these thinking, immortal souls, more eloquently even than flower, or moon, or sunbeam, of the love of the Father who made them, and the purity of that heaven to which they are allied. Their artless yet intelligent questions arouse our dormant powers, and they read to us, perhaps, from their childish books, some simple narrative, teaching beautiful lessons of trust in God and love to man, which even our sluggish perceptions can grasp. They are society without constraint; we keep them with us while they amuse us, and send them away when we are wearied.

Occupation, the secret of happiness to the healthy, may be considered equally so to the invalid, though doctors and nurses may be startled by the theory. Of course, this remark does not apply to acute disease, when through severe pain or excessive debility the sufferer is incapable of any effort. But in most forms and stages of chronic malady, occupation is both possible and desirable, though it must be exactly graduated to the state of the invalid. If the nervous system be very susceptible, or be rendered so by illness, it is peculiarly important, lest the morbid activity of mind, having no other aliment, should prey on itself, and despondency or more fatal consequences ensue. In some cases, where the

system has been overtired, mental and physical rest may be the best cure; but even here a slight and occasional indulgence in his old pursuit might perhaps aid the prescription, and appease the uneasiness of the patient. However light in kind or brief in duration,—but ten minutes, with a long interval,—it will serve to divert us from the dangerous indulgence of self-contemplation. It will be pleasure in the anticipation, pleasure at the time, pleasure in the retrospect,—a consciousness of a remnant of power and capacity yet unextinguished. If reading, it may at first be of a very light character, or short articles, through which our wavering attention will not have time to flag. Poetry, especially devotional, is very soothing to the sick, and will be apprehended and appreciated where sober prose cannot find entrance. The simple pathos of the Psalms may be enjoyed as the daily companion of our pillow, when even the beautiful record of the Gospels has lost its charm for us. If the eyes and head are too much affected by our disease to admit of reading, or the lower limbs are helpless and prostrated, the hands may be capable of some light work. Engravings, too, are a great source of pleasure. We may study every point of the landscape, a figure in the group, until, when the book or print is laid aside, and the wearied eyes are closed, the picture will present itself to the mind's eye with increased vividness. Much may be gained in sickness, as in health, by *variety* of occupation as an antidote to weariness. If reading be the only one of which the invalid is capable, let him not confine himself to one subject, but let poetry, narrative, biography, and the moral or religious essay, as he is able to bear it, each have its turn, and each but for a short time. If we take advantage of our golden moments and bright days, we may listen to serious reading from the lips of others, and gradually advance to something more grave and instructive ourselves. In the period of convalescence, whatever may have been the disease, occupation is very desirable; and, beginning with pigmy efforts, by a

progress commensurate with that of our own strength, we may at last attain results which shall astonish ourselves, but which will be most dearly prized afterwards, probably in consequence of the very labor with which they were attended.

I am thus led to speak of the highest pleasure of the sick-room, for which others may be substitutes, but which none can equal,—the joy of convalescence. Every intermission of pain, even though brief and rare, is a positive enjoyment; but when these become longer and more frequent; when the hours and days of ease and animation, from being occasional, are usual; when the harassing cough ceases to rack the weary frame; when to restless nights succeed refreshing slumbers, from which we wake as to a new life, with a keen relish for the bounties of God's providence, from which we have so lately turned with indifference or repugnance; when every day brings new vigor to the feeble muscles, calmness to the excited nerves, and firmness to the uncertain footsteps, —with what childlike pride and delight do we note our steady but gradual progress, and number our daily acquisitions! Our restored powers, even in this partial exercise, afford us a pleasure which we never experienced in their full vigor, and this intense enjoyment, and the value which we henceforth attach to them, are not too dearly purchased even by weary months of illness. And when we shake off our bonds, and step forth once more on our mother earth, and inhale God's pure air and sunlight, and look forth on his beautiful creation, surely it is not poetical exaggeration, that

“The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To us are opening paradise.”

But I must not dwell longer on this picture, lest I should cause a pang in the heart of some poor, hopeless sufferer, and wound where I fain would heal. To such I would say, Mourn not at the painful contrast which your lot presents. *Our* frames may indeed be partially restored, but only for a

season; it is but a reprieve, we know not how long, from the final summons, and they are still subject to pain and disease. But *your* conflict with trial and temptation is nearly over, and if purified by suffering, when you lay aside this poor, decayed body, which has so often hidden from your view the world of spirits, you will exchange it for a more glorified one, like the Master's own, over which sickness and death shall have no more power.

This article has been more extended than the previous ones, but I could not well avoid it, from the number of topics embraced, and have still omitted some points of interest. The two which follow will be much shorter.

The last paragraph may seem to destroy its unity, but I could not close without a word of encouragement for such a case.

M. P. D.

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## REVIVALS, PAST AND PRESENT.

A SERMON BY REV. THEODORE TEBBETS.\*

1 JOHN iv. 1:—"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."

MATTHEW vii. 16:—"Ye shall know them by their fruits."

THE first text declares the proper mental attitude towards all religious phenomena, and the second states the test by which to judge them. It is our duty to be neither credulous nor sceptical, neither dupes nor scoffers, but impartial inquirers, willing to learn, and prompt to acknowledge the truth. We are not to be decided in our inquiry by our prejudices or our desires, but by a careful examination of the fruits of the phenomena we investigate,—their effect in the long run. Candid inquiry, then, is our right attitude,

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\* Preached in Medford, March 21, 1859.

results are our only sufficient test. Try the spirits whether they are of God. Ye shall know them by their fruits.

With this statement of principles, I wish to direct your thoughts, this morning, to the Revival of Religion which is now commanding the consideration of our community, and indeed of the whole country. It will not do to deny the existence of the unusual state of things denoted by that name; for the evidences of it are palpable. There must be something real in a religious phenomenon, reports of which crowd the columns of newspapers that hitherto have been filled with foul descriptions of crime, or fouler enunciations of political profligacy. It will not do to ridicule all this; for scoffing is as foolish as it is mean. Such a universal interest, from whatever cause it proceeds, cannot be regarded with cold indifference by a man who feels any interest in his race, or who believes in the guiding Providence of God.

There are two preliminary remarks. In the first place, *Revivals of Religion are not unnatural*. It is hardly necessary to define the phrase, which is in many respects an unfortunate one; for the general fact it signifies is understood by everybody to be a periodical and extensive awakening of men to their duties and their destiny as immortal and disobedient children of God. Such an awakening is not unnatural; for it has its counterpart in all the works of nature in the visible world or the world of society. Nature is only a short name for the code of laws through which God administers the universe, and that code must harmonize in all its parts. Now this periodical impulse, this tidal movement of ebb and flow, these cycles of variety, are found everywhere in the creation of God. "To everything there is a season." Summer and winter, spring and fall, fill up the year. As Dr. Bushnell has said, "Nature does not perfect her growths in the scorchings of an eternal sun, or in the drenchings of an everlasting rain,— and the flowers do not stand from age to age changeless as petrifications. We do not see, from year to year, the same clouds in the

same shapes glued to the sky. Nature is multiform and various on every side." So, in the inner world of human experience, the power of moods is familiar to us all. The intellect and the heart demand variety. The thoughts and the affections must have play as well as work. Now one object interests, now another. Now activity is prompted in one direction, now in another. In short, phases of feeling and thinking are characteristic of the human mind. In like manner, the world of affairs has its periodical fluctuations, its times and seasons. There are gay seasons in fashionable life, and there are dull ones too. One set of amusements is in vogue one winter, and a different one the next. Politics has its times of quiet and its times of interest. Voters are indifferent one year, excited another. Business, as we are seeing, has its days of depression, and we hope to see that it has its days of excitement. The financial hope of the country lies in the expectation of a revival of trade. It certainly then is not unnatural to find the same law of variety in the spiritual life of mankind. We know that it holds in the personal experience of individuals; and there is no reason why it should not hold in the experience of men collectively, so that there will be occasional and unusual impulses to reflection on the soul's relation to God,—revivals of religion.

In the second place, *Revivals of Religion are authenticated facts.* The history of the Church, beginning with the Book of Acts, is a continual record of them. Ever since Paul and Barnabas went forth as the first missionaries of the Gospel, the great preachers of Christianity have seen their labors result in popular excitements, like those in Paphos, and Pisidian Antioch, and Lystra. And men like Sergius Paulus, and men like Elymas, have been among the hearers. The effect which the preaching of Chrysostom often produced on the populace in Antioch and Constantinople was very like a modern revival. Luther's Reformation was only a thorough revival, which did not end with first impressions,

but worked a radical and permanent change. The revivals in this country and in England during the eighteenth century are still exerting a beneficent influence on the Church. It is true that there have been not only genuine, but spurious revivals,—revivals of ecclesiastical arrogance and ugly passions, which have worked a vast amount of harm. But what is worthless is not counterfeited. The “shadow proves the substance true.”

Having thus premised that revivals of religion are natural and authenticated events in the religious world, it remains for us to analyze them, in order to discover, if possible, what there is evil in them to be deprecated, and what there is good in them to be desired. Of the plain evils of revivals this congregation probably does not need to be informed, and I shall only make brief mention of them. A Unitarian congregation is in no danger of the errors and sins incident to those actively engaged in a revival. They need rather to be persuaded of the benefits of revivals from which they are shutting themselves out. On this, as on every other topic, the faithful minister ought to preach to his people,

“ Not what they wish, but what they want.”

I. The evils of revivals appear either in the process or in the results. Management is a word of very disagreeable associations in matters of religion, and the chief objections to revivals are based in the way they are managed. We are apt to forget that *some* management is necessary, simply because men and women are human beings, who need both the restraint and the help of organizations. It is a repelling thought, that men who are craving to be reconciled to God need any outward stimulus and assistance. Nevertheless, few would find their way back to the Father without them. Indeed, the test of human probation is the use made of external opportunities for forming character. It is a fatal error to suppose an immortal mind is above and beyond the influences of the perishing world ; just as fatal as to sup-

pose the soul is entirely independent of the mortal form it dwells in. It is no less our duty than our pleasure to take care of our bodies.

There are certain evils to which this need of organization often gives rise, which are very apparent in the management of revivals. The artificial part becomes the prominent feature, and instead of spontaneous worship we find elaborate mechanism ; formality gets the control under the most spiritual names. Again, the dragging of the inmost feelings of the soul into publicity, the “ declaring on the housetop what may only be spoken in the closet,” tends to destroy spiritual delicacy and humility, and to cultivate vanity and pride. You sometimes hear young converts speak as if they had far outrun the oldest saints. Again, a set of phrases comes into use that is simply the most disagreeable cant, as blasphemous as it is disgusting. The name of the Supreme Being is used with a familiarity that reveals the utter want of true reverence, and His modes of operation are discussed as freely as the plans of an earthly government. “ Men rush in where angels fear to tread.”

These four evils of formality, display, cant, and irreverence, appear more or less in all revivals, and warn men against imagining they are yet perfect. The spasmodic and epileptic excitements, which were once the foremost accompaniment of revivals, and were known as “ the jerks,” and which so great a man as President Edwards thought signs of the working of God’s Spirit, seldom appear now. They have been hunted out of reputable precincts by common sense. And all the other attendant evils have been mitigated by the influence of a more liberal culture, so that the revival now in progress exhibits very slight traces of them ; although, as the Millennium has not come, it is not altogether free from them.

The evils which make their appearance in the results of revivals are chiefly the ideas they often incorporate in the popular theology, which shape, more or less, the popular

ways of living. One of these ideas is, that it is right to be less religious at one time than at another; that, after the first excitement of feeling is over, the religious life may slacken and decline. I do not suppose the leaders have any such thought; but, consciously or unconsciously, it is very apt to effect a lodgment in the minds of the unthinking converts, as any one who calmly studies a revival can always see. But it needs no argument to prove that the law of all true life is steady and slow growth, not sudden and fitful starts. When the prophet Hosea exhorted Israel to repent, one of the blessings promised was, "They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine."

Another perilous doctrine often suggested by revivals is, that God is not always and everywhere present, the witness of all sins and the source of all goodness, as ready to pardon as he is strict to mark his children's forgetfulness of their Father. So far as this doctrine means only that there are times more favorable than others in the sinner's own condition, it involves one of the most momentous truths that man can conceive, which ought to make us all strive to enter in at the straight gate while yet we are called. But so far as the doctrine means that the Father is not always willing to welcome back his wandering child, it impeaches the mercy of God, and fills man with despair. It was the prodigal son who would not go home till his hunger brought him to himself; the father was as ready at first as at last to meet the wayward son with the kiss of reconciliation. The legitimate consequence of such a doctrine is the dreariest materialism.

Another mischievous thought which often finds expression in revivals is, that scepticism is worse than immorality, that a rejection of dogmas is more fatal than the breaking of the Decalogue. There is a truth which, no doubt, this statement is meant to convey, but the expression is most unfortunate. There is a sense in which unbelief is the climax of sins, but it is the unbelief of the heart, not of the brain; it is the un-

belief which shuts out the thought of God and his invisible kingdom of righteousness and truth, and places its trust in the things which are seen. That is the unbelief which is indifferent towards God and hard-hearted towards man ; and it is the worst possible state for an immortal soul. But scepticism of the intellect is often the noblest mental quality, and to it the world owes every step in its progress. It certainly is the chief glory of Protestantism that scepticism is allowed. It is not inconsistent with the highest faith in God, in Christ, and in the eternal world. He who says that such a scepticism is worse than immorality, insults the common sense of man as much as he blasphemes the Gospel of Christ. The Pharisees had no scruples about the articles of their creeds, nor about devouring widow's houses.

A feeling is also apt to prevail among the thoughtless subjects of revivals, that "conversion" is enough, that admission to the church is the end of a religious life. There could not be a more distorted and extravagant idea. It is at the bottom of all ecclesiastical darkness and despotism, as well as of the apostasy and apathy which have so often followed closely upon revivals. It is as erroneous as to suppose that the end of human existence is simply to be born into this world, so that there is no need of constant growth and careful education till the complete manhood or womanhood is reached. The religious life is one both of change and growth, of conversion and sanctification. It is a long journey from the far country to the Father's house. "The children of Israel," says Jeremy Taylor, "were not presently in Canaan, as soon as they were out of Egypt, but abode long in the wilderness."

These possible evils of revivals are obvious. They are seen and deplored by sensible men of all denominations. They are accidental, and not essential to revivals. They grow out of the imperfections of human nature. Some of them are prevented by a cultivated taste and an enlightened

understanding; others are the natural reaction from a state of insensibility and a life of guilt. The cure for them all will be found in that entire surrender of the heart to spiritual influences, which is sure to enlighten and ennable the whole nature of man.

II. It is pleasant to turn to the possible and actual benefits of revivals. And the good, like the evil, may be classed under the two heads of the process and the results.

The only advantage I shall mention as appearing in the process of revivals is the power of sympathy, which, looking not at the divine but at the human side of the phenomenon, is the main agent both for awakening repentance and encouraging reformation. We have been too inclined to disregard and spurn the mysterious and spontaneous power of the union of hearts for the accomplishment of spiritual purposes. We know how that power has kindled the political and religious revolutions which have shaped the destiny of the world. It was the unseen but omnipotent element of the Crusades, the Protestant Reformation, and the French Revolution. There is no reason why that power should not be used on a smaller scale for beneficent purposes. God has made us dependent on each other, and we cannot sever the ties that bind us.

“Are we not formed, as notes of music are, —  
For one another, though dissimilar?”

It is true that Christianity is a personal power for regenerating the individual soul, but it is also an organized and organizing power for re-adjusting and redeeming communities. It is true that a man's supreme duty is personal religion, but he is none the less responsible for his brother, and he stands in none the less need of his brother's help. All men feel the stronger for feeling themselves linked in with a great company of fellow-believers. Their failing virtue is replenished and re-invigorated against temptation by this union of heart with heart. For the narrow road is walked by companies. Christian may start for the Slough of Des-

spond alone, but in the temptations and in the hopes, in the perils and in the joys, that fill the pilgrimage to the Celestial City, he needs the encouragement, sympathy, and help of Faithful ;— as it has been finely said, “ The very road to heaven lies through one another’s hearts.” We need to feel the restraints and the inspiration of membership in the one family that is named both in heaven and on earth, to be beset before and behind, as we go to our daily duties and trials, not only by the providence of God, but by the watchful brotherhood of man.

This craving for sympathy and encouragement the management of revivals is especially adapted to meet. It is their prominent characteristic, that the prodigal who begins to be in want is not left to wait till the deepest pangs of hunger drive him home alone, but he is sought out and led by fraternal hands to the Father’s house. The sinner is urged to repent by the example and the prayers of others. He is encouraged to hold out and grow in holiness by the kind words and kinder intercessions of his fellow-men. And who can tell how many souls owe their safety to the faithful expostulations and inspiring sympathies of Christian friends? I sometimes fear we do not really believe in the supreme worth of the soul, when we are so careless about the spiritual welfare of our brethren. If we are in earnest for ourselves, ought we not to be in earnest for those whom the same Father loves and the same Saviour has died to redeem?

Among the good results of revivals, the chief, of course, is the reformation of sinners. We all know that there is always enough of the sin of open vice and the sin of indifference to be repented of and abandoned. We believe that alienation from God is the depth of all possible misery and calamity, and that reconciliation with him is the height of all possible peace and blessing. We know that there is but one thing needful for an immortal being, and that is the love of God. Now if by revivals the indifferent are aroused, the

vicious reclaimed, and many prodigal sons brought home, then no words can express the immense value to the world of such revivals. If he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall cover a multitude of sins, the permanent and glorious good which a revival works far outweighs its temporary and accidental evils. When political economy can fix the value of a single soul, it can begin to estimate also the value of revivals.

It will not do to deny these beneficent results of revivals, for they are patent to any but the wilfully blindfold eye. It is true that at such periods there always starts up a transient and superficial piety, which disappears in more quiet times,—an injury to the individual himself and a scandal to true religion. There are persons who are periodically “converted,” and who then “fall from grace,” to be spasmodically affected again at the next revival. But these are far the smaller portion of the professed converts, though their cases are apt to make the most impression upon a doubting and scoffing world. But shall the husbandman give up his labors, because some seed, springing up, is soon withered by the sun or choked by the thorns? Shall he not rather be encouraged by that which bears good fruit, some twenty, some sixty, some a hundred fold? And so long as revivals bear the permanent fruit they do, in the repentance and reformation of sinners, they deserve our approval and our co-operation. “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Another result of a genuine revival is a quickening of the general conscience, an advance in political and social morality. They *must* be the consequence of any thorough quickening of the religious life, either in an individual or in masses. For true religion proves its divine origin by the long train of blessings it brings to man; the flowering and fruit of love to the Father is practical beneficence to our brethren. That is the declaration of Scripture, accepted and attested by the experience of ages.

“ He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small.”

When a man's heart has been opened to the Holy Spirit, his moral vision is sharpened to discern his duty, and his will is braced to do it. That is a false religion now, as it was in the time of our Saviour, which is jealous of external rites and institutions, and prates of honoring God while it does not rebuke scandal, or anger, or oppression. He has never been converted from selfishness, who does not carry his religious consecration into his household, his business, and his politics. "There is a wicked man that hangeth down his head sadly, but inwardly he is full of deceit." "He that bath not the spirit of Christ is none of his." "He that is of God doeth the works of God."

It is impossible, therefore, that a genuine revival of religion should not prove a revival of morality too. The philanthropic labors which were inaugurated by Wilberforce, Sharpe, and Macaulay, were the natural fruit of their religious experiences as disciples of the "Clapham School."

There has been in some quarters a disposition to sneer at the revival now going on among us, because it has come when business is at a stand, and men have more time to devote to it. If there is a Providence which shapes all our ends, as philosophy demonstrates and faith knows, then this coincidence calls for gratitude. If this lethargy of business is the result of national habits which are not only mistakes in political economy, but sins against God, this call to repentance and reformation is a divine mercy to be humbly acknowledged, not a human contrivance to be laughed at. And if the result shall be the adoption of a higher standard of morality by our community, and the acknowledgment of the Gospel as the supreme authority for both trade and politics, *then* every heart must praise the God who out of such terrible ill educes everlasting good. Let us hope and pray that this general revival may result in a general reformation.

There are one or two characteristics of this particular revival which demand our respect and sympathy. They are

remarkably free from the unseemly excitements of human passions. There is very little concerted action, very little management. It is spontaneous and not forced. It "grows as grows the grass," silently and steadily beneath the rain and sunshine of heaven. There are deep feeling and thorough conviction among men, but the manifestations are generally calm. The meetings go on "decently and in order," and anything offensive to good taste is seldom heard or seen. This condition argues well for a permanent result. Another characteristic of the present revival is its freedom from sectarian jealousy and rivalry. Christians seem to esteem it as more important to convert sinners than to fill up the records of any denomination ; and, for once, the sects seem to feel that they have a common cause and a common leader. Controverted points are not discussed ; but practical appeals are made, and real experiences related. Here and there an angry bigot deplores the union of the different churches, lest some special dogma, which fills his narrow mind, should be lost sight of ; but that is not the voice of the multitude, which is practically professing a faith in the "Holy Catholic Church" whose members are all consecrated souls throughout the world. Surely a religious interest which produces such an effect on the pride of man, calls for devout gratitude to the impartial Father.

More than a century ago there took place in this country a revival, commonly known as the "Great Awakening," vague traditions of which still float about every New England town. That revival does not seem to have been so extensive and profound, or to have been attended with so few circumstances to regret, as the one we are witnessing. Though it left a powerful impression for good in the end, it was the occasion of many foolish words and acts at the time ; so that many ministers, while they commended the result, preached against its means and manner, and against the famous Whitefield,— or rather against his followers, who had the zeal without the eloquence or good sense of their

leader. Among those opposers of the "New Light movement" was Ebenezer Turell, the minister of this Medford parish, who in 1742 preached and published a sermon upon the subject. It is entitled, "Mr. Turell's Direction to his People with Relation to the Present Times." Some of his cautions are wise for all time, and some only provoke a smile now. He objects to the relation of religious experiences, as fostering spiritual pride. He objects to the censorious spirit that prevailed among the revival preachers, and to some of their doctrines,—to the stress that was laid on dreams, visions, and impulses, to the screamings and swoons which were excited "by tonitrous sounds, words without meaning, frightful gestures, and a direct application to the senses and passions," on which he quotes Mr. Henry's remark, that "Satan gets possession by the senses and passions, Christ by the understanding." Another objection he found in the fact, that the new preachers did not use notes; — to which answer was made, in an opposing pamphlet, "The more any of us improve in the divine life, the less *paper* we shall want in order to preach the Gospel." Mr. Turell was also much distressed by the permission given to women to exhort and pray in public, in the face of Paul's express prohibition; and by the singing of hymns of human composition. His chief anger was directed against the coming of the new preachers into other men's parishes without the pastor's consent; and the point of his "Direction" is, that his people should learn to profit by their established ministry. "Learn the will of God, and the way of salvation, from those that are to show it unto you. Inquire the law at their mouth. Wait patiently and diligently at the pool of ordinances. Attend, in season and out of season, on Sabbaths and lectures. Reform what is reproved, and submit to the order and discipline of God's house." "But, notwithstanding, if after much prayer, and laying aside all prejudice, any of you find that you can't profit by your settled pastor, I advise you, as soon as may be, to move

some other place where you think you shall be more edified! But such of you as are inclined to tarry with us must keep in your line, and be humble and silent!" That sort of advice ministers of the present day are more apt to receive than to give.

The contest on the subject was long and vehement in this town, and ended only with the death of Whitefield; on which Mr. Turell preached from the significant text, "Verily, every man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity." \*

One hundred and sixteen years have passed since that sermon was preached, and we are in the midst of another "Great Awakening." But the progress of civilization has softened the hard, and calmed the extravagant, elements of the revival which our fathers witnessed. The complaints which Mr. Turell entered, we should hardly find cause for making now. Let us be thankful that these years have not failed to purify and elevate the Christian theology and the Christian morality of this community.

"The ascending day-star with a bolder eye  
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!  
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry  
The spots and struggles of the timid dawn;  
Lest so we tempt the approaching noon to scorn  
The mists and painted vapors of our morn."

What, then, shall be our position towards this revival? We may be tempted to ridicule it; but not, I think, if we have witnessed the seriousness and simplicity and earnestness which characterize its progress. There are undoubtedly some things to annoy the taste, but there are more to warm and inspire the heart. There are some hypo-

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\* That, *on the whole*, Mr. Turell gave his sympathy and co-operation to the revival, is evident, both from this pamphlet and from his signing "The Testimony and Advice," put forth by a convention of New England pastors, held in Boston, July 7, 1743, which declared their belief in the revival as a great and permanent work of the Holy Spirit, while it acknowledged and deplored the irregularities and extravagances that had been permitted to accompany it.

crites, no doubt, who dishonor the work ; but the tares and the wheat must grow together till the time of the harvest. When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also. There was a Simon Magus still "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," though he had been baptized with the multitude of Philip's converts in the city of Samaria. It is not for man to weed out the tares, or to abuse the field for bearing them. An enemy sowed them ; yet the wheat will ripen.

Let us rather, instead of reviling the evil of this revival, or patronizing its good, make it a personal benefit to ourselves, both as individuals and as a denomination, and see that we do not hinder its operation on others. We may be compared to islands of ice in a sea of fire. But mere comparisons do no harm. They are not even witty, unless they are true; and if we do not deserve the comparison, we shall be sure to spoil it of its wit. Let us show, by the fervor of our devotion, the liberality of our judgments, the holiness of our lives, that we do not relish "the icy kind of heavenly meat." Let us prove, by the warmth of our piety and the fulness of our charity, that our hearts feel the supreme importance of our relations to God and the world invisible. Let us remember, that it is better to be alive than dead, to be a fanatic in our worship, than a poor fool who says there is no God,— that a running stream is the source of power, while a stagnant pool brings only disease and death. If we witness excess and turbulence in others who crave the peace that passeth understanding, let us show them that tranquillity is not inconsistent with zeal, nor gentleness with the most ardent aspirations and the most constant endeavors for personal holiness and the world's redemption. Let us make it manifest that the presence of the Lord is sometimes declared, not by the strong wind, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but by the still, small voice. Let us demonstrate by our own examples, that the life which is *hidden* with Christ in God is "the power which makes a man

humble instead of proud, self-denying instead of self-seeking, spiritual instead of carnal,—which makes him embrace, not only the brethren, but the whole human race, in the arms of his love.” \*

Listen to the advice given to your ancestors by their pastor : “ Be not offended at these things, or prejudiced against the genuine work of God from disorders and irregularities that arise among us, either from the weakness and corruption of human nature, or the malice of Satan not wholly restrained. And be sure to put in for a share of the spiritual blessings so liberally bestowed at this day. Be more careful and diligent in the working out your soul’s salvation, than to be satisfied about this or the other occurrence. Give yourself to prayer, to reading and hearing the Word, to meditation, self-examination, and let nothing satisfy you short of a whole Christ and a whole salvation. The grace of the Lord Jesus be with you.” †

### THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

My child ! my idol child, I see thee playing,  
And flitting in and out beneath the trees ;  
And now, as yesternight, I hear thee saying,  
The while thou look’st up, leaning on my knees  
With thy fresh-gathered flowers, “ How made He these ? ”  
And in the morn, wreathed with the wild-wood bells,  
Beside the sea thine infant steps were straying,  
Gathering with eager hands the winding shells,  
And asking, “ What are the sea-voices saying ? ”  
And my heart fails me, that my feeble ken  
Sees but so narrowly and dimly, when  
Such as thou askest of deep mysteries.

\* Professor Jowett.

† Mr. Turell’s “Dialogue between a Minister and his Neighbor about the Times.”

## ANGEL.

Give thy child unto me, — so shall she know  
 All mysteries : these be her heavenly lore,  
 Learned where no blossoms fade, and the tide-flow  
 Of earth's temptations threatens her no more.

## MOTHER.

Do I dream, or hear ? O wherefore ! Art thou calling  
 To test my mother-heart ? Dost thou not see  
 Beauty untold in those bright ringlets, falling  
 O'er snowy neck and brow ? And life and glee  
 Radiant in every limb, and love that glows  
 On the kiss-loving lips, that vie the rose ?

## ANGEL.

Time, with his sickle, for that harvest waits !  
 He turns the gold to gray, and writes deep lines  
 On brow and cheek, which only grief translates.

## MOTHER.

But he brings blessings ; and Faith shall transcribe  
 Harmonies sweet, and knowledge from above,  
 And we, so gladdened with her sunny smile,  
 Shall lean on her, and Time shall bring her Love —

## ANGEL.

And Love's twin, Sorrow !

## MOTHER.

O forbear !  
 If Sorrow come, it will but make more sweet  
 The graces that she wears ; and she shall lead  
 More frail and timid ones to peace, and greet  
 The just despairing with new hope. O heed !  
 The earth hath need of her, — hath piteous need !

## ANGEL.

The Lord hath need of her.

## MOTHER.

O heart of mine, be still ! — she is His own,—  
Nor murmur when He taketh what He gave ;  
Do I not daily thank Him for the loan ?  
But her home pathway lieth through the grave,—  
And she so beautiful !

Yet Jesus lay there, cold,  
As she must. And our God did not deny  
Unto the estrangéd world his only Son !  
He asks my child, and shall my heart deny  
My Heavenly Master even my only one ?  
He takes in wisdom. From His hand shall flow  
Healing, and strength, and faith, my stay to be ;  
And I my lost beloved shall find, I know,  
With Him who bore death and the grave for me.

H. W.

## THE REVIVAL.

We found fault with revivals in 1828; and we did well in doing so. But there are revivals and revivals; and 1858 is not 1828. We would not follow the traditions of a sect in praising or in blaming such movements. Certainly we should not copy the measures of others in any spirit of servile imitation; nor should we denounce these measures merely to avoid the charge of imitation. We would copy neither others nor ourselves. For Segur brings this charge against Napoleon, and explains out of it the misfortunes of the Russian campaign : “Napoleon voulut s’imiter lui-même, malgré la différence des lieux et des circonstances,— car l’habitude n’est qu’une imitation de soi-même.”

The religious movement of 1828 was called a revival,—the religious movement of the present year is also called a revival. But herein the resemblance between the two ceases. In all respects, except the central analogy of a deep religious interest, they differ, as we hope to show.

What is a revival? It is the coming of new LIFE, or the return of life which had passed away. It is called a revival when life comes to us,—not when we go to it. It is “a season of refreshing.” It is the nature of all life to come in waves; flowing in at times abundantly, then withdrawn. Therefore Jesus compares the spiritual life-giving influence to the wind, which rises and falls, which sighs as a gentle zephyr, becomes a generous breeze, rises into a gale, rushes by in a storm, thunders around us in a hurricane, and then, perhaps, subsides into a calm.

The life of Nature has its revivals. We are now approaching one of them. After the sleep of winter comes spring, and spring is a revival. Into seeds, roots, and buds a new life is poured,—the seeds swell, the roots push, the buds burst open. Insect life, animal life, bird life, reappear. The air is filled with song, the wide world receives an inflowing tide of animation. All nature is vitalized afresh.

Or in midsummer, after a long drought, when the burning sun has parched the sod, and caked the earth, and the leaves are brown,—when the farmer sadly contemplates his yellow grass and drooping grain,—the clouds collect some day, they darken, they gather blackness, and then comes up from the west the driving and rejoicing shower, preceded by white clouds of dust, and pursued by the rapid lightning. The rain pours in torrents, and then steadies into a thick and constant sheet, which comes down day and night, till the fields rejoice in new and living green,—till the emerald hills clasp their hands, and the trees wave and toss their branches in exulting welcome of the heavenly gift. This also is a revival in the domain of outward nature.

The invalid has been imprisoned by slow disease. Month after month has passed by, and all the appliances of science could not bring back vigor to his limb, color to his cheek, light to his eye. Weary months go on before he can leave his room. But at last he feels within a returning tide of life. He begins to regain strength. The disease is checked.

He is able again to sit up, then to stand, next to walk, at last to go abroad, and then

“The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note which swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.”

This also is a revival,—of the life of the human body.

In none of these cases can we tell how the life returns, where it has been, whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. Not by any human science or effort is the life of nature revived in the spring; not by any effort of man does the rain come after drought, or, coming, renew the vegetable life of nature. The wise physician knows that he cannot procure the healing life which is to renew the failing frame; he can only remove impeding obstacles, and make the channel for it ready, and the way smooth.

As with physical life, so with intellectual and moral life. In the souls of individuals, in society, in nations, there are great seasons of refreshing, when mind and heart are everywhere revived. We cannot tell how they come or go. But the law of waves holds here also.

What thinker, what student, what writer, but knows that there are propitious hours when his intellect is full of life,—when it does not work mechanically, but dynamically,—when it sees clearly, and can express what it sees exactly,—when it sees and foresees, has a prophetic power, and is half inspired. The nobler the faculty, the more subject is it to this involuntary influx and withdrawal of life. Thus Dryden says somewhere: “We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please, but must wait till the god comes rushing on us and invades us with a fury we are not able to resist, which gives double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us spent and languishing at its departure. We swim with the tide, and the water makes us buoyant.”

So when we speak of the age of Elizabeth, of Augustus, of Pericles, of Louis XIV., we speak of times each of

which was a revival of letters, when genius became common, and all minds partook of the same intellectual enthusiasm.

So in the political world, and in the public life of nations, there are periods in which the love of liberty revives, and other periods in which it grows cold. At times a great enthusiasm flows over a nation, and it arouses itself, and does deeds of heroic daring. The Arabs remained unnoticed in their deserts for two thousand years. Then they arose, and swept over Asia and Africa, and into Spain, in one triumphant wave of conquest. So it was with England in the days of the Commonwealth, as Milton describes her.\*

If, then, this law applies to all other kinds of life,—if each has its period when it flows in and mounts up, and again periods of ebb when it retires,—why should not that be also the case with spiritual life? If there are revivals in nature, in the intellect, in society, in nations, why not revivals of religion? So far as religion is work, it can be done as other work is done, by force of will. But so far as it is life, it comes according to the laws of life. It comes from influences and sources above man's knowledge, and above man's will. The poet toils in vain till the season of refreshing comes. Mazzini and Kossuth struggle in vain till the hour of reviving national life arrives. And so Paul may plant, and Apollos water; but it is God who gives the increase. The Spirit quickeneth or vitalizes,—only the Spirit,—and vital religion comes where the Spirit comes, and nowhere else.

A revival of religion, then, is a time in which there is a more wide and tender feeling of spiritual things than at other times. And such a revival exists now.

But a revival may be bad or good, according to its character and quality. This is admitted by those who defend revivals, that their quality may be such that the harm shall

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\* We refer especially to the famous passage in the *Areopagitica*, beginning, “Methinks I see,” &c.

exceed the good. So far as they are revivals of spiritual life, they are good; so far as they are revivals of animal feeling and earthly excitement, they are unhealthy. Or, to be more particular,—

A revival is bad so far as it is a panic.

A panic in religion is like a panic in business,—it denotes a want of confidence. The great business panic which has just passed, came from want of confidence in man. Over-trading and speculating had gone so far, that men had lost confidence in each other, knowing that they were all going beyond their ability. A religious panic comes from a want of confidence in God, from losing sight of the divine goodness. Those who are not dwelling in the love of God are always liable to a religious panic. But this is not a Christian revival, since love casts out fear.

Now it is a peculiar feature of the present revival, as compared with that thirty years ago, that it is *not* a panic. The appeals are mostly made to reason and conscience, and not to fear. There is very little said about hell, and a great deal said about duty.

A revival is bad so far as it does not come from conviction, or a new sight of truth. For truth is the root, without which it can neither live, thrive, nor grow. The sight of truth gives that deepness of earth which is necessary to prevent the plant from withering away. It is to be feared that the amount of truth communicated in the various meetings is not very large. This is probably the chief defect in this revival, as in all revivals.

A revival is bad which ends in emotion, and does not go on into action. For action is the continent which receives emotion, and gives it solidity. The life of the spring must pass on into the fruit of autumn, or it ceases to have value. Epictetus says, that “the sheep do not bring back to the shepherd the grass which they have eaten, to show him what they have received, but rather show it to him in the form of wool.” So religion which consists in repeating

over again past experiences, instead of carrying them forward into life, amounts to very little. Christian sheep should not bring to their teachers the opinions they have received and the feelings which have been impressed on their hearts, but should show these transformed into noble conduct and a beautiful life.

In this respect, also, the present revival is a great advance on previous ones. There is comparatively little mere emotion, and little attempt to produce it. The whole movement is tranquil, and undisturbed by gusts of passion.

Believing, therefore, that the evils incident to revivals in times past have been greatly diminished at the present time, we see no reason why Unitarians and other Liberal Christians should not cordially welcome such influences. They can do us no harm, but only good. The theology of a revival is in accordance with ours; and the result of a revival is inevitably to liberalize the Christian Church.

For, if there are any people to whom they will do no harm, it is we. We are in no danger of panics, of too much emotion, of the absence of deliberate thought. We are not likely to lose our sense of the regular and orderly methods of divine influence, to be swept away by enthusiasm, or hardened by fanaticism. Management does not belong to us. The religious excitement which, in other sects, may be a raging fire, is tempered when it reaches us into a gentle warmth. We shall never suffer, probably, from an excess of sympathy, or from too little individualism. And will it not do us good to be brought into communion and sympathy with a larger body of Christians, by sharing the feelings of those who are looking to God for a divine influence? In the midst of business and the cares of this world, there has come to men a sense of spiritual things which makes them real. Men feel that God is something more than a law of the universe, or than an abstract power. He becomes, for a time at least, a personal friend, near at hand. Of this sentiment it is certain that we cannot easily have too much.

Then, the theology of a revival accords with a rational Christianity. The essential features of Calvinism disappear; for the doctrine of total inability must be put aside, if not openly rejected, by the conductors of a revival. They must teach that man has the power to repent, and that immediately. Consequently, revivals prevail the most among the churches which adopt the new divinity; and all the leaders in such movements are men of progressive minds. Though they may all embrace the popular theology, they cannot lay stress upon it, and do not. Occasionally a regular dogmatist may preach about the Trinity, but it is felt to be out of place. Dogmatic theology disappears in a revival. The necessary subjects are those connected with sin and salvation, and must be treated, not in a speculative, but in a practical manner.

And the result of a revival is toward liberality of opinion and practical goodness. Of course many things may be said and done of a narrow and sectarian character; but the tendency is manifestly in the opposite direction. We lately heard of its being said by an eminent philanthropist and reformer, that, about the year 1830, he gave lectures on various subjects of reform; and he found that, through the whole region where revivals had prevailed, the people were more ready to listen and to be interested in such subjects than anywhere else. Were we at liberty to mention the name of this gentleman, it would be admitted that his testimony is of the highest value. And it is easy to see that such a result is very natural. In a revival, men's minds are awakened, and the mental activity, being once aroused, will go on and apply itself to other questions; in a revival, the laity take part, and exercise their minds independently, escaping from the guidance of their theological guides; in a revival season, men ascend out of dogmas into that life of the spirit which is higher than all dogmas, and in which alone the fellowship and unity of the Church are to be found. Fanaticism may come in sometimes, sanctifying its malignant

passions by the authority of God. A low and narrow theism may speak of the coming of God's Spirit as though it were arbitrary, and its going away as though it were intermittent; but these partial errors will be swallowed up in the great influence of an elevated Christian life.

But it may be asked, Is it not the essential theory of a revival, that God's Spirit comes and goes,—that its action is not constant, but intermittent? This is the common view, no doubt; but it is not essential to the revival theory. That theory assumes only this: not that God comes nearer, but that his influence is more felt at certain times than at others. Thus, in the spring the influence of the sun is more felt by the vegetable world, and a revival of nature is the consequence; but this is not because the sun has come any nearer to us than it was in the winter, but because the earth lies in a position which makes it more receptive of the solar rays. So, in a revival season, God does not come nearer, but the world has been brought into a position which makes it more receptive of the Divine influence.

Nor does the revival theory imply that men are to regard these influences as the whole of Christianity, or as justifying the absence of practical obedience. The revival of nature in the spring does not usually lead the farmer to suppose that his whole work is done. On the contrary, it leads him to work harder than at any other time: he must plough, dig, and plant. When health revives, men use it by working; when business revives, men become more active. In a revival of letters, literary men and scholars work harder than at other seasons. It is no paradox, therefore, but accords with all analogy, when Paul says, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure." The natural result of God's influence on the soul is, that it should set men to work for themselves.

No doubt some men lay too much stress upon a season of revivals and upon its result; and no doubt others are

too much prejudiced against them. Perhaps the following apostrophe may illustrate the two-fold danger.

There were three gardeners whose orchards were adjacent.  
All cultivated fruit-trees.

Gardener A cared only for blossoms. The spring was the season in which he most delighted. As it approached, he tried to force his trees into the fullest blossom. He had hot-houses for his apples, peaches, plums,—he concentrated upon them the full force of the sun;—and he made a great show of flowers. The air was filled with the perfume, and the sight was glorious to behold. Every tree looked like a gigantic bouquet. The luxuriance was immense. But after they had bloomed, Gardener A did not care what became of them. He let the fruit be destroyed by insects, by over-production, by want of pruning, etc.; and what fruit there was, was stunted and poor, because the trees were exhausted by the profusion of blossoms.

Gardener B was disgusted with the conduct of Gardener A. His theory was, that, since fruit was the object of a fruit-tree, blossoms did harm rather than good. He thought it his duty to discourage blossoms, that the tree might turn its whole attention to fruit. Blossoms, he argued, exhaust the power which should be devoted to the preparation of saccharine juices. What is the use, said he, of this mere display of bright flowers? The methods of nature are modest, quiet, reserved. Blossoming is too sudden, and therefore transient,—the result of a momentary excitement from the actinic ray of the sun. The true processes of growth are gradual. The fruit, hidden under the leaves, should ripen slowly, through long months. He therefore protected his trees from the sunlight, and kept them dark and cold, to preserve them from the epidemic blossoming excitement which prevailed among trees about the end of May.

But Gardener C differed from both his neighbors in the theory and practice of horticulture. Blossoming he regarded as a natural process of vegetation, though by no means

the object and end of fruit-trees. He tried neither to force it nor to depress it, but let it come in its natural way. Devoting his attention mainly to the fruit, he yet was thankful for the flowers. He knew that the blossoms were for the fruit, not for themselves ; and yet that, without blossoms, the fruit would not come.

Which of these gardeners was the wisest ?

Gardener A represents the revivalist, who devotes his strength only to the transient process, the sudden crisis of religious feeling, producing conversion and the formation of a new germ of life.

Gardener B represents the opposer of revivals, who thinks them useless or worse, and who discourages all that part of religion which consists in sympathy and utterance.

Gardener C represents him who, believing that a revival of religion is a natural process, welcomes it when it comes in a natural way ; but does not try to produce it by artificial means, and does not consider it as the whole or the essential part of the religious life.

J. F. C.

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### WHAT WAKENETH THE LONE HEART TO LOVE AGAIN ?

WHAT wakeneth the lone heart to love again ? The *Solitude*,  
 "The wide unpeopled waste," the wilderness lone.  
 "Climb the steep mountain's side, by pathway rude,"  
 And listen. In that forest's ceaseless moan,  
 I catch a dying groan.

Go, where the pleasant branches intertwine,  
 And, 'wilder'd in their mazes dreamy, lie  
 Beside the running brook, beneath the vine ;  
 List its low murmur, as it floweth by : —  
 I hear the loved one sigh.

Go, where the flowers deck the fragrant earth,  
“Brighter than the mine’s jewels,” colors brave ;  
They speak a soothing language from their birth ;  
They ‘mind me of fresh flowers on a grave.  
Flowers I must not have.

Go, where the ocean maketh its loud roar,  
See white-winged ships, like sea-birds, meet and flee.  
I see one stately ship, afar from shore,  
Go down in darkness on a summer sea ;  
Its boat rides wearily.

Go, where the ear may catch the thundering shock  
Of cataract; watch the white water’s track.  
A pale-robed maniac, springing from the rock,  
Sending low guttural tones of laughter back,—  
It seemeth all a wrack.

What wakeneth the lone heart to love again ? *The Multitude.*  
Go, where the lowly meet in chapel bare ;  
With the gray-haired ones kneel on pavements rude ;  
List their low voices in the heartfelt prayer ;—  
The lone heart loveth there.

Go, where the Yule-log crackles ; it is burned.  
Now read the Christmas story, loud and clear ;  
Gaze on the earnest faces there upturned,  
Bright, happy children’s, gathered far and near.  
The lone heart loveth there.

Go, where the frolic children’s silvery shout  
Rings out in music on the May-day clear ;  
Join in the running circle, or, without,  
Give thine own voice to swell the hearty cheer ;—  
The lone heart loveth there.

Go, where the marriage-bell peals forth its chime,  
In silvery cadence, on the morning air ;  
March to the merry music, keeping time,  
And lend thy presence to the bridal fair ;—  
The lone heart loveth there.

Go to the burial, — join the village train,  
And in the humble graveyard kneel thou there.  
Weep with the mourner; in another's pain  
Lose thine own grief, and wrestle with despair.  
The lone heart loveth there.

E. W.

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## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* By the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A. Second Series. From the fourth London Edition. Ticknor and Fields.— So goes on the wonderful ministry of this elect spirit. Not only does he yet speak, being dead, but he speaks with such power and acceptance as he could not have attained in the body. Never, perhaps, was there an instance where a ministry of Christ was more immediately and signally extended and deepened by the removal of the minister. Had Mr. Robertson lived on at Brighton, he would have exercised a steadily growing influence by his large, beneficent, noble life,— his generous, persuasive, holy eloquence. What he actually did shows that. More and more he would have found sure access to the hearts of rich and poor, — learned and simple alike, — and converted sinners to God. But how much slower and less glorious would the progress of that local apostleship have been, than what we have seen since he was so early lifted up from the world! Now, his parish is on two continents, in all parts of two great nations; and his quickening words are silently flying to the ends of the earth. From all sects, parties, homes, from places distant and near, from thoughtful persons of every ecclesiastical order and every doctrinal confession, from conservative and radical, we hear enthusiastic and grateful commendations of Robertson's Sermons. People read them that do not love to read sermons. Scholars admire them. Thinkers respect them. Believers are cheered by them. Rationalists praise them, not seeing that the substance of all the old theology of the Church is in them. Dogmatists approve them, (save a few who have passed from life unto death, in the

bondage of their formality,) not seeing that here is a spiritual interpretation which liberates the spirit from the letter. Verily, it was "expedient" that this disciple, like his Master, should "go away." Yet in his lifetime, as the touching biographical sketch in this Second Series shows, this pure, disinterested, brave, consecrated man was pursued and tortured by misrepresentation, by abuse, by calumny, by charges of heresy, trimming, accommodation,— and so his sensitive soul was hurried out of its frail house; and the laboring people, that he had drawn from infidelity to Christ, came and wept, in the early morning, before their day's work began, on his grave! And then the men of authority, and ease, and wealth, "sound in the faith," and of comfortable digestion, began, little by little, timidly, to pronounce his eulogy. Thus the everlasting appeal goes on, from shadows to reality, from names to things, from the unworthy present to the fairer future, from Christendom to Christ, from the Church to the Comforter, from the suspicion, jealousy, and hate of men to the serenity, and patience, and infinite love of God.

"Be not amazed at life! 't is still  
The mode of God with his elect,  
Their plans and wishes to fulfil,  
In times and ways they least expect."

In issuing the Third Series of these posthumous discourses, we hope the publishers will include an engraving — which we have seen in an English edition of the volume — of a marble bust of Mr. Robertson, presenting a fine classical outline of the head, and something of the lofty expression of the face.

*Church and Congregation: a Plea for their Unity.* By Rev. C. A. BARTOL. Ticknor and Fields.— It is right that "their unity" should be pleaded for, and labored for, and hoped for. It is not right, nor wise, nor otherwise than absurd, that the unity should be *pronounced*, pretended, where it does not *exist*. To stand on the facts is the first duty of earnest men. To utter the facts is the first duty of all speech. Practically, actually, "the Church" is composed of those who heartily and supremely honor and love Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the world,— whose *ruling* desire is to follow him, whose *ruling* aim is to resemble him. Practically, really, "the Congregation" is composed of those — in addition to these — who from any other motive, as from custom, curiosity, fondness for public

discourse, a vague, natural sentiment of veneration, love of social scenes, a passion for music, attachment to the preacher, a politic regard to public opinion, a wish to expose fine raiment, or whatever else, gather into public places, meeting-houses, on the Sabbath. This is the simple distinction. It is real. It is indestructible, save by bringing all the latter class to believe and feel with the first; i. e., in the common phrase, converting them to Christ. The Lord's Supper is for the first class. They will desire it, revere it, and partake of it in sincerity; for the law of their life is sympathy with him whom the feast commemorates, and into whose "communion" it leads the soul by its symbols. The Lord's Supper is not for the second class. They will not desire it, nor appreciate it, nor share in it sincerely, because the law of their life is not sympathy with the life of Christ. Nothing is plainer. The "Church" who commune, and the "Congregation" who do not commune, are divided, not by an ordinance, or the door of a building, or an aisle in a sanctuary, but by a moral principle. Men may eloquently expostulate against the ceremony that recognizes the separation of these companies at the close of a service of worship; but the expostulation belongs with those who *create* the separation by an unrighteous heart. They are apart in purpose, in consciousness, in affection, in the deepest life, in faith. They are apart by the frank acknowledgment of both the parties. Of course, all Christians wish it were otherwise, and made otherwise in the only possible way,—the way of spiritual sincerity, and the laws of human nature. But you will never make it so by *saying it is so*. You will not make worldly, profane, sensual, unbelieving people—of whom there certainly are some—disciples and friends of Jesus Christ by *telling them they are*. You will not change character by starting up some morning, and crying out, Go to! you are all serving God, and not one of you serving Mammon! No argument, no sermon, no rhetoric, no charity, no amiability, no book, no invitation, no absence of a benediction, nothing in all the world can abrogate spiritual laws like this. What dreary confusion, what a denial of common sense and reason, what a trifling with language, and thought, and feeling, to try! Why, it carries back the whole ordinance to the very region of illusions,—among magical charms and ecclesiastic superstitions,—from which it is just emerging. It gives a transforming efficacy to the emblems, irrespective of the heart that approaches them. It sends us back from truth to Rome. It would

not be strange, then, if some such sad thing should be heard,—it is whispered it has actually happened,—as that a member of the “Congregation” should be heard profanely swearing in the street on Monday, that he was forcibly reckoned in with the “Church,” against his will, on Sunday.

Besides, there is a value — provided for in the divine constitution of human nature — in such a special act as the confession of Christ before men. Scripture and experience teach it. When a soul passes from indifference to faith, from sin to a holy aim, from carelessness to consecration, from death to life, it longs to mark the change, and take a new stand,—to range itself openly, for help and for testimony, on the Leader's side, and in the appropriate organization of its central, commanding idea. Wherever reason and faith have been united in controlling religious affairs, this demand has been felt; and there it has appeared, that the observance of the sacrament has gained rather than lost, by bearing a distinctive and peculiar sanction. This is in analogy with men's action in other great interests.

This, we conceive, should be the teaching. Each particular branch of the Church, in a liberal system, must determine its own mode of admission, and affix its own conditions. The simpler the better, so that the New Testament definition of the disciple is retained, and some distinction between the Christian and the not-Christian is honestly preserved. And lest, after all, some real disciple should fail to be recognized by the outward test, the table should be left open to all who choose, on their own responsibility, to approach. Those who spread the table would then say, “This table is the Lord's, not ours; it is for his people,—his Church; if you would belong to *this* branch of his Church, you will come in by our way; but here stand the memorials of the Saviour's sacrifice and love; take them freely, if you will, and answer for it to no man, but to God.” In other words, while we would not turn away any soul that comes, we would not ask any to come, nor expect any to come, except such as have entered on the new life,—chosen to “take up the cross and be disciples,”—heeding Christ's own words, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

This we hold to be the true method,—liberal enough, strict enough, for any earnest heart. If we understand the author, it is not the view of the book before us. The book is valuable for what it conveys indirectly, rather than directly; for its benign and reverent

spirit, its deep sincerity, its candor, its beautiful thoughts and poetic language. In its doctrine and philosophy, its reading of Scripture, of history and human nature, its practical insight, and its exposition of the Christian economy, it seems to us quite wrong.

*A Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B.* By REV. W. BROCK. Robert Carter. Gould and Lincoln.—*Memoir of Captain M. M. Hammond, of the Rifle Brigade.* Robert Carter. Gould and Lincoln.—*Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars, of the Ninety-Seventh Regiment.* Robert Carter. Gould and Lincoln.—Independent as Christianity is of human support, its reception and practical power are greatly due to the instances of its strong effects in strong men. In the three volumes just mentioned, we see our religion, in its most positive, definite, and fervent type, associated with those manly traits which men of the world have agreed to respect and admire,—courage, enterprise, spirit, generosity, intellectual penetration, knowledge of life. In these three Christian soldiers there is a very impressive, very engaging, very convincing argument for the reality of faith, as a living power in the hearts and affairs of men standing at the farthest possible remove from professional saints. They are an effectual protest against the not uncommon notion, that in devout characters there must be a touch of sentimentalism or effeminacy. In these fearless believers the dauntless bravery of the old martyrs comes back. As boys, as students, as friends, as subjects, as patriots, as officers, they seem to have left no drop of masculine experience untasted, no vigorous discipline of human energy unshared. Yet they were witnesses for Christ, ministers of mercy, heralds of the cross, friends and defenders of missionaries, no less than if they had been ordained to the Apostolic office,—leaders of their comrades in devotion, no less than in battle. It would be an agreeable task to trace out the differences, contrasts, and analogies in the three lives, and to draw from them particular lessons. But we have only space to record the wish, that the examples of a piety so muscular, beautiful, and zealous may be widely presented to young men. Of course there is the sad drawback, that these Christian disciples were engaged in a business which seems to us—as it did not to them—very unchristian. But we do not think the books would inspire a love of fighting, while we do think they would inspire an interest in Christianity. And it is certainly a consolation to see that

the horrid carnage and sufferings on the fields of India and the Crimea have been softened and hallowed by the beauty of such holiness, mercy, trust, and love, as did certainly appear in Havelock, Hammond, and Vicars.

*Life Thoughts : Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of HENRY WARD BEECHER.* By one of his Congregation. Phillips, Sampson, & Co.—Passages taken down in this way are likely to have more of *this* author's peculiar quality in them than any deliberately prepared discourses. And as his quality is relished by the American people beyond that of most men, the book is sure to go out on a wide errand of delight. The sentences are not left in the rough shape of a literally extempore utterance, but have been subjected to the speaker's revision,—taking proportion, completeness, and symmetry. They thus not only proceeded originally from one of the most affluent, vigorous, and independent minds of the time,—always warmed, too, by a generous and impulsive heart,—but they come with the added advantage of a subsequent reflection. The imagery is often beautiful, almost always striking and vivid; the sentiments are genial and quickening; the religious position indicated is broad; the appeals to experience are direct and practical. The work is peculiarly suited to such readers as have not inclination or opportunity for the consecutive treatment of great subjects.

*Sermons and Addresses on Special Occasions.* By Rev. JOHN HARRIS, D. D. Second Series. Gould and Lincoln.—Several previous works of this indefatigable preacher and voluminous author have been noticed in our pages, with a recognition of their great merits. They are all among the abler productions of the religious mind of modern England. Their republication here is an enterprise of unquestioned value. As the former series of sermons related to the character of God and the work of Christ, the present volume is especially concerned with man, his nature, experience, and sanctification. There are four discourses of much power, which will have a particular interest for ministers.

*The Christ of History.* By JOHN YOUNG, M. A. Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—To a large circle of thoughtful and select readers in this country, this beautiful and original argument for the Divinity of Christ is already well known. With

equal powers of comprehension and exclusion, the author strikes into a new path of thought, to establish a doctrine as old as the Church. Waiving all the advantages of the miraculous element, he rests his doctrine on the simple and unquestioned facts of Christ's human history in the world. We know of instances where its effect has been equally striking, in substituting a spiritual and philosophical for a merely formal and dogmatic orthodoxy, and in impressing those who had been inclined to conceive of the Saviour as only human, with a higher idea of his dignity. The practical influences of the book are also pure and elevating.

*Ministering Children. A Tale Dedicated to Childhood.* Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—For young, and even for many mature persons, this must prove a story, not only of great entertainment, but of excellent moral and religious influence. It is said that its popularity has been such in England, where it was first published, that it reached thirty editions in a short time. Its design is to illustrate especially the grace of Christian benevolence, though other lessons are not left out. The engravings are finer than common.

#### PAMPHLETS.

We have received a tract of Rev. C. H. A. Dall, Missionary to the Hindoos, giving an interesting account of the death of a native convert, called "Juddoo's Triumph."—Also, "The Revival Penny Music Book," the words and airs mostly of the Methodistical order.—"The Future Life," a thoughtful pamphlet by J. P. Blanchard, advocating the view taken in the Rev. C. F. Hudson's learned work, that the persistently wicked may finally perish utterly, and cease to be.—Affectionate and carefully written Funeral Discourses on the lives and characters of Rev. Joseph C. Smith, and of Hon. Thomas Kinnicutt, the first by Rev. Dr. Miles of Boston, and the second by the Rev. Dr. Hill of Worcester.—Three Discourses on the death and character of Rev. Dr. Taylor of New Haven; the first, a general and impressive eulogy, by Rev. Dr. Bacon; the second, a very discriminating analysis and able exposition of Dr. Taylor's theological mind and system, by Rev. S. W. S. Dutton, D.D.; the third, a thorough and appreciating representation of Dr. Taylor's great public influence as a thinker, a preacher, and a man,—a man whose impress on the theological character of New England will never cease to be felt.

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VOL. XIX.

JUNE, 1858.

No. 6.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

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\* This Sermon was kindly furnished by the author for the last Number, but was necessarily deferred.

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UNITY OF THE CHURCH AMID APPARENT  
DIVERSITIES.

CHRISTIANITY demands a Church. It concerns us, not only as individuals, but as social beings sustaining a common relation to the one God and Father of all, the one Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It not only brings individual souls into their right relation to God through Christ, but also into their right relation to each other; and the union of Christians in a church is promotive both of their piety towards God and their charity towards one another.

Our Saviour foretold the existence of a Church, and ascribed the formation of it to himself. *On this rock I will build my Church.* The word *build* implies the bringing together into connected order what before had been separate and scattered. Believers in Christ do not exist separately and alone, or unconnected with each other, but they form one building, of which Christ is the foundation; they are living stones in one temple, in which the spirit of Jesus continually dwells; they form one living body, of which Christ is the animating and ruling Head.

One cannot but observe how our Lord, in all his dis-

courses with his disciples, aims to preserve and strengthen their union together. His object is to found and establish a society of those who shall be united together for the accomplishment of one common purpose. As an announcement of his coming it is proclaimed, The kingdom of Heaven is at hand. His public discourses and private conversations relate chiefly to the nature, progress, and completion of his kingdom. He was accused before Pilate of claiming to be a king, and with his own mouth he replied, I am a king. This kingdom is established in the heart of each individual believer, for in every such heart Christ reigns supreme; but this word *kingdom of Heaven*, or *kingdom of God*, is not only a most expressive name for true piety in the heart, denoting supreme allegiance to God, but it also implies the *community* of those who are citizens of this kingdom. It points to a visible fellowship of those who acknowledge the same sovereign authority, and are animated with one common loyalty to the same Ruler and Lord. The subjects of this kingdom are to stand and act together, to contend against their common foe, until the whole earth shall acknowledge the sway of Jesus as Lord of all.

But the Church as it now exists in the world is cut up into various divisions. At first the distinctive title of all believers in Christ was simply that of *Christians*. They were indeed called by other names among themselves, but that was the name given them by the world, and that was sufficient. But now various adjuncts are thought necessary to distinguish the various parties into which the Church is divided. Christians of different name have often mourned over these divisions, and occasionally labored for some expression of union and for some co-operation in the great work of promoting in all the earth the kingdom of their common Lord. It becomes, therefore, an important question, What is the true ground of Christian fellowship? or, Wherein consists the unity of the Church amid apparent diversities?

On one occasion the disciples reported to their Lord, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." But Jesus said, "Forbid him not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle *in my name*, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink *in my name*, because *ye belong to Christ*, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." That which made this man acceptable in the view of our Saviour was that he did his miracle *in his name*. Perhaps the man had never seen our Lord, and had only heard of him; but he believed in him as one in whom God had visited the earth, as one in whom dwelt the power of God to bless and save the souls of men. From this incident in the Gospel narrative we may learn that it is the *name of Christ* that is the bond of fellowship among all his disciples. And by the *name* of Christ is meant, according to a well-known Scripture idiom, Christ himself, so far as he is known or revealed. Again, Christ says, "Where two or three are gathered together *in my name*, there am I in the midst of them." Any assembly, however large or however small, met together in the name of Christ, may expect to enjoy all the blessings of Christian fellowship; and truly this fellowship is with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ.

When our Lord once asked his disciples, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" and, having heard their replies, asked again, "But what say ye that I am?" and Peter, answering for the others as well as for himself, said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,"—Jesus answered and said, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." Without denying the historical agency which Peter had in the formation of the Church, especially on the day of Pentecost, and which was doubtless foretold in these words, yet it was by preaching Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ, the exalted and glorified Son of God and Redeemer of the world,

that that result was effected. His preaching then was the same as his confession now. The words of Christ on this occasion, taken in their connection, may be interpreted thus: "Since thou hast thus declared thy faith in me as the Christ, the Son of the one only living and true God, I say unto thee, thou art a man of rock, and on this rock,\* which is the foundation for all believers as well as for thee, I will build my Church, and no power of the adversary shall ever prevail against it. Whoever believes in me as the Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God, he belongs to my Church, and is a Christian; he becomes a Christian by this faith. Without it, he can make no claim to be a member of my Church. Whoever takes me merely for a distinguished and blameless teacher, yea, as an inspired prophet, like John the Baptist, or Elias, or Jeremias, as you say many now do, is not yet a member of my Church. In order to be this, and to belong to me, he must be upon the rock on which thou standest; and this rock is the faith that I am more than a prophet, that I am he of whom all the prophets have testified, that I am Christ, the fulfiller of the law and the prophets, that I am of a higher than mortal origin, that I am the only begotten Son of the one only living and true God."†

Throughout the book of Acts, faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, appears as the uniform qualification for baptism, and consequent reception into the Church. The same principle is affirmed by Paul, when, speaking of the Church as a building of God, he adds, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

That the name of Christ, or faith in his name, is the basis of all Christian fellowship, will be readily acknowledged by all who regard themselves Christians; but there are great differences of view respecting the meaning and power of

\* Commentators have seldom noticed in this passage the use of two different words, *πέρισσος* and *πέρτη*.

† This paraphrase is essentially the same as that given by Hasse in his "Life of the Glorified Redeemer," Leipzig, 1854.

this name. There are differences of view respecting the nature of the person of Christ, and the nature of the relation which the Church, or individual believers, sustain to him as their Saviour and Lord. It is necessary, therefore, to explain a little,— to show in what sense Christ is the foundation of the Church, or what it is to believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God; though we are aware that in so doing we incur the danger of setting up some human standard in place of the sure word of God. Endeavoring, however, to keep on the ground of what is clearly revealed, we would lay down the following.

1. To believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, is to acknowledge him as the primary source of all authority in matters of religious faith and practice. Call no man master, for one is your Master, even Christ. Heavenly wisdom flowed from his lips, so that they who heard him speak said, “Never man spake like this man”; and in the record of his words we have an exhaustless, ever-flowing well-spring of divine, eternal truth. In his words there is a fulness of truth yet to be unfolded,— principles of wisdom applicable to all coming time. Both as a teacher of religious truth and a perfect example of a holy life, Christ stands alone in all history, in unrivalled and unsurpassable supremacy. He is the Light of the world, the King of truth. His words are the ultimate standard of appeal, and by his words all human opinions and all human practices are to be tried and judged. Other teachers have given some rays of truth to the world, but they have received them from that central sun. Only he could say of himself, “I am the Truth,” because in him alone are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Only in Christ can the many questionings of the human heart with regard to life and immortality find a satisfactory answer. He is the key to all mysteries, and in him all contradictions are reconciled.\*

\* “En Jésus-Christ toutes les contradictions sont accordées.” — Pascal.

"Christ," says Neander,\* "would not have been the Son of God as well as the Son of Man, had not his words, like his works, with all their adaptation to the time then present, borne concealed within them the germs of an endless development reserved for the future. In its process of development, humanity can never exhaust his fulness. This it is which distinguishes Christ as teacher from all other teachers of men. Advance as far as they may, they can never reach him; and their only task need be, to live and think more and more in him, that they may the better learn how to bring forth the treasures of grace and of truth that are concealed in him." Progress in Christian truth and in Christian righteousness can be nothing else than a more correct understanding and a more complete appropriation of what is given us in Christ. And no man, professing to be a minister of religion, deserves the name or title or reverence of a minister of the Gospel, who does not give to Jesus of Nazareth this high and supreme position in the domain of truth,—who does not make the truth as it is in Jesus the sole basis of his authority as a teacher of his fellow-men.

2. To believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, is to trust in him as a Redeemer from sin. Christ is our *Saviour*, not so much by what he taught as by what he wrought. He purchased the Church of God with his own blood. For this cause is he the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for deliverance from sin, they which are called might receive the promise of an eternal inheritance. Christ is the true Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep, that he might gather together in one the children of God that are scattered abroad.

Here it is possible to theorize on the method of redemption, but faith does not require to know *how* it is that Christ saves us by his sacrifice for us. Faith sees in the sacrifice on the cross a measure of Divine love that passeth knowl-

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\* Life of Jesus, p. 163, 4th German edition.

edge; but the unfathomable depth of the love of God in Christ does not hinder the believing soul from trusting in it, and humbly and submissively yielding itself to the care of one who promises to save, and is mighty to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him. The faith required is something more than an act of the intellect; it is rather an act of the heart, an act of moral trust, by which the soul lets go of self to be saved in Christ. Instead of vainly striving to raise itself to the skies by its own helpless efforts, it drops itself into the arms of an atoning Redeemer, and, in so doing, "receives a righteousness that makes the sinner just," receives a power of love and obedience unknown before. The soul conscious of sin and desirous of holiness, needs some outward surety to rest upon as the ground of its salvation. That surety is given in the sacrifice of Christ. The believing soul accepts this Divine pledge of pardon and salvation, and in so doing yields itself entirely to the will and spirit of God, becomes born again, regenerate, a new creature. Humble before God because of sin, and at the same time through the self-sacrificing love of Christ rising to the blessedness of communion with God, its principle of action henceforth is, Not unto self, not unto self, as heretofore, but unto Him who died for me, and rose again. The thinking mind will indeed endeavor to express the substance of its faith in doctrinal form; and the endeavor will be highly useful to the Christian life, but cannot be regarded as essential to it. Faith in the sacrifice of Christ as a Divine propitiation for sin, will carry the soul to heaven none the less surely, even though it be unable to understand it all, or at all.

3. To believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, is to acknowledge him as the Sovereign of our affections, and to worship him as Lord of all. Christ could be to us the perfect Light of truth, and our Redeemer from sin, only so far as God was in him; and the Scripture tells us that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. The cen-

tral idea of Christianity, its one historical basis, its true distinguishing characteristic, its foundation-stone, its primal fount of life and power, is the union of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ; for on this union the authority of Jesus as the King of truth, and his power as the reconciling Redeemer, depend. The person of Christ is the living fountain of Christianity, and the power of his person for our reconciliation with God, and the sanctification of our hearts, depends upon the truth that God is in him.\* To believe in the name of Christ, therefore, is to believe in him, not only as our Great Teacher, not only as one who gave his life for our redemption, but as a perfect manifestation of God to the world of mankind. Our truest idea of God is when we think of the fulness of holiness, truth, and love that are embodied in our ascended and glorified Redeemer, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Christian faith consists in the reception of that pardoning, purifying, sanctifying love that now flows from Christ into the hearts of all who, with a sense of their need of redeeming grace, look upward to him. And any one becomes a Christian only by entering into communion with the ever-living Saviour, and with God in him, receiving from him pardoning and renewing grace, and receiving it more and more, the more steadfastly he abides in communion with the ever-living Lord of life.

These things being so, the ground of Christian fellowship is obvious and plain. The foundation stone of Christianity is the union of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ, and in the acknowledgment of this is the common basis of fellowship among all the disciples of Jesus. Any system of theology which denies this deserves not the name of Christian; and any company of men, professing to be a Church, and yet denying the Divinity of Christ, are not resting upon that foundation on which, as on a rock, the whole Church

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\* A brief outline of an argument for this statement is given in this Magazine, for July, 1857, in the article entitled, "The Essence of Christianity."

of Christ is built. Christ must be acknowledged as one in whom God hath visited the earth, as one in whom God continually dwells, or else we do not allow him those qualifications which are essential to his being the Light of truth, the Saviour of sinners, the King of his Church. The doctrine of the person of Christ as one in whom is manifested the complete and perfect union of God and man, is the central citadel of the Christian system ; if this be overthrown, Christian theology and the Christian Church would soon totter and fall, and crumble to dust.

On this common basis of loyal attachment to Christ as the Light of truth, the Saviour of sinners, and Lord of all, there is much room, however, for diversity of form in the Christian life. For example, there is room for much diversity in the form of church organization, from the democracy of Congregationalism to the absolute monarchy of the Papacy. There is room for diversity in modes of public worship, according to different preferences and tastes. There is room for much diversity of opinion respecting many points of Christian doctrine ; such as native depravity, election, and free will, perseverance, or falling from grace. Yea, there is room for diversity of opinion respecting the one fundamental truth of all, that is, respecting the manner in which God was in Christ, for this one central truth of GOD IN CHRIST is so great in its length, and breadth, and depth, and height, that finite minds may well differ in their partial views of it, simply because they cannot take in the whole of it. In the minds of the first disciples there was evidently a progress in their apprehensions of this doctrine. Their ideas of the relation subsisting between God and Christ gradually expanded from a lower to a higher character, until they clearly saw the Father in the Son. And this should teach us a lesson of charity to those who as yet may be able to receive only a lower type of the truth that God is in Christ ; for we may be assured that, the more they contemplate this truth, the more will it expand before them, the more will the

Divine power and glory of Christ shine upon them, until they clearly see that in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Still, not any kind of view of the person of Christ can be regarded as a sufficient basis for Christian fellowship, but only such a view as qualifies him to be and to do what he claims to be and to do; for in the peculiar nature of his person, as uniting in himself God and man, lies the very import of Christianity, its creative principle.

Would that all who love the Lord Jesus would unite in the more steadfast contemplation of the glory of their common Lord! The brightness of that glory would melt away all disposition to trouble those who differ from them on other and minor points, and in Him and the adoration of Him all differences be reconciled and forgotten.

E. R.

---

## J U N E .

DEAR Friend! to thee, whose long-prized worth  
Grows with each passing day more bright,—  
Now, while the loving arms of Night  
Are folded round the sleeping Earth,  
(Night of the day that gave thee birth,)  
My thought returns with calm delight.

When woods were green and gay with song,  
And roses hung in drooping bloom,  
And breezes faint with rich perfume  
O'er blossomed clover stole along,  
Through all the day so bright and long,  
And through the shortened hours of gloom ;—

In such fair season wert thou born,—  
And something of the season's grace  
Grew early in thy thoughtful face,

And deep into thy spirit worn ;  
Its tranquil eve, its glowing morn,  
Its still serenity of days.

And from thy life an influence flows,  
Apart from look and deed and word,—  
The unmarked singing of a bird,—  
The ear heeds not each dulcet close,  
Yet, bringing peace where'er it goes,  
It glides into the soul unheard.

F. B. S.

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## LIGHT IN THE SEPULCHRE.

### AN EASTER SERMON.

BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D. D.

MATTHEW xxviii. 5, 6:—"And the angel said unto the women, Fear not ye. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

In the view of those who reject all that is miraculous in the Gospel, the history of Jesus terminates with his death. The last fact which connects him with man's knowledge is his burial. The authentic narrative leaves him in the rocky sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea. And it closes with a melancholy scene. The trembling disciples are standing disconsolate before the sealed portal of the tomb, and the two Marys sit over against it, bowed to the earth in tears.

Fit emblem of that dreary Gospel from which the Divine Redeemer has been taken away! It leaves us Good Friday; but it allows us no Easter. The gloomy day of the crucifixion is a reality; but for the bright festival of the resurrection there is no foundation.

Exulting Christendom renews to-day its jubilant protest against such unbelief. It reasserts, with acclamation, its

faith in the resurrection of Jesus. A thrill of joyous emotion runs through the ranks of the Christian host all round the world. Starting in the hearts of those who, in the remotest Orient, hailed the first beams of the Easter sun, it has passed from city to city, from village to village, from island to island, from ship to ship, from continent to continent ;— and while I speak, it is still passing on through the distant regions of the West, as they emerge in turn to the dawn, freshly quivering, every moment, in another and still another Christian breast.

It is a pleasant thought, that at every degree, perhaps at every second of longitude, somewhere in the line of the exquisite curve of light described on the earth's surface by the rising sun, and which, reaching from pole to pole, is ever advancing over the world, at least one Christian stands to hail the breaking of the Easter morn, and keep unbroken all round the globe the circling joy.

Who would not link his heart to this electric chain of glad and grateful sympathy ! Yes, Christian brethren ! we will share your exultation ; we will transmit the joy. Yes, dear Redeemer ! while other temples repeat thy name with thankful love, a strain of praise shall go up from this, and a grateful glow on our faces and in our hearts reflect the brightness of thy rising, and add another ray to the glory of thy triumph.

But why, on this day of gladness, do I conduct you to the Saviour's tomb ? Why do I call you to look down into his sepulchre ? Would it not be more in harmony with the occasion to point your thoughts upward to the glory to which he has ascended,— to contemplate his royal state at the right hand of the Majesty on high,— to describe in glowing words the sublime results of his victory ?

It would be so, indeed, if the sepulchre in which the Lord lay were, at the point of time to which the text refers, a scene of gloom, a dark and dreary spectacle, a tomb like other tombs. It would be so, if the contemplation, nay, the

scrutiny, of it could call up any of those depressing associations which ordinarily cluster about the grave,—and not rather dispel them.

It was the invitation of an *angel*, you remember, to “Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, ‘Come, see the place where the Lord lay.’” He gave it to reassure their faith, to allay their fears. He knew that what they would behold there would comfort, and not agitate, their minds; would enliven, not oppress, their hearts; would leave delightful, not painful impressions. Such, in part at least, was the effect upon them,—as far as was consistent with their natural amazement and surprise,—and such, I am confident, will be the effect upon us also, when we have attentively considered what they saw there, and how the place appeared to them where the Lord lay.

The description of its appearance in the sacred narrative is indeed extremely brief and simple. It is only this : “*The napkin that was about his head lay not with the linen clothes, but folded together in a place by itself.*” This is all. But this is enough. It may seem to some who hear me a trivial circumstance. As many times as they have read the story of the resurrection, it may never once have arrested their attention; so incidentally does it appear to them to be alluded to by only two of the Evangelists. But, my friends, if you carefully examine and reflect upon the words and manner in which St. John has mentioned the fact, you will be persuaded that he, at least, attached to it the highest importance. Consider it with me, I pray you; although, by reason of the feebleness of my imagination, and the poverty of my language, I can only hope to suggest, not describe, its value,—to point at its applications, not illustrate them.

*The napkin lay folded together in a place by itself.* What a refutation might be found here, if any were needed, of the charge currently circulated amongst the Jews that the body had been stolen away! Engaged in such a difficult and perilous work, the armed sentinels guarding the place, the

heavy body to be borne away, who could for a moment believe that, in the midst of their haste and agitation, the disciples would have paused to bestow such care upon the garments of the dead? The neat folding of the napkin in a place by itself is *evidence of a tranquil mind and a composed movement.* It was no act of midnight plunderers. It was no work of tremulous hands and anxious hearts; such, surely, would have left behind them some traces of the confusion, the hurry, the intense excitement and apprehension with which the deed was done.

But let all such topics pass; for I have not chosen the text to find arguments against disbelief, but to draw from it suggestions consolatory and elevating to Christian hearts.

The folded napkin is a beautiful and impressive symbol of the quietness and gentleness with which the mysterious and mighty power of God wrought in the tomb of Jesus when it raised him from the dead. How calmly the Saviour awoke! With what tranquillity he arose! No convulsion attended his revival. No throes shook the sepulchre. No portentous commotion accompanied or signalized the moment of the mysterious change. The eye of man may not, indeed, penetrate the holy secrecy of that sepulchre. But what they who first looked into it after the Lord had left it saw, we are permitted — nay, it is our duty — reverently to contemplate; and *that* reveals clearly enough the deep composure of his own soul, the perfect quietness of his movement, and the gentle “operation of the exceeding power of God.” *They saw the linen clothes neatly laid together, and the napkin carefully folded in a place by itself.* How chaste, how decent, how orderly all things were left “in the place where he lay”!

It was this appearance which impressed and convinced Peter and John when they looked into the sepulchre. It was not merely that the place was vacant where the body had been laid; but that the very condition in which it was left reminded them instantly and powerfully of Jesus. John

himself tells us, that, when he first reached the sepulchre, he hesitated to enter. He was amazed, dubious, terrified. He knew not what spectacle he should see within, what portents, what vestiges of the action of supernatural power. But when Peter had come up, and both had gone in, and when he had seen how the linen clothes lay and the folded napkin, "then," the Beloved Disciple informs us, "then he believed." It was such an evidence as would be more convincing than almost any other to such a mind as John's. I can even conceive that the angel himself had also been previously impressed with a reverent admiration of the silent eloquence of these tokens, just as the Saviour had left them, and that it was under the influence of this impression that he said to the women, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Everything was in keeping with the character of Jesus. All was in perfect harmony with his spirit. He had left an indubitable impress of himself even upon his sepulchre.

I am aware that the view I have taken of the quiet and gentle process of the resurrection of Christ may conflict with the idea which most persons have formed of the scenery and circumstances of that sublime event. If they are prepared to admit that what took place *within* the sepulchre was as has been described, it may seem to them to be in contrast, and not in harmony, with the occurrences without. They associate the event with a great earthquake, the lightning-like descent of an angel, the sudden and convulsive rolling away of the stone and rending of the door of the tomb.

But for such associations the narratives of the several Evangelists afford, I believe, no foundation. St. John alludes to no convulsion. He merely says that Mary Magdalene, when she came unto the sepulchre, saw that the stone was rolled away. St. Luke says nothing of any convulsion. His account is, that, when the women reached the sepulchre, they found the stone rolled away. St. Mark mentions no convulsion. He relates that the women as they

walked towards the sepulchre said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door? — for it was very great, — and that, when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away. Matthew, it is true, and Matthew only, speaks of an earthquake, and of an angel with a countenance like lightning and his raiment white as snow. But upon a careful examination of his description and comparison of it with those of the other Evangelists, we do not find authority for the opinion that there was any great and sudden convulsion of nature at the moment of the resurrection. The word which in our English version of the Bible is rendered "an earthquake," in the original signifies "shaking." It was not limited in its application to the earth, but could be used also with reference to the body or the mind of man. It is not, I believe, an unreasonable or unwarranted supposition, that in the present instance it should be regarded as having relation rather to the confusion created among the guards by the appearance of the angel, than to any elemental commotion. Such an interpretation is sustained by several learned commentators, of undisputed orthodoxy.

It should be borne in mind, that the incidents of which we are speaking took place before the arrival of the women at the sepulchre, and probably rest on the testimony of the guards themselves, the only known eyewitnesses of them. Well might their superstitious minds have been agitated and filled with dread. Well might the "keepers shake and become as dead men," although a bright angel descended noiselessly, and silently and calmly rolled back the stone. Moreover, it is worth considering, as an incidental corroboration of the view we have taken, that no allusion is anywhere made to the circumstance that any of the disciples had noticed any remarkable phenomenon, like an earthquake, as having taken place before they came to the garden. Such a commotion could not have occurred during the course of that eventful night, without attracting their

attention ; without producing upon their wakeful and anxious minds a powerful impression ; without associating itself in some manner with the sepulchre in which their Lord was lying, — their hearts buried with him ; or without preparing the women to go out in the early morning to his tomb in a different state of mind from that which is represented in the narrative.

Besides, the description itself which Matthew gives of the mien and attitude of the angel contradicts the impression that there was anything essentially terrific in his appearance or shocking in his acts. “He rolled back the stone,” it is said, “from the door, and sat upon it.” *Sat* upon it, — it was an attitude of composure. And when he addressed the women, what was there in his aspect or his tone to terrify ? What sign of a messenger who had come down to shake the earth, to burst the bars of the tomb as by a flashing thunderbolt, and crush the human soul with dread ? In the early morning his long white garment shines with a soft radiance to their view ; and hark ! how gently he accosts them : “Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus ; come, see the place where the Lord lay.” ‘No vestiges of violence are here. There is nothing to alarm you in his sepulchre. Come near and look. The place where he lay is vacant ; but behold how quiet it is. See how peacefully he rose. See how undisturbed he has left it. He has left his tomb, as he left all he touched, every place he visited, with a hallowing impression of his divine character lingering about it ; with an influence purifying, consolatory, and elevating to the heart of man. He has redeemed and transfigured the grave by associating it with his own holy sleep and gentle waking. He has left even in the tomb the mingled fragrance of his peace and love. He has consecrated its secrecy and its mystery. He has left a blessing upon it and within it for his disciples’ sake.’

Come then, Christian believer, even on this day of jubilee, “come and see the place where the Lord lay.” It will not

darken the light; it will not damp the joy; it will not disturb the triumph. Nay, rather will the contemplation of it clear and heighten our gladness, by relieving of its gloom the only dark image that intercepts our vision of immortality,— by beautifying the only repulsive object that casts a sombre shadow upon our anticipations of celestial joy.

It is the sepulchre that comes between our hearts and our immortality. It is that lonely and mysterious avenue which checks our longings for the eternal home. It is that low, dark anteroom, lying in the way, which chills the ardor of our affections when sometimes they would leap to embrace their Lord. Lighten for us that interposing obscurity, and all is light. Beautify that funereal image, and all is beautiful. Relieve that object of its gloom, and all the prospect is inviting and glorious.

Christian believer, thy Saviour himself *has* lightened and beautified it for thee. He who has shed light upon life; he who by sharing our earthly sorrows has softened and hallowed them; he who by carrying our human burdens has eased and cheered us under the load; he who by bearing the cross has illustrated and endeared self-denial; he who, having overcome the sharpness of death, has opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers; he whose glorified human personality, shining and smiling above us, gives form and distinctness to our visions of the life to come, and, as a central image in the heavenly group, assures of the reality of that encompassing circle of *his* friends and *our* friends, whom we cannot see;— he himself, who has spread light upon the present life, and unveiled to us the social glory of the future world, has also, in his infinite tenderness, lightened and beautified and consecrated for us even the intervening grave, even the dark anteroom, even the low, vaulted avenue.

Associate it with thy Saviour, and its gloom is gone. Think of him in that dark room, and it is dark no more. Remember that the sepulchre has enclosed him, and the im-

pression of its loneliness and loathesomeness is removed. "See the place where the Lord lay." It is vacant now, but he occupied it once, that *thou* mightest not go where *he* had not gone before to smooth the way and hold the light. It is vacant; but he has waked first to watch thy sleep. It is vacant; but he has risen to prove his power to raise thee. It is vacant; but that very vacancy is a pledge that thy place at length shall be vacant also. It is vacant; but it is because he hath gone to hold open for thee the gate of heaven.

Never, then, let us contemplate the grave without the remembrance of Him who lay there for us, that we might not lie down there, nor lay away our beloved there, without him. Never let us contemplate the tomb without remembering how calmly and peacefully *he* rested and awoke within it, who folded the napkin and laid it apart by itself. Never let us contemplate the sepulchre without remembering how gently and silently the quickening power of God operated in the raising of his Beloved.

I cannot tell how it may impress others, but as for myself, the folded napkin in the Lord's tomb is so peculiarly and beautifully associated with himself, that, if my mind were disturbed by doubts in regard to the reality of his resurrection, it alone would greatly relieve, if not altogether remove them. It is precisely such a circumstance as imposture never would have invented. It is not striking nor apparently important enough to have been fabricated; and yet it is really more weighty and significant than an inventor could have imagined. We can only account for St. John's having described the appearance and position of the garments, as he has described them, on the ground that he actually saw them exactly as he has narrated. We can only account for his having considered this circumstance of sufficient importance to describe at all, on the ground of his having been powerfully affected by what actually met his eyes at that most interesting moment and on that most im-

pressive spot,— which could not have failed to stamp itself indelibly on his memory.

The more our thoughts dwell upon the image of the folded napkin, the more it grows upon our regard. Like everything really true, the simple picture which St. John has given of the aspect of the place where the Lord lay, seems more and more truthful as we examine it. It reveals to us its value and its significance as we study it more closely. And having meditated it with profound attention, it discloses to us connections, delicate and subtile it may be, but not the less intimate and real, with the spirit and character of Jesus,— such moral coincidences as furnish to some minds, at least, evidence, of the very highest nature, of the reality of the scene in the sepulchre. There is that same hallowed and simple beauty about the folded napkin which attaches to all the acts of Jesus, and which cannot fail to make itself manifest to every eye capable of discerning and appreciating such beauty. There is a depth and richness of sacred meaning symbolized by this unpretending circumstance, which will suggest and unfold itself to a devout and contemplative mind. And besides all this, and above all, it partakes in no slight measure of that peculiar *moral impressiveness*, that powerful and penetrating, though indefinable, spiritual influence, which, as a natural element of his divine virtue, is inherent in all the actions as well as sayings of the Son of God. Who can contemplate it without being sensible of this moral effect upon his own conscience, this holy power touching and trying his own heart? Who can contemplate it and help bringing it home to himself, as a searching question, as a sacred admonition, as a precious consolation, or 'as a beautiful pattern?'— saying within his soul, '*He* folded the napkin by itself in his sepulchre; yea, in that important and sublime crisis, he knew no perturbation; he possessed his soul in perfect peace; he neglected not even so little an act of purity; he would leave nothing in disorder. How calm, how chaste, how well ordered, how holy,

were the feeling and the act of Jesus! What a lesson for me to learn! What an example for me to study! What a rebuke to my negligence! O, let me imbibe the spirit of his peace! O, let me cultivate such delicacy of taste, such purity of sentiment! O, let me acquire such decency, such order, and such beauty, such tranquillity of soul, such true dignity of mind!

Did the blessed Saviour so leave his very tomb as profoundly to impress his disciples, the moment they looked into it, with its perfect order and quiet; and shall we leave confusion and disturbance in the places that now know us, in the scenes through which we are journeying to heaven, in the homes where, especially, our memory is to live and our influence to be perpetuated when we are gone? Did the good Master leave us such an example of delicate carefulness in even the smallest actions, and shall we allow ourselves to be rude, hasty, and negligent in the performance of any duty? Did the Saviour pause, and quietly fold the napkin, ere he issued from his sepulchre, and shall we be willing to go down into ours with the heart in unrest, with any work in disorder, with any duty undone?

Remember, Christian believer, how thy Lord left the place where he lay. Carry in your mind, carry in your heart, the symbol which I have too poorly interpreted and commended, — that it may interpret and commend itself, and become to you another dear token of your Redeemer, another hallowed remembrancer of purity, tranquillity, and reliance. Learn to finish every work. Learn to pass through every scene with a well-ordered movement. Learn to meet every crisis with an undisturbed soul. Learn to leave a pure influence in every place. Learn so to live that the last hour, whenever it comes, shall find you in peace, — with every duty done, every account balanced, every injury forgiven, every sin repented of and forsaken, — thy mantle folded neatly by thy side, and thy hands folded peacefully upon thy breast.

## SINCERITY.

" Sincerity 's my chief delight,  
The darling pleasure of my mind ;  
O that I could to her invite  
All the whole race of human kind !  
Take her, mortals, she 's worth more  
Than all your glory, all your fame,  
Than all your glittering, boasted store,  
Than all the things that you can name.  
She 'll with her bring a joy divine,  
All that 's good, and all that 's fine."

LADY CHUDLEIGH.

"DOING right argues *taste* as well as goodness." I treasured up that remark as the announcement of a great discovery; though I knew well enough that the truth thus announced was as old as the creation, and that a regard for good taste has always had more or less influence on all human action. My friend professed to quote them from some one, but I have not been able to find out who is the author. Shenstone has something like it, however: "Taste and good-nature are universally connected." I thank the old poet for having stamped this truth with the authority of his name. True it is that, "take which you will of the two," you will take the other with it. Every one who sends forth a like sentiment does something, and perhaps more than he imagines, for the world's good; and every one who repeats the saying in conversation, or quotes it on the printed page, also sets in motion a noble influence, which may never cease to be felt.

Every man worth the name has some regard for good taste. The reflection that a certain course of conduct is in bad taste, or will be regarded so by the world, will often keep a man from it, who would never entertain a thought about its abstract right. Whence comes this very potent influence which we term taste? Although it is to some extent an intuitive perception of what is beautiful, and harmonious, it is also very much a matter of judgment, and of

public opinion. Or else there are two kinds of taste ; one a faculty of the mind, and the other a set of rules made to be used instead of this faculty. Properly there is but one criterion of matters of taste, and that is the intuitive perception of the refined and educated mind. If popular rules conform with this, they are well enough. But often there is a conflict of authority. On the one side is public opinion, always a powerful party ; and on the other is the individual's instinctive feeling, sometimes not a very powerful party ; for the mind's own power has usually been quite without exercise, this being saved by the ready-made rules always at hand. And so the public caprice is with most persons the standard.

Now, that sincerity is in good taste seems to be the spontaneous feeling of every mind. But as the world goes, sincerity is frowned upon and held in contempt. What would society say of the man who should habitually speak his real thoughts, and act out himself ? Surely he would be called a fool. To be natural is not spicy enough to interest most people. To speak and act naturally has not the stage effect, which it seems to be a very odd infirmity of the present age to admire in common life. Goldsmith very prettily says, that "natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking." The author was writing of stage-actors ; but since "all the world's a stage," the quotation is quite applicable. The actors on this great stage, too, think that the way to please is to "cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, and slap the pockets." Men and women must have the vinegar all the time, they like the sharpness of it so well as it goes down. And so they are "high in their parts." They will have nothing of a common, natural sort. Having put on masks, they go about solemnly acting a farce in every-day life. It matters not that each one can see through his neighbor's disguises : he is

bound by the rules of dramatic propriety not to laugh while he is acting. But unfortunately there is no disposition to laugh in most of these actors, for they have come to regard this universal dissimulation as the natural state of man, or at least the proper one. Owing to their constant study of the art, some of these performers have attained a wonderful proficiency in it. Like true artists, they regard little things as well as striking attitudes. The same training that is shown in the successful part of a bank-defaulter is apparent as well in the frivolous scenes of the drama, where they act their salutations to acquaintances and speak their common-places about the weather. We talk about what we do not understand, and express more than we feel, or less than we feel, or what we do not feel at all, because others do so, and sincerity is thought to be so insipid. We live beyond our means, and make a great show of ourselves and the things that belong to us,—things that have not been paid for, sometimes,—for the sake of the *éclat* we get for it.

Some persons may think that they are acting in good taste when they follow an insincere way of life, because it is the prevalent mode of the time. But I know that their own hearts, if they ever have a chance to speak, tell them that insincerity in any form is not in good taste. We sometimes go to the woods, or to the mountains, where nature recalls us to ourselves and makes us sane. There is no one here whom we feel it our duty to cheat. We never could cheat ourselves by any of our practices. We now feel how wanting in true refinement has been all our foolery in the attempt to cheat others. These hours when we are truly ourselves “bring a joy divine.” The grand sincerity of nature inspires us with the resolve to go back to the village or the town, and live a nobler kind of life with purer hearts and sweeter manners.

I have spoken of the grand sincerity of the woods and mountains. Is not sincerity a thing sublime everywhere? An author who always speaks noble thoughts has recently

said, "I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character." Every one must feel in his heart that he is ready to say the same. A simple truthfulness of character is really sublime. It does not commonly attract the notice of the multitude, and is seldom sung by poets. It is not brilliant, showy. It is without noise. It is quiet in its bearing, and simple always. Its strength and worth are not recognized in the common course of things.

Dissimulation is elected to office and taken into favor. But when times of trial come, the gilded rottenness shows its weakness, and sober honesty stands out alone in its strength.

"An honest soul is like a ship at sea,  
That sleeps at anchor upon the occasion's calm;  
But when it rages, and the wind blows high,  
She cuts her way with skill and majesty."

Were it my object to set forth the advantages of honesty and sincerity, I might quote the saying of Poor Richard, which has passed from mouth to mouth till it has all the force of a demonstration; or I might attempt to show how hard some men work that they may be thought men of plain-dealing, when they are not; how they shift and plot and cringe to gain the appearance of honesty, when a little real honesty would have saved them all their great trouble. Honesty or sincerity has a practical value, and is a recommendation that it is sometimes thought desirable to possess. What we sometimes take for this turns out to be a subtle counterfeit, put on to win our confidence. But it is a quality not easily counterfeited; and it is not usually difficult to distinguish between that sincerity which has grown up with the man, and is a part of him, and that appearance of it which has been assumed for the occasion.

But these reflections are common. The beauty and grace which a constant truthfulness gives to its owner's character and life are something that is less often thought of. I like

the term truthfulness. It comprehends all these first virtues, honesty, veracity, and sincerity. There is a truthfulness of dress and equipage ; of voice and look ; of conversation and manner. It is this truthfulness of the whole man that is so lovely. It gives a classical elegance to the character. There is a symmetry of outward life that tells of a symmetry within. In the classical poem, the harmony and numbers of the verse are only the outward forms of the harmony and numbers of the thought. So the outward consistency of a truthful character is but the imperfect expression of the harmony and numbers of the truthful heart. The truthful man may be plain and simple in his ways ; but his humble virtues have more charms than all adventitious ornaments.

Sincerity is supposed by some to be accompanied always by such disagreeable traits as bluntness, stupidity, and credulity. I do not think that either of these traits necessarily attaches to truthfulness, or that they commonly do. Far from being blunt and saying disagreeable things at improper times, the sincere man commonly shows the highest regard for true manly refinement and propriety. Neither is the truthfulness of which I speak stolid or prosaic. Rather it is wise, and sportive, and full of poetry. Because some fools are honest, it does not follow that their honesty made them so. I fear there are more knavish fools, however, than honest ones.

Sir Philip Sidney has said, "The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity." There is doubtless a disposition in every man to believe others to be like himself. Dishonest men are credulous about dishonesty. For my own part, I cannot believe that credulity is more commonly a fault of the honest than of the dishonest heart ; I am sure that credulity is not the only disadvantage of the latter. The credulity of the one and of the other differ more in kind than in degree. Better to believe habitually that men are better than they are, than to believe them worse. It is much nobler ; it is much more comfortable.

If men would appear to the world something nearer what they really are, they would become something nearer what

they ought to be. Before a man can be really truthful, he must really respect himself; and he can never cheat himself into the belief that anything is respectable that is not good.

"Good

Only is great and generous and fruitful."

He who speaks what he thinks will be more apt to think good thoughts. There must be a real purity in him who would dare make his "breast transparent as pure crystal."

Strange it is that we ever let that chimera, "the world," or "society," — the same chimera still, — frighten us out of our sincerity and taste and goodness, — all of us that is worth anything. Why quail so when society pronounces those terrible words, "odd," "homely," "unfashionable," when we know that we are acting in true refinement, and have honest hearts? There is good sense and good taste in the most costly luxuries and most exaggerated forms of society. But the fitness and beauty of these only exist for those who can properly afford them. How apt all are to go beyond the bounds of fitness! We hate the very name of *quack*. It grates harshly on our sense of what is pure and chaste. But there are quacks who are not pretenders to medical knowledge, or venders of nostrums. Shall we apply this odious name to those who dress extravagantly, and furnish great houses beyond their means? That nothing, "the world," cries out "Genteel!" "Proper!" and so its minions are lured on to violate their own true feelings of what really is genteel and proper. Why not live naturally, speak straightforwardly, and let the world know how much our income is? "They will smile, they will laugh, will they? Much good may it do them." If we are true to our own good taste in these matters, we shall likely be true to ourselves, to our neighbors, and to Christianity. Those were kind words of old Marlowe's, — "Goodness is beauty in its best estate." Yes, we will remember that goodness and the highest beauty always go together; and taste shall minister to us in all things.

L. A. J.

**BEREAVEMENT, ITS GRIEFS AND CONSOLATIONS.**

How many different aspects does this human life assume, and how full of interest and beauty! Each period, when allowed to fill its proper place, as a sequence to a former rightly used, has a grace and beauty of its own. The leafy boughs of autumn wave beneath their golden burden, with scarcely less of beauty than when they attracted every eye by the rosy hues of spring. There is beauty in the buoyant joy of youth, as it sparkles and dances over the surface of things. There is grand and solemn beauty in the ocean-waves of feeling, that dash on the rocky shore of maturer life. It is not of necessity a dreary coast. It can be so, indeed, only by our own unfaithfulness. The affections, it is true, are often overlaid by the cares of a busy life; but in many instances they are intensified as old age comes on. Often when they have remained undeveloped, or been buried under the incrustation of philosophy or a severe theology, they have sprung up as the intellect has lost its force, and on a near approach to the close of the mortal life assumed a prominence they never had before. Much of the freshness and something even of the romance of youth may and should be carried into riper years, and into declining age. Yet are the characteristics of the different periods distinct. By degrees the ideal gives place to the intensely real; while yet the real becomes more and more closely united with the spiritual. By nothing else, perhaps, is this union so cemented, as by the experience which, sooner or later, comes to all who live long on earth, the passage of our loved ones through the veil. One by one they fall away, the bright links to our mortal vision dropped here, but bound in the chain above, and drawing our hearts upward with irresistible power. The voice of God speaks to us, calling us to give up our dearest treasures. It seems to us in our grief almost as if the wheels of nature must come to a pause;

but they still move on, and we return to our accustomed place. To the world, perhaps even to near friends, we appear the same; but in the deep consciousness of our own hearts we know that we are changed. So far as many of the sweetest joys of other days are concerned, we

“Know, where'er we go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.”

Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, though there must be many bitter pangs of *loneliness for us*, *solitude* is annihilated for ever. The soul has its mountain-height of sweet communion, not only with the Father of spirits, but with the loved of earth, now saints in heaven. To this it may resort in every lonely hour; and often amid the cares of life, amid its gayer scenes also, may the soul sit apart in converse with the unseen, saying in its hidden depth to the unconscious ones around, “I have meat to eat that ye know not of.”

From time to time the beloved pass from our sight, each newly consecrating some spot in our dwelling; and thus year by year we come more and more to walk reverently in our own home, as if in some temple, feeling that it “is none other than the house of God,” and the very “gate of heaven”; and so the merest trifle, almost every object on which our eyes rest indeed, becomes sanctified by association with those now translated, and we touch with tender reverence the hem of their garments.

And are they gone from our side? I think not. We may still feel that they share every innocent joy, and pity and sympathize with our every sorrow, though in some ineffable way without the diminution of their own bliss. It may be, perhaps, through their being permitted to see the end of these griefs; or through a vision of the unerring wisdom and unbounded love of the Father, so clear as to leave no room for distrust or regret, whatever mysteries may involve his dealings now. I do not ask, nor do I wish, a message through the intervention of another, though I surely would not reject it should it be offered. I would receive it rever-

ently and gratefully, should it come with satisfactory proofs of its genuineness. I would not, if I had the power, disturb the faith of one believer in what is called Spiritualism. Rather would I rejoice in the joy which that faith seems to bring to those who receive it. But it is more in accordance with my own feelings to be the direct recipient, through the voice speaking in my heart. Neither do I wish nor ask for any outward token of the presence of the invisible ones. "The flesh is weak," and might be overwhelmed by any token cognizable by the senses. Yet in the still hours of night, when the world is shut out, and even the dear domestic band withdrawn, I may utter the loved, familiar names, whether with the audible voice or in the silent breathings of the spirit, and feel that I am heard,—that the fond arms are still twined around my neck, the sweet, accustomed kisses pressed upon my cheek,—till the shades of night and of my tears grow less dark, while

" Mine earthly love lies hushed in light  
Beneath the heaven of " theirs.

Does this remove the heart-sick longing for the sweet companionship of other days? Alas! no. This cannot be. Flesh and heart will still cry out for the joys of old,—the dear communion of past days, were it only for an hour. Yet it does greatly assuage it, and enable us more patiently to look through the long years that may pass before we are again permitted to see them face to face.

May it be said that these views would represent the spirits of the holy ones as still detained prisoners of earth and earthly cares, instead of being received up into glory? This might be an insuperable objection did we regard heaven as a *place*, fixed and remote in the universe. But this, I suppose, is not now the common view; at least, not with those who agree with us in general belief. Many of us, to say the least, believe that "heaven lies about us," not only "in our infancy," but through life; that could our eyes be opened, as were those of the one of old by the prayer of the

prophet, we should see the whole air around us filled with the glorified ones once familiar to our sight. And to me, there seems nothing more probable than that the disembodied spirit may be endowed with a power of motion rapid as that of thought. So that, though our friend might at one moment be engaged in some investigation or on some errand of love at the remotest verge of the universe, the next moment might restore him to our side, and thus by his quick transitions he might be, as it were, ever with us.

One danger, indeed, there may be in these views, to be guarded against with jealous care; for perhaps there is no good thing which may not be perverted, and the Christian must be armed at all points. Regarding ourselves as ever under the watchful eye of our loved ones now glorified,—an eye which, being wholly spiritual, is capable of discerning spirits,—our human affections may lead us to think more of their inspection than of that of the Heavenly Father, whose approval should be more to us than that of all worlds. While they were visibly with us, their approbation was very precious to us. It certainly can be no less so, now that our affection is rendered even more tender by the thought that we can see them no more on earth. We always needed to exercise watchfulness over ourselves, that we might not make their approbation too prominent as a motive of action. Our increased danger now seems to lie only in the sense of their more penetrating and continual inspection, keeping the desire for their approval more constantly active. In other respects we are safer than before. We feel that we can testify our love for them in no other way so well as by virtuous lives, and that their searching gaze can be satisfied with nothing less than the purest action springing from the holiest motive. While in the body, they are liable to be misled, either by error of judgment in themselves, or by false appearances in us; but now we are sure that there can be no antagonism between their judgment and that of the Omniscient One. We are safe, then, in strengthening our desire for the high-

est attainments in holiness by the hope of their approval, so long as we constantly endeavor to keep the thought of them subordinate to that of our Best Friend. This, it would seem, may surely be done ; and thus the loving, striving soul may bask at the same time in the Divine and in the human love, now become angelic.

M.

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### WALKING IN THE SUN.

"I AM moving into a sunny house," said an old lady to a friend of ours, not long since. "Come and see me. I intend to commence and enjoy life anew this winter, *to keep in the sunshine*, for there is everything good in that, I believe. I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and it has kept me young. Remember to follow my example, if you wish to keep so too," — and she tripped away, active, hopeful, and happy. That was her last call, and those were her last words to that friend ; but they were worthy to be the last. Wise words of counsel ! cordial words of kindness ! bright words of hope and promise ! She moved into the sunny house and rested there one night,— never, as she said, more quietly,— and awoke the next morning, to be removed to the everlasting mansion, where "there is no need of the sun, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it."

To an aged and childless widow, in feeble health, commencing housekeeping, with one domestic for her only attendant, and the dreary winter already at hand, one might suppose that fears would have been in the way, and the grasshopper have appeared a burden, and those who looked out of the windows been darkened. But it was not so. Her windows had always been sunny, and those who looked out of them had become sunny too. It was all bright to her ; no fear of loneliness, no foreboding of care or illness.

She was "going to begin to enjoy life"! "And doubtless she has!" exclaimed a cheerful, congenial spirit, to whom the words were quoted. Her new and sunny earthly home was but the threshold to the eternal dwelling, and to that she went with firm and unfaltering feet; refusing, when suddenly taken ill, to have any neighbor disturbed at so early an hour, preferring rather to remain alone while the alarmed attendant ran for a physician, and even then, when death seemed to her very near, bidding her be warmly and comfortably clad.

Two short hours, (during which she begged, of the watching friends who had hastened to her, for a few moments of quiet thought by herself,) and the sunny home was left far behind, and she was beyond the sun; but those bright words will linger and sparkle in receptive hearts, who can tell how long?

We need them, all of us, more than we think. Fashion, economy, ill health, love of repose, all combine to tyrannize over us, and shut out from our homes their truest and most beneficent Friend. "Sit in the sun," said one of our old physicians to a patient; "it is the best prescription I can give."

The malaria in Rome is said to shun the dwellings on the sunny side of the street. Counting-houses and work-rooms dark with shade are fatal to those who occupy them for any length of time. Light and warmth from the open heaven,—we must have them, or we die! All our lives we know the fact, yet die from our own or others' neglect of it!

So it is with our intellects and hearts. We are assailed by new theories which clash with our own favorites, foreign opinions which disturb our habits of thought, strange sentiments which are abhorrent to us, and we close the blinds, let down the curtains, and rest satisfied with so quieting a remedy. Such and such views are, we think, plebeian, vulgar, or erroneous; should we admit light enough to test them, it would bring obnoxious insects with it, and all our

intellectual treasures, our mental carpeting and tapestry, would fade and tarnish in the glare. If our faculties go abroad, they walk prudently on the shady side; the dazzle of the public intellect would be injurious to them and uncomfortable to us.

In the heart's home we are more culpable still. It might be supposed that we were many of us formed for misery, so tenaciously do we cling to the shady corners of our lot, and so blind are we to the simple, healthful sunshine which steals in to warm and cheer us. We *talk* on the shady side of everything, of the times, of our experience, of our treatment from others, of character, of humanity and daily life. We discuss the faults of others as though they were *sun*, not shadow; we dwell upon slights and injuries we have received, hugging them close, as if they were life to us rather than death. We set traps for everything but sunbeams, and then bewail our miserable luck in catching everything else.

Worse than all, how we veil our spirits from their right-  
ful inheritance of heavenly light and joy! We search out  
the shady spots in our neighbor's faith and practice; travel  
through the obscure places of their souls, stumbling of  
course upon dark mountains in the strange, unlawful journey.  
We walk through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing  
every evil, unconscious of the rod and staff which are beside  
us, blind to the green pastures and still waters which lie  
beyond. We speak of our dead with sadness of counte-  
nance, as *lost* and *gone*. Alas, when such a price was paid  
for our faith in the resurrection from the dead! When  
shall the Saviour's joy be full in us? When shall we wor-  
ship the Lord with gladness, and enter always his presence  
with thanksgiving? *When* shall we *rejoice evermore*, and  
wear the unalloyed and sacred bliss like sun-glory upon our  
faces?

But, pen of mine, hast not thou too caught the infection,  
and written on with dark shadows close upon thy point,

while those bright words were thy motto? Yes, but it only shows more fully the need of them. Forgive, thou spirit of the sunny home! May they be luminous to us henceforth, sacred to thy memory, and suggestive of thy blest abode!

F.

## MEMORIAL.\*

As angels, on the resurrection morn,  
The garden-tomb before,  
Rolled the sealed stone aside at early dawn,  
That it might stay the Lord of Life no more,—

So waiting angels, on one blessed day,  
Watched out *her* failing breath;  
They rolled the weight of fourscore years away,  
And she rose heavenward from the sleep of death.

Serene and beautiful that dreamless sleep,  
As if youth ripened there,  
But not unto decay; and angels keep  
Ministering watches o'er the form so fair.

Through the long, changeful years, her hands have sown  
Along her quiet way  
The seeds of heavenly harvests, and her own  
Meek footsteps followed where her Master's lay.

She has passed on beloved unto the end,  
And finds a "rest in heaven";  
And Faith sees spirit guardians o'er her bend,  
And her lost loves to her embraces given.

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\* Mrs. Lucy T. Pierce, relict of the late Rev. John Pierce, D.D., died in Brookline, February 12th, 1858. Her last words were, "Rest in heaven." These lines are addressed to her daughter.

So in the Father's house they, gone before,  
 Wait for the parted band,  
 Who, lingering yet awhile, shall follow o'er  
 The silent river to the Better Land.

Long tried and true, the faithful mother-heart  
 Loveth her children still,  
 Not less their mother, though they dwell apart,  
 Waiting the bidding of the Master's will.

But there are hours of yearning, deep and strong,  
 For the loved voice and face,  
 And care and counsels ; yet shalt thou ere long  
 Join thy beloved, where sorrow hath no place.

Walking with reverent steps the way she trod  
 With love which conquereth,  
 Thou shalt find father, mother, home,— and God,  
 Who crowns with life the faithful unto death.

H. W.

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### "CANDIDATING" IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NEVER were a little band more devoted to the true interests which had called them together, than the ten who left their theological *Alma Mater* in 183—. None were distinguished for brilliant gifts, but all were earnest and true men, and had consecrated themselves with a heart-consecration to the glorious work of preaching the Gospel. The last day of their term had come, and they gathered together for mutual conference and prayer, that they might strengthen one another, and go forth girded with the whole armor of the Lord. It was with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy, regret and hope, that they grasped one another by the hand, uttered the fervent "God bless you!" and parted,— first, however, pledging each other to meet at the end of the first lustrum

from this day of parting, again to take sweet counsel, and to relate what these years had done for them.

The time came round, and, the evening before the "Visitation Day" of July, 184—, the members of the little band entered the shaded grounds of the Divinity School, with thoughtful brows and quiet walk, unlike the elastic step with which they had quitted the well-remembered spot five years before. Time and experience had written their characters upon each form and face, but serenity and peace won from conflict were stamped upon nearly all. They met again in that same upper room which had been their place of resort, consecrated as it was by prayer and holy thought. They were once more together, but not all,—at least not in bodily form. Three were not. One had been smitten before he had fairly entered on his profession; the hearts of a people were turning to him, and he had just pledged himself to cast his lines in their pleasant places, when he was snatched almost from their very pulpit. Another, whose gentle spirit all had loved, had made himself a home, had found a people to trust and honor him; his hopes were high, his expectations of usefulness well founded, when disease came insidiously upon him, fastened upon the vital organs, and soon translated him from earth to heaven. A third had crossed the ocean, in search of the health and strength which he needed to follow out his noble profession, but it came not; the soft airs of the South of France brought no healing on their wings. Anxious to see once more the loved ones of home, he embarked; but the tossing waves soon rocked only the body from which the soul had fled. The thought of these was uppermost as they stood hand clasped in hand, and one, the singer of the band, began,—

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee."

All joined in, and after this brief allusion to the departed, and a fervent prayer from the eldest of the company, they seated themselves for their review of the past. Strong, the

handsomest of the band, was first called upon for his experience in "candidating" and settlement.

" You all know," he began, " that I had but little experience in 'candidating' before my first settlement, though I have had enough of it since. My first sermon was preached in a neighboring city, and to my great surprise, and, I am afraid I must acknowledge,—for we are bound to be frank here,—to the gratification of my vanity, I received an almost immediate call to settle over the Society; so that, in less than three months from the time we parted here, I had received the seal of consecration, and stood in one of the oldest city pulpits, its stated pastor. I knew the Society was what we call a dead one. What recked I of that? Did I not feel within myself that I could utter clarion notes, which should rouse them from their slumbers? Buoyant, full of hope, somewhat elated by my unexpected success, what feared I? Zealously I entered upon the work; reform was needed, reform I pressed. I could not be content with preaching of the sins of Aaron and the sons of Eli; I must preach against the sins of our very church. Wine-bibbers sat before, and I could not choose but look at them as I spoke of temperance and judgment to come. Profligates were there; could I speak of the sins of David, and not say to these young men who quailed before my eye, 'Thou art the man'? Soon I missed one and another from their seats; then rumor came,—this one had given up his pew; that one had been often to hear Rev. Mr. Smooth-Tongue, it was feared he too would leave. Then came complaints that I did not visit enough; then floating scandal,—I talked too much with this young lady, or with that. Kind friends there were, ready to bring all these things to my ears. At last, stung to the quick by the unjust remarks and cruel aspersions, I sent in my resignation to the Society, and left it as suddenly as I came to it. Two years of experience I had had, not altogether sad, for I had many happy hours, found many true friends, and learned a lesson I needed, my

own insufficiency,—that I must lean upon the strong arm of the Father, or I should be weak indeed.

"Now came my first real experience in 'candidating.' I received an invitation to preach in a retired country town. With carpet-bag in hand, I took my seat in the cars on Saturday afternoon, and soon found myself in the quiet town of N——. I had received no directions where I was to remain during my stay in the town, and I fully expected to find some one waiting for me at the depot; but no one appeared, and, after wandering about the streets some little time, I went reluctantly to the hotel. I inquired if they knew who were the Committee of the Third Parish, but they were entirely ignorant; and, hopeless of any information, I retired to my room. Sunday morning I arose unrefreshed, went out to walk to compose my nerves, and bring myself into a more devotional frame of mind. The first bell rung; there were four churches in the town, and I knew not which I was to preach in. Feeling it important I should know in season, I went from one to another, and, at the last, was told they expected a minister from the city as a candidate. The sexton did not know, but he guessed he had come, as N—— was thought to be a pretty good place to preach in. I returned to the hotel, took my sermons, and went back to the church, feeling I could there better prepare myself for the duties of the day in that hallowed place. When the people entered the church, I looked at them with some interest, to see what sort of people they were who could so thoroughly ignore the possible wants of a preacher. They were intelligent and refined in appearance, and listened with attention to the exercises. But I could not preach with my usual animation. I felt no electric touch of sympathy to kindle my own aspirations. The service ended, I descended the stairs; but no friendly voice greeted me, no welcoming hand was stretched forth. I passed out, people stepping aside as if I had the leprosy. Like the morning was the afternoon, and glad was I on Monday to take my seat in the

cars to return home. In the course of the week I received a letter from the Committee, enclosing fifteen dollars, and requesting me to preach four Sundays more. I wrote, declining the proposition; and I know that Society was without a pastor three years, and principally owing to this want of consideration for the feelings of a stranger. You look as if you thought me too sensitive, friends; but it was not the lack of courtesy that led me to decline the request to preach again at N—. I looked upon it as a sign of the want of interest in religious institutions. Had there been one man in that Society truly interested in the great work of the Church, it would have led him to feel a kindly interest in a minister of that Church, however few his gifts; and it is this indifference which is stifling the life out of so many of our religious societies.

"My next experience was somewhat different. I was sent for from the First Parish of a large seaport town, engaged for four Sundays, and given the address of the person with whom I was to board during the time. Very pleasant were those three weeks. Hospitable, kind-hearted, and intelligent were the people, and I had preached there but two Sundays before much was said to me about remaining, and a strong wish expressed that I might content myself with their Society. Every day I came to like it better and better, and to garner up my wishes there. I preached my four Sundays, and left with the full expectation of a call, which however never came. Days and weeks went by, but no word or message came to me, till one day the papers announced that this very call had been sent to Rev. Mr. Pretence, who had preached there before me, and being very free in manner and peculiar in preaching, many desired him, and those who would really have preferred me were obliged to yield. In such alternations as these passed six months, and then I found a pleasant harbor in which to cast my anchor, where I feel I am doing a good work, though the tidal waves of slavery and intemperance have surged against my poor barque till they have almost upheaved her."

A pause followed this recital. Page was called upon. He had a fine intellectual forehead, and a physiognomy which would have been pleasant but for a peculiarity in the growth of his hair. It was a very light brown, and stood around his head a perfect *chevaux de frise*. His voice was singularly clear and musical, startling almost from its contrast to his appearance.

"My experience has in many respects been a sad one, not so much from its influence upon myself, as from the conviction it has brought to my heart of the want of the right religious feeling in the community, and the superficiality of the relation between pastors and people, the false views with which that relation is entered into, the lack of the Christian element. For some time after my graduation, I preached for absent ministers, not wishing to enter upon my candidateship till I had gained more experience, and tested more my own powers. After six months so passed, I went to preach for a church in Maine, then destitute of a pastor. The engagement was for three months, a period long enough for us to know something of each other. I was pleased with the arrangement, and entered with strong hope into the work, trusting in God's strength to bring forth much fruit. And I was prospered. Much religious interest was manifested; the young men came out to our evening meetings, and I was encouraged. The three months passed quickly by. All my arrangements were made with reference to my remaining in the place. The time for the meeting to give me a call drew near. I had no anxiety, no doubt,—fully expected the result of the meeting would be a unanimous call. But it came not. Finally, I asked one whom I knew to be a friend, both to the Society and myself, why I had not heard the result of the meeting.

"'Why, Mr. Page,' said he, grasping my hand, 'I do believe all are ashamed to tell it you; it is a disgrace to us.'

"'They surely have naught to say against my character, have they?' said I.

"No, they all bore the fullest testimony to that, to your devotion to your duties, and to the rich intellect you bring into your Sunday services; they never expect to have one they like better in any of these respects, but—'

"But what, Mr. Marsh? You are bound by your obligation as a Christian to speak the truth to me. I must know what interferes with my success as a religious teacher. My heart is wrapped up in my profession, and if there is anything about me that interferes with that, I am bound to cast it off."

"O, if you only could cast off your hair!"

"My hair! what has my hair to do with it?" I asked, as I ran my fingers through its forest.

"Excuse me," replied he, "but it is all prevents your settlement here.\* The men don't care for it, of course; but Miss Cook, who, you know, is the richest, and of course the most influential, person in the parish, says she will not support a minister whose head looks like yours. The people do not like to run the risk of alienating her funds from the Society."

"Thank you for telling me the whole truth; I am pained, deeply pained, not that my hair grows as my Creator intended it should, but that the doctrines of Him who looked not at the outer, but the inner man, should have been so long preached here in vain."

"You will hardly be willing to believe, brothers, that the three first parishes where I preached as a candidate were influenced by this consideration, and I really began to think I must give up either my ministry or my hair, when I fortunately met with a simple, plain-hearted people, who were satisfied with my preaching, and did not care whether my hair stood out like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' or lay smooth and sleek as on a Puritan Roundhead."

We were all too much saddened at the total want of

\* The truth of this excuse for the non-settlement of an otherwise popular preacher can be vouched for.

religious feeling manifested by the people for whom Page had preached, to even smile at their fatuity. It has become a serious thing when the mere outward attracts so much more than the true inner life; when the handsome face, stately form, or full, rounded voice, will win for a young man offers from both city and country parishes, while his classmate of equal, if not superior talent, and with far greater depth and earnestness, will be neglected and passed by, because nature has encased his soul in an uninteresting form.

Magee was next called upon for the experience of his five years. He had a good deal of the comic element in him, and his eye sparkled with mirth, as he said: " You expect the history of my candidating. Why, to be frank, I never had the chance to 'candidate,' as it is called, at all. I went from one place to another, preaching one Sunday at each, and in this way I tried all the vacant pulpits in the length and breadth of our Zion. In some, they told me they had heard from thirty to forty preachers, and very strange it seemed to them they could find none to suit them. They thought ministers had deteriorated very much. It did not use to be so in their father's times. They did not think the principal cause of the difficulty was with themselves. They gave but one Sunday to each. The first Sunday a man preaches in any place it is at great disadvantage; he does not know the modulation of voice required by the church, he has no particular sympathy with the people, he feels he stands there to be criticised, a stranger in a strange place. But if he is listened to with interest, if he feels that the people really desire to hear him as a candidate, and wish to settle him if he meets their spiritual wants, then he gains courage, puts forth his powers. But the supply of the vacant pulpit is usually committed to the charge of some ex-minister, who is always ready to step in and preach himself, if a popular candidate is not readily obtained. Thus the people are freed from a care which would be a stimulus to

them, and the supplying clergyman, tempted by his own desires and necessities, does not give his heartiest influence for the immediate settlement of any candidate. My first year was passed without my once preaching more than one Sabbath at a time in any place. I wearied of this, and went to the West, hoping there to find more mellow soil, and societies less acted upon by the outside conventionalisms. I struck boldly into one of the new cities, canvassed for hearers, and succeeded in gathering a little band, to whom I preached in an 'upper chamber' for two years. We strengthened month by month, and soon found means for building a pretty church. I was content, my work seemed before me. I thought myself firmly seated in the affections of my people. Then came one of those political convulsions, one of the aggressions of the South, one of those crises in which a true man must speak, or feel that he crushes out a God-given truth. I preached temperately, moderately, advised no rash measures; but the words, all too feeble for the satisfaction of my own conscience, were too strong for the nerves of my hearers. A protest was drawn up, the result of which is that I stand here now, as free of parish and of friends as this day five years."

We could not but feel regret as we listened to Magee, that he, the favorite of his class, the earnest, true-hearted man, and devoted Christian, should have met with such a disappointment in his profession. But we saw, by the light in his eye, that it had no power to chill the warm heart, the trusting, childlike faith, but that he was as ready to go forth, and do and dare for truth and Christ's sake, as ever. We all expressed this thought but Mitchell, who said: —

" Ah, Brother Magee, I cannot but think you take counsel of your feelings rather than your conscience. Do you not see the harm you have done by bringing politics into the pulpit? You were doing a good work in your Western home, bringing people under religious influences, gradually leading them to God. You utter a few hasty words, —

your power over them for good is done. You have introduced discord into a once united society, and what have you gained? Only the momentary pleasure of having spoken your own thought. As for me, I seem to have had a different and more happy experience than any of you, and it must be from the different views I take of these things. Immediately after my graduation, I was sent for to preach at the town of P——, for one Sabbath. At the close of the day, a committee waited upon me and invited me to preach four, for them, as a candidate. I accepted; at the end of the time I received a unanimous call to settle over the parish. I accepted, and certainly my course has run smoothly enough. I have been undisturbed in my relations with my people. Politics, slavery, intemperance, and women's rights I exclude wholly from my Sabbath services; the week-day is enough for those. Are they not canvassed in every counting-room and corner during the week? That is surely enough time to be given to those; let the holy day be given to more holy meditations,—the love of Christ, the duty of obedience, Paul's teachings. These surely furnish endless topics on which to occupy the hour of worship. Thus my people learn to love the return of the day; they fear no jarring discords as they come up to the temple; they enter it gladly, and leave it in peace with themselves and the world."

"I came not to bring peace but a sword upon the earth," were the words of our blessed Saviour," said Page, "and with the sword he has himself placed in our hands it is our duty to hew down the crying sins of the individual, the state, the country; and I will strike at them, so help me God, even if every stroke returns upon myself in the loss of friends or worldly position."

"And I too, so help me God," came from each lip save Mitchell's, who for one moment looked rebuked by the "higher law" of his companions; but his self-complacency soon returned, and he quietly said: —

"The end of our ministry will show which has taken the best course."

Each turned now an expecting eye towards Myron, almost dreading to hear his experience, for he had a serious personal defect. When a mere lad he had rushed into a burning house to save a child, and was so seriously burned he was obliged to have an arm amputated. This had given a color to his life. A gay, light-hearted youth, he would probably have plunged into the excitements of life, perhaps its dissipations, had it not been for the check thus received. In the quiet of the sick-chamber, he had time for thought, and, young as he was, suffering taught him there was something truly noble for him, and that the highest happiness could only be found in a persistent course of duty. By degrees he grew into the wish to devote himself to the ministry. His friends at first opposed it, thinking the loss of his arm might prove an obstacle to his success; but he could not relinquish the cherished hope; he could not believe that any people would be so actuated by the merely outward consideration, as to make his personal defect at all a hinderance to his usefulness. His experiences will show how far he was correct.

"I have always thought," he said, "that one of Dickens's most exquisite touches of feeling and Christianity was in his 'Tiny Tim,' the poor deformed cripple, who wished to go to church on Christmas because he thought that seeing him, lame, halt, and withered, as he was, would recall to those who saw him the remembrance of Him who gave feet to the lame, strength to the impotent, vital energy to the paralyzed. It was with something of the same feeling I entered upon the ministry. I felt I was a speaking monument of the Father's love. My very maimed condition spoke most loudly of the goodness and the grace of Him who had given me peace and happiness, though crippled, and shut out from many of the active enjoyments of life. My years of study were years of delight, for I was striving to prepare myself for the utmost usefulness in my profes-

sion, and I went forth with as high hopes and earnest aspirations as any of you. But they have been greatly disappointed. I have been repeatedly told that the only objection to my settlement in this or that place was my personal defect,—a minister with only one arm was almost as objectionable as one who had lost a leg. I have heard young people where I have preached, when they were unconscious of my being so near, laugh at my awkward movements, mimic the hitch of my shoulder, and compare me to a fowl with one wing clipped. How little do they take home the spirit of Him who went about healing all human infirmities, and blessing those who had most deeply suffered! But, rejected as I have been, I have never once regretted my loss, for had it not been for that, I might never have known the joy that springs from a true consecration. I have been disappointed in my hopes, it is true; I have been made fully to realize how little way the principles of Christ have yet penetrated into the mass of the world; but the leaven is there, and gradually, in the years and ages to come, the whole will be uplifted by its influence. But realizing that, while the world is as it is, I can find no sphere of usefulness as a minister, I have made arrangements for entering upon the next most glorious profession, that of teaching. I do not suppose those who objected to me in the pulpit, because I was one-sided and awkward, will consider *that* a sufficient obstacle to placing their children with me, and I can strive to realize my idea of a Christian parish in my school."

"Not a very bright picture have we had of 'candidating' in this age," said Page; "but we must ever keep in mind, in justification of the parishes, that we are none of us 'brilliant' men. No drawing-room belle is more sought for than the masters of the rhetorical art. Our societies hear them in public lectures, and various other occasions, and thus the taste is formed, the desire strengthened, to have the brilliant, the graceful, the 'out-gushing,' and the bizarre added to the true and substantial. God grant the first may never be taken instead of the last!"

## THE RAIN.\*

FROM THE SPANISH OF J. MELENDEZ VALDES.

WELCOME art thou, gentle Rain !  
 To refresh our valleys green ;  
 Plenty to bring back again,  
 Through thy dewy influence seen.

Welcome art thou, fertile Rain !  
 To give life to fragrant flowers,  
 Which, with open calyx, fain  
 Would peep forth beneath their bowers.

Welcome are thy waters gay,  
 Drooping husbandmen to cheer ;  
 Who, their efforts cast away,  
 Mourn, in sad, foreboding fear.

Hasten down, and let the earth  
 Its parched bosom to thee bare ;  
 Let the myriad seeds put forth  
 To the balmy, genial air.

Swift descend upon the wings  
 Of the playful wind, instil  
 The delight thy freshness brings,  
 And each panting bosom fill.

## \* LA LLUVIA.

POR DON J. MELENDEZ VALDES.

Bienvenida, o lluvia, seas  
 A refrescar nuestros valles,  
 Y a traernos la abundancia  
 Con tu rocío agradable.

Bien vengas, o fértil lluvia,  
 A dar vida á las fragantes  
 Flores, que por recibirte  
 Rompen ya su tierno cáliz.

Bien vengais, alegres aguas,  
 Fausto alivio del cobarde

Labrador, que ya gemía  
 Malogrados sus afanes.

Baxad, baxad, que la tierra  
 Su agostado seno os abre,  
 Y os esperan mil semillas  
 Para al punto fecundarse.

Baxad, baxad en las alas  
 Del vago viento, empapadle  
 En deliciosa frescura,  
 Y el pecho lo aspire fácil.

O how sweetly on the ear  
 Falls the soft, enchanting sound,  
 Which 'mong trembling leaves we hear,  
 As the rain-drops scatter round!

These, in wavelets, onward flow,  
 Stirring up the waters clear ;  
 As they round in circles go,  
 Trees reflected disappear.

Leaping free, from bough to bough,  
 Birds, exulting, chirp aloud ;  
 Laughing at the wave below,  
 Of their brilliant plumage proud.

Restoration to the plain,  
 Each in noisy carol sings ;  
 Health proclaims to all again ;  
 Each, in gladness, flaps his wings.

Shepherds view the frosty fleece  
 Of their lambs with dew spread o'er ;  
 Agitated, shaken, this  
 Falls away, is seen no more ;

While the lamb, in sportive mood,  
 Bleating, frisking, skips around ;  
 Blesses Heaven, and seeks his food  
 From the newly moistened ground.

Baxad, ¡o ! ¡ como al oido  
 Encanta el ruido suave,  
 Que entre las trémulas hojas  
 Cayendo las gotas hacen !

Las que al río undosas corren,  
 Agitando sus cristales  
 En vagos círculos turban  
 De los árboles la imagen.

Saltando de rama en rama  
 Regocijadas las aves,  
 Del líquido humor se burlan  
 Con su pomposo plumage.

A las desmayadas vegas  
 En bulliciosos cantares  
 Su salud faustas anuncian,  
 Y alegres las alas batén.

El pastor el vellón mira  
 Del corderillo escarcharse  
 De aljófares, que al moverse  
 Invisibles se deshacen ;

Mientras él se goza y salta,  
 Y con balidos amables  
 Bendice al cielo, y ansioso  
 La mojada yerba pace.

Now the farmer feels the breeze  
 That around him softly plays :  
 As his glistening fields he sees,  
 With delight he mingles praise.

All is brilliant, all reborn,  
 The air is fragrant with perfume ;  
 Upward shoots the tender corn,  
 Fruit-trees flourish in their bloom.

On his radiant throne of old,  
 Rises now the glorious sun,  
 Paints the Rainbow, red and gold,  
 •• Fleecy, gorgeous clouds upon.

Nature beams with smiles again,  
 In her gala-garments dressed : —  
 O benignant, vital Rain,  
 In thy healthful waters blessed,

Come, O come, and all around  
 Gladness, joy, abundance fling,  
 That, with countless mercies crowned,  
 Mortals may rejoice and sing.

C. F. B.

El viento plácido aspira,  
 Y viendo quan manso cae  
 En sus campos el rocío,  
 El labrador se complace.

Todo brilla y se renueva,  
 De aromas se puebla el ayre,  
 Las tiernas mieles espigan,  
 Y florecen los frutales.

Alzando entre hermosas nubes  
 El sol su trono radiante,

Al iris de grana y oro  
 Pinta en riquísimo esmalte.

La naturaleza toda  
 De galas se orna y renace : —  
 O benigna, o vital lluvia,  
 Con tus ondas saludables,

Ven pues, ¡o! ven, y contigo  
 La rica abundancia traes,  
 Que de frutos coronada  
 Regocíje los mortales.

## THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

WE owe it to woman to hold up before her, in *real* life, those instances of humble goodness which have a tendency to encourage and stimulate. The only reason why we would put fiction into the hands of the young is, that they may be influenced by those beautiful ideals of Christian perfection which we often find in them. When we know that there have been among us, sleeping beneath our roof, sitting at our tables, kneeling by our household altars, the *living* ideals, so like those fair conceptions, is it not right to remove the veil of domestic life, and let so gentle a light shine to bless a larger circle?

Within a few weeks, in a country village, there was a quiet gathering around an open grave. It was near sunset. The young, the middle-aged, the venerable form were there. Appropriate passages of Scripture were read by the beloved pastor, to soothe and encourage the bereaved, followed by an inspiring hymn of faith, and then a gentle requiem, a favorite of the departed. We left her, and the earth received into her peaceful bosom the remains of our mother. And the little birds sing to her, and the children love to place flowers upon her grave, and the aged man and feeble woman linger near her last resting-place, and feel very near to heaven; and the branches of her old elm cast their sunset shadows over her pillow, with a good-night blessing. Peace and love were her atmosphere while among men, and they hover about her still.

Our mother! she needs no name. So secluded in her daily walk, so lowly in her estimate of herself, her pure soul would have shrunk from distinction. Her nature was beautiful, her principles were inflexible, her heart tender and sympathizing, her taste refined, her soul pure, self-forgetful, devout.

Our mother was an only child, for death had already taken

the first-born from the household. She was the pride and darling of her devoted parents, and the delight of many friends. She was delicately reared, well educated for her day, when French and music were unusual accomplishments. The graces of her person and manners made her attractive in general society, in which she freely mingled. She was a living refutation of the common remark, that an only child in a family is inclined to become a selfish character. Self-sacrifice, as applied to her, gives but an incomplete impression of her daily life. There was a cheerful forgetfulness of self, a readiness of response to the wants of others, a winning tone and manner to all about her, that led them to go to her in their little necessities; for they felt "she loved to love," and loved to aid and bless. Feeble in body, she was forced to practise much self-denial in her habits. She did not attempt great and striking deeds. She knew, though she never praised herself, the rich value of a good action performed in the spirit of love, though ever so small. Though always industrious and useful, humility was one of her distinguishing traits. In speaking of herself in connection with society, she would meekly say, "I hope I have never done any one harm." She had years of great responsibility, many trials to endure with and for others, many unusual demands on her time in supplying the necessities of those she loved; but how readily did she conform to those frequent claims! Hospitable to a remarkable degree, she ever received strangers and friends as if she knew she might "entertain" in each "an angel." From her tenderness of heart for all suffering, from the lowest animal to the dearest friend, she often shrank from the sight of evil, with pain that she could do nothing to alleviate. In her gentle judgment, the reputation of all was safe. Though her pure and elevated standard made her peculiarly alive to whatever was low or unprincipled, she would never dwell in conversation on anything but the favorable side of character. We believe no uncharitable judgment can be remembered ever to have

passed her lips. But her love of goodness, of strict honesty and truthfulness, was deeply inlaid within her soul. Gentle and yielding, almost to a fault, perhaps, where principle was not involved, she was resolute and unflinching where truth was at stake, or a question of duty was before her.

And yet we only saw in her the natural fruits of that religion which is pure and undefiled; which teaches us "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God." We knew her intimately, in her rising up and her lying down. We know she led a life of prayer. Its still, small voice was often in her lonely chamber. In all her trouble, much as she loved the sympathy and support of others, God was pre-eminently her refuge and strength, and she was wont to say, when she would soothe and sustain any one about her, in accents of deep feeling, "*I have prayed for you.*"

How blessed a thing it is to us, pilgrims and sojourners, that now and then such spirits are vouchsafed to us as models and guides through the valley of life! Let their humble virtues serve to stimulate us in following our blessed Master, and make us realize that a cup of cold water, given in the spirit of love, "*shall in no wise lose its reward.*"

L.

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#### PHILIP REBUKED.

If ever a withering blight comes over the expected harvest, from good seed sown, the grains, instead of being filled with milk and flour, are husky and dry as the sower's hopes. If, after long toil and patience, a teacher discovers that all his efforts have been unavailing, and that his pupil has not yet learned the rudiments, how great the discouragement! When Philip said to Jesus, "Show us the Father," he exhibited proof of his ignorance of the whole mission of Christ. How disheartening such a question! So long had Jesus been with him revealing the Father, and yet comes this strange

inquiry. Our Lord was unknown to his most intimate friends. So have I known a clergyman to have spent five and six years with his people, who never knew his worth, until, at his death, strangers came and told how great and good a man he was. Jesus, the great teacher, with such stolid disciples! Here is enough for instruction, counsel, encouragement, for those who now undertake to preach the Gospel.

But now that Christianity is established, now that every step in our path is irradiated by the Sun of righteousness, now that every hour is ameliorated by the labors of the Prince of Peace, every moment made hopeful by the glad doctrines which the Saviour has made household words, what a fearful discovery is it to find those who have been bathed in the light of his love who know not their Lord! Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me? So long inheriting the choice blessings of the Gospel, the blood of martyrs, the prodigies of so many servants of God, the writings of so many good men, and a religion of eighteen hundred years, and yet not to know the Author and Finisher of our faith,—not to know by experience the worth of his mission, nor learn by inward conviction the value of his life! So long have the precious truths which came from Heaven been his, and yet they make no part of him! Analyze the man, what of Christ's love is there in him, what of Christ's spirit? The Christian temper enters not into the thoughts of his heart. Visit our colleges, where the hope of the nation is forming, what of Christ is there? Go to our legislative halls, where the nation's wisdom is congregated. Hear the oath and the blasphemy. Is Jesus known there? Come to our churches, where his name is hallowed, how many frequent them Sunday after Sunday that know not their Lord!

A man educated in a Christian land meets with reverses, the world goes against him, loss follows loss, and gloom and misanthropy settle upon him. Religion has no com-

fort for him, no word of promise, for it is not one of his treasures. All is frowning, impending. Where is He who has been so long with him? where the hymns he lisped in childhood, the prayer offered on a mother's knee? where those words of Scripture repeated years ago? where the holy oracles, heard Sabbath after Sabbath, though never sinking into his mind? What are all to him, what consolation do they bring, what support to his mind? He might have been brought up in Africa rather than in New England, for all the benefit to his soul.

To be resuscitated is a most painful process. What is it to coming to a consciousness of Christ, now disowned? Somewhere, either in this state or another, we must awake to a knowledge of Jesus, if we are to know the Father. What an awakening to one who has been all his days under the sunlight of God's favor. Annihilation alone can be compared with it. Yet here we live by the side of our Master, and yet so imperfect is our acquaintance with God, so little of the Gospel is in our lives, that the question to Philip might with equal force be put to us. This renovated world into which we are introduced, these quiet homes, these rights and the pursuit of happiness guaranteed to us, the heavenly hopes that stretch forth to infinitude, all are to us as naught. What respect is paid to the command,

“ Go call thy sons; instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear  
To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born ”?

How transmit that which we have learned not yet to prize?  
What teach of Christ, when we have learned so little?

If we are to live, in some stage of our being the question to Philip must be put to us. How does the appeal sound in our ears now? Is it a rebuke? That Saviour who should be your guide, is a stranger. He who is the brightness of the glory and express image of the person of God, is a word, a name, a form. We talk of responsibility, what

more responsible being is there, than he who is intrusted with the legacy of Christ? But what care is taken of it? How is the Friend of man treated? Not as our Friend, for we have nothing in common with him. He is afar, away, off in the heavens, not nigh us, counselling, cheering, teaching, evangelizing us. A friend should bear a friend's infirmities. Do we let Jesus bear ours? Do we bring him near to us, and feel that he can and will help us if we come to him in love. Do we commune with him, and seek for his spirit, and study to gain his regard? Does the Father present himself as the Universal Parent, who cannot bear the envious, the supercilious, the selfish? Have we the dispositions of children?

The subject is worthy the consideration of all who enjoy the advantages of Christian institutions. It comes naturally from the passage of Scripture which has been considered. It reads like a rebuke to Philip, whatever the thought in his mind when he said, "Show us the Father." He had in mind the apparitions of God in the Jewish Scriptures, and believed that the Deity would appear in visible form when the earthly reign of the Messiah commenced, which, from our Saviour's words, he thought was soon to be. The happy time when God would descend from heaven and assist his people had come, and Jesus was now to ascend the throne. So sensual was this thought, so foreign to the subject occupying the Saviour's mind, that we may well admire the mildness and serenity with which the Teacher continued his discourse after such an interruption. How such pupils could have converted the world is another wonder, and another proof of the power of the Gospel over the heart and life.

W. A. W.

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EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*Sermons for the New Life.* By HORACE BUSHNELL, D. D. Charles Scribner.—These strong thoughts of a mature and spiritual mind will be greeted far and wide with a hearty welcome. Many who already feel indebted to the author for some of the firmest and liveliest religious impulses they have ever received, will be thankful to listen again to their former teacher, and to receive a fresh invigoration, in their nobler nature, from the same helper. Many others, who have been greatly aided by him in the shaping of a definite, positive Christian belief,—lifted out of mental confusion, out of vain traditions, out of oppressive doubts or contradictions, by his clear insight and reasonable persuasions,—will joyfully receive a new message from the same wise head and consecrated heart. Nor are these sermons written on the same level with any of the author's preceding productions. They betoken a deeper experience. They speak from a richer knowledge. They are the expression of a faith wrought patiently out by a harder discipline, showing not only courage in the conflict, but humility and peace after it. The only trace of the controversial period is without the controversial temper,—a touching allusion to "days of accusation," in a simple and affectionate dedication of the volume to his "dear flock at Hartford." Misrepresentation, pain, coldness of brethren, mingled with large intellectual and ministerial successes, seem to have yielded here their better fruit, and to have ripened thought, feeling, and character together.

It is a peculiarity of Dr. Bushnell's discourses, that, by a rare union of mental ingenuity and spiritual discernment, they offer original interpretations of familiar doctrines,—interpretations that retain the truth, and reject its objectionable forms. They are apt to strike to the vital part of the matter, and to expose the substantial thing to be believed, well cleared of the technical appendages. In the sermon on "Duty not measured by our own Ability," for instance, we have what is true in the old dogma of human inability, the truth which doubtless brought that dogma into the Church, affirmed and illustrated with such power and beauty that we wonder it could ever have been denied. The sermon on "Regeneration," while it is not to be dis-

puted by the Unitarian, is satisfactory to the Calvinist. No more awful demonstration of the final terrors of judgment on the impenitent can be required, than we find irresistibly set forth under the text, "Take, therefore, the talent from him." So we might enumerate many other examples where the fine and subtle quality of the preacher's nature penetrates to the core of his subject, and proves that what is most thoroughly evangelical is also most undeniably rational. He renders that great service to the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, setting them into analogy with accepted ideas, or commanding them by similitudes drawn from an intelligent observation. His theology is never compromised by prejudice or timidity. His ethical uprightness is never vitiated by a false philosophy of motives. His strictness of belief and seriousness of spirit are not enfeebled by a charity which is yet liberal with the toleration and kindness of the New Testament. Too much can hardly be said in praise of his breadth of treatment, the force of his style. Everybody knows the animation, the penetrative rapidity, of his intellectual movement. The sermons spread out into generous proportions, and their stimulating interest never flags. Yet we believe all who read them thoughtfully will agree with us, that their best quality is the searching truthfulness with which they report the deep facts of the inward life, expound its laws, raise its tone, bring it into a consciousness of real communion with Christ, and open to it the mystery of God. It is pleasant to write these things, both as a tribute of personal esteem, and as an acknowledgment of great public usefulness. Dr. Bushnell's reputation as a thinker and writer is wide enough to satisfy his ambition, which, if we mistake not, has not been small, and which he has striven nobly to subdue. But if we rightly apprehend the spirit of his ministry and his sermons, his work is one that the Head of the Church will crown with a higher honor than any human fame. May it be prolonged, and to the end be filled with the "joy of harvest."

*The Old Red Sandstone.* By HUGH MILLER, LL.D. Gould and Lincoln.—The treatises of this believing philosopher have done much to clothe the investigations of science with the attractions of romance, and to make them confirmations of revealed religion. If, in some rare instances, the honest utterance of religious conviction trenches a little upon the province of the naturalist, it is certainly a fault to be readily pardoned. This was his first theological work,

and was originally published seventeen years ago. Many of his predictions have been fulfilled, in this comparatively recent department of science, and his conclusions established. When he, in his lifetime, detected any error in his earlier positions,—as respecting the regular increase of size in fishes with successive formations,—he had the candor to correct his mistake. The present is the seventh edition, and is reprinted from that edited by Mrs. Miller. It includes plates of fossils, which have great value. Several geological papers are embraced in the volume, left among the lamented author's unpublished writings. The whole takes its place in the series of Mr. Miller's publications, for which the reading public are so largely indebted to these publishers.

*Evil not from God; or, The Mystery: being an Inquiry into the Origin of Evil.* By JOHN YOUNG, LL.D., Edinburgh. New York: Mason and Brothers, 108 and 110 Duane Street.—The author is already extensively and favorably known in this country by a work lately commended in these pages, "The Christ of History." The same lucid argument and grasp of mind that are displayed in that original treatise appear to advantage in this new attempt to solve the insoluble problem of evil. Hopeless as we consider the undertaking to be, there is an intellectual interest in following a process conducted with so much general ability; and where, as in this case, the mind of the writer is reverent and believing, the reader will often gain both comfort and strength from the work. Mr. Young takes the not unfamiliar view of the nature of God, that there is in it a latent, inert, physical potentiality of evil, but no moral possibility of anything but perfect good. God *cannot* be otherwise than infinitely holy. As to the liberty of man, he agrees essentially with Kant, Coleridge, Cousin, and the old school of Scotch metaphysicians, in declaring the "autonomy of the human will," or its self-governing power and absolute freedom of choice. Out of this liberty, in a finite being, comes not only a physical, but a moral possibility of sin. But evil is not the necessary complement of good. Moral evil is not a negative, but a dire and malignant positive,—beyond imperfection. It is the result of man's option as under law, a free but perverse choice, a conscious product of the human will, and of nothing else. It is a creature's wilful abuse of moral liberty. God is its eternal antagonist. The fact that moral evil leads to ever so great good, cannot change its quality

as evil. An intelligent, moral being, without power to choose, is a pure contradiction. And nothing but the perfection of his nature could secure him against sometimes choosing evil. The only way by which the Almighty himself can control the will as an active principle, is morally; that is, through the conscience, the understanding, the affections. And no power of this kind can *necessitate* a choice of good. Hence disobedience, retribution, redemption, and the whole Gospel system, which is set forth with much force.

*Familiar Quotations.* Third Edition. John Bartlett.—The collector continues to push his investigations with patience and enthusiasm. Out of his own extensive reading, as well as through many literary friends, he seems to add some new passage, every week, to his ingenious and learned work. Of course its dimensions expand. Here we have a supplement of seventy-eight pages, as rich as what went before, which may be had either in a separate volume, uniform with the body of the book, or bound up with the new edition.

*Devotional Exercises for Schools and Families.* James Munroe & Co.—This careful, judicious selection of devotional passages from the Holy Scriptures, for the use of teacher and pupil, or parent and child, borrows additional interest from the circumstance that it is attributed to a venerable and high-minded layman extensively known through the country, Hon. J. T. Buckingham. The arrangement is admirable, and leaves no difficulty to those that use it. Several hymns are introduced, and the Lord's Prayer is connected with each exercise. Different portions of the Bible are represented. The responses are adjusted according to their meaning. The compilation was a beautiful employment for such a man, and it is much to be wished there were some way by which it could be introduced into every public and private school where the Scriptures and prayer are not daily heard. This is a new edition, with additions.

*Songs in the Night: or, Hymns for the Sick and Suffering.* With an Introduction, by REV. A. C. THOMPSON. S. K. Whipple & Co.—The fact that this is the fifth edition, shows how cordially this offering of consolation has been received by the community. It is here presented in very firm and handsome binding. Some of the most poetical and melodious hymns in the language are included in it, together with other poetical pieces, both soothing and sublime,

from the best poets. Persons seeking gifts for the sick or bereaved will do well to examine it.

*Our Little Ones in Heaven.* Gould and Lincoln.—A large number of extracts, mostly from well-known authors, in prose and verse, appropriate to the condition and sorrow hinted at in the title, are here thrown together in a convenient little volume. It must help to make those who mourn for departed children more blessed.

*Father Henson's Story of his own Life.* J. P. Jewett & Co.—An intimate personal acquaintance, renewed, from time to time, through a period of about a dozen years, has inspired us with a respect and affection for this remarkable person, such as we can feel for but few living men. God appears to have raised him up out of the degradations of Southern slavery, with the natural capacities of a soldier and a statesman for a hero's work in behalf of his oppressed people,—graciously adding to his other powers, through regeneration, the higher gifts and graces of a Christian apostle. He has been the civil father and friend, the adviser and advocate, of some two thousand fugitive blacks of Canada. He has traversed this country and England, in their behalf, begging, planning, and ever praying for their temporal and spiritual welfare. He has sat down, an honored, unembarrassed guest, at the tables of the best homes in America, and he has stood up, unostentatiously, but without shame, in his own nobility of soul, among the titled men and women of England. Taught to read in his advanced age, by the torchlight, in a Canada cabin, with his child for a teacher, he now preaches the Gospel every week, showing a command of the Scriptures attained by few of his profession. This narrative relates his life and experiences while in slavery, the wild adventures and fearful sufferings of his escape and flight, his plans of organization and civilization north of the Lakes, and his various enterprises, journeyings, and trials for his race up to this time. Mrs. Stowe furnishes a spirited Introduction. There are ample materials in the book for half a dozen tragedies, as many "exciting romances," a volume of Punch, and a practical commentary on the biography of St. Paul.

*The Roby Family; or, Battling with the World.* By A. L. O. E. Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—Many young readers will be glad to know that the fascinating fortunes of the

"Giant-Killer" are here carried out, though without the allegory. The plot and style are skilfully managed, and the teaching for character is excellent.

*The Choice and the Cross. A Discourse preached to the Thirteenth Congregational Society, May 2, by its Pastor, J. I. T. COOLIDGE.* John Wilson and Son. — In this sermon, at once solemn and spirited, we are taken into the deep places of Christ's truth. It is no cheap comment on the aspects of the times, but a vigorous reaffirmation of the eternal verities that lie at the centre of the Gospel, meeting also what lies deepest in the heart of man; and so is a kind of preaching that is for all times. It is not an ostentatious presentation of the preacher's ingenuity or accomplishments; and so does not fall into the rank of those rhetorical efforts in the pulpit which are the signs of a decaying faith, and are the desperate attempts of the mind and the will, aided by literary taste, to supply the lawful demands of the immortal hunger and thirst. It is a sermon wrought out of a life of habitual inward toil and spiritual integrity. It is the utterance of a man who lives in constant communion with the Master that sent him to preach and gave him his message, in whose name he was ordained, and whose approval is the highest honor of any ministry; a man who reveres his sacred calling too much to pervert it, even for an hour, to the trifling purposes of self-display, or any of those secular ambitions, or even real secular interests, which have such plentiful occasions and agencies of their own. If we take up the simple records of the divine ministry of Jesus, and, ceasing to ask how we shall think he might have taught, ask only how he did teach and what he taught, we shall find in this sermon an admirable illustration of his methods and doctrine. It is not often that we meet now-a-days a closer yet a fresher adherence to the original standard. So long as we hold by the New Testament, we must respect this fidelity. It is a kind of speech that searches the inner parts of a man's being, and puts to him the one supreme, all-important, decisive question. It helps us just at that radical point of character where we need to be helped, and where help really given helps every interest and department of morality and piety, feeling and life. It is at once plain in rebuke and kind in counsel, abounding in the wisdom and tenderness of Him who, having loved his own, loved them unto the end, and who prized the spiritual soundness and safety of men too much to shrink

from giving them pain or to hide from them the loftiest standard. "Repent," "Be converted," "Take up the cross," "What shall it profit to gain the world and lose the soul?"—these, and such as these, were the unceasing exhortations, the unchanging topics, of the Son of God and Saviour of the world. Surely he who knew what was in man knew what man needed, as he did what the Father desired. In the pages before us there is no lack of mental strength, of animation of style, of clearness, variety, and force of expression; but these qualities are so completely inwrought into the earnest purpose of the speaker, and so admirably subordinated to the fervent and weighty progress of the theme, that we cease to think of the person speaking, in the dealing of the truth with our personal conscience and heart. To a certain extent, such preaching must depend for its objective attractiveness on the spiritual culture and character of the hearer. The flippant and superficial, who look on Sunday and in church for another of the week's entertainments, for a subdued drama, or a declamatory lecture in a gown, or a piece of pulpit pyrotechnics, or a soothing justification of external proprieties without experimental religion, will not be altogether satisfied. But those who go to the Lord's house thoughtfully and reverently, with their families, to learn the better way, to be reproved and thus exalted, to be shown a more difficult and nobler path, even through the strait gate and narrow way, to lay hold on eternal life, and hear Christ and him crucified declared to the spiritual nature,—these will be more than satisfied;—they will be grateful for their privilege, and glad in their worship. Nor will any class fail to perceive, in some better moments, that this is indeed the very message which has been, is, and ever will be, the wisdom of God and the power of God to every one that believeth. It has, moreover, this marked and unquestionable advantage, that just in proportion as the Christian life ascends and advances, such a ministry becomes refreshing, comforting, elevating, while one that wants its peculiar element palls upon the quickened sense, and disappoints.

Writing on out of our feeling, we have given a more extended notice than usual of a single discourse. But it is right, first, because the author, a metropolitan minister, persevering for sixteen years in a devoted pastorate, never seeking general attention, but toiling with untiring assiduity in the edification of his people in their sanctuary and homes, has hardly once appeared before the public, and therefore

deserves the larger space now; secondly, because this, which is a specimen of his whole pulpit performance, represents a distinct conception of preaching, in contrast with much that is current and popular, and which, though we are far from pronouncing it the only just conception, is inferior to no other; and partly, too, because certain expressions toward the end, marked by great manliness, dignity, and self-denial, signify that, for the course he has taken in doctrine and speech, the preacher has encountered some opposition within his parish. We cannot help thinking that the society do wisely when they decide to retain such a spiritual helper and guide. It would be a strange and vain expectation that should look abroad, anywhere, after one more completely consecrated and qualified for every holy and friendly service among them. They know his theology and his heart. They know he is not a controversialist, nor a bigot, nor a sluggard, nor a seeker of fame. They know his serious spirit never trifles with truth, and his faith, positive and uncompromising as it is, never prompts him to an unkind assault upon others. Whatever questionings and apprehensions they may have had, they do well to lay every distrust and suspicion aside, to thank God for so affectionate and earnest and evangelical a teacher; and to cling loyally, with their ears and hearts and households, to the apostolic messenger, who is willing to take up any cross of sacrifice, that he may present them blameless and accepted in the day of the Lord Jesus.

*The Sacredness of Personality the Shield of Liberty.* A Discourse at Canton, by REV. N. H. CHAMBERLAIN.—Had this Sermon been preached by almost any of the men of established and large reputation, that reputation would not suffer from it. There is a surprising consecutiveness and energy of thought, a condensation and selectness and beauty of language, a richness of scholarly allusion, and a dignified reserve where the temptation to excess is most pressing, such as are more than sufficient to take the discourse out of the rank of ordinary productions. The author has set for himself a high mark, and we rejoice in the promise. The occasion of the preaching was a Fast Day; and the topic is not such as to test its author by the standard referred to in the preceding notice. He deals with the great truths of the Christian religion in their relation to the state and to civilization. For its purpose it is most admirable. We have only to suggest, that it would leave a stronger impression without the allegory at the end, good as that is in its own way and place.

*Judah and Simeon: or, Love with its Truth, the Great Power of Warfare against Evil.* By REV. WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Otis Clapp.—A note intimates that this sermon, preached in the New Jerusalem Church in Boston, has met with animadversion from some members of the New Church. We do not see why it should meet with animadversion from anybody. We have read it through with profit and great interest. We respect its author, not only for the activity of his mind and the simplicity of his heart,—sometimes evidenced in our own pages,—but for the steady progress he has maintained, in thought and life, for years, out of a superficial theology into a deeper spirituality and a position independent of sects. It is not our business to meddle with the internals of Swedenborgian controversies; but we must express our regret and disappointment at recently finding the same discords and vexing sectarianism which damage and deform the rest of the Christian world, springing up in a fold one of whose chief attractions to us had been its peace and brotherly love. With Mr. Fernald's estimate of Swedenborg himself,—in all its degree of deference,—we should not probably be quite able to agree; and in the use of correspondences we are rather the interested observer than the understanding disciple; but in such teaching as the following, taken from this sermon, we find sound instruction.

“ There is no fact better established in the philosophy of the human mind, than that the best way to rout an old affection, is to implant a new one. It is not merely to oppose it by arguments and considerations drawn from the truth of the case, however weighty these arguments may be, but just to excite a new affection,—a new love; either by the presentation of a new object, or the old object in a new form. This is so important a principle that it is worthy of particular illustration. It is what an eminent theologian of the old school has styled ‘the expulsive power of a new affection.’ A great deal may be said, for instance, on the worthlessness and insignificance of the world of sin and vanity lying all around us,—a great deal of pointed truth, and unmistakable illustration, and such representations as may carry horror and conviction, at times, even to the heart of him who is committed to it; but it must be remembered all the while, that the man *loves* this world, that he has tendrils from his heart clinging around every object of frivolity and sin which so allures him, and that his very *life* is bound up with these seducing vanities. Now, to come down upon him with the simple *truth* of the case is not enough. He may go so far as even to assent to your truth. He knows that the world is unsatisfactory, better perhaps than you can tell him.

Having tasted of its joys more deeply than you have, and drunk of its delights to very satiety, he may, in his moments of reaction, or tiresomeness, and insupportable *ennui*, realize a more eloquent conviction of the miseries of such a life than could possibly be conveyed to him by any language of ours, or all the powers which mere representation could bring to bear upon him. He does realize it. There are no sermons on the vanity and hollowness of this world half equal to those drear and terrible confessions which sometimes come from the lips of worldliness itself. And like warning notes from the land of the departed, they are too frequently heard from souls so utterly gone, so completely severed from all remaining spiritual life, that they strike us as the desolate wails, and hollow echoes, and mournful exclamations of hell itself, persisting that there is no true joy in the life thus sorrowfully clung to. But still, in all except those moments of conviction, and consequent pain, there is the *love* of such a life.

" Suppose, for example, a son or a daughter of a family has contracted an alliance of a serious nature, tending even to matrimonial consummation, with some person who is manifestly unworthy, and whose connection with the family in this manner would be a dishonor or a disgrace to all the members of it. In the height of displeasure and indignation, the parents or the friends of the injudicious parties may remonstrate with every possible argument, and all their appeals would fall powerless around them. But let another person make her appearance, or his appearance, possessing more engaging charms and more powerful attractions, and it is sometimes even painful to see how quickly the heart is made to forget, and how thoroughly it can put away, by the expulsive power of a new and superior affection.

" Now, a principle so manifestly operative and efficacious as this is capable of being seen and felt with seven-fold perfection, in the higher matters of our theology. Our relations with the great Father of all are but the sources from whence these streams of earthly affection, perverted or unperverted, flow out upon the world. And it is only necessary to see Him, in all his loveliness, and in his affecting relations and dispensations towards us, to experience an attraction which will overpower every other attraction, and with the strength of Judah in league with Simeon, resist and conquer every evil and false principle.

" But the truth *alone* will not do this ; unless we *love* that truth, — unless the evils which plague us, and against which we direct it, are sought to be shunned for their opposite good, — not because they plague us merely, and we feel them to be an annoyance, but because we see them as so many interferences with the higher object of our supreme affections, and as displeasing to Him, it is manifestly not the Divine Love that engages us at all. To shun evils as sins against God, is not, in the highest sense, to shun them simply

because God requires it, but because we would not hurt an object towards which we entertain so much affection.\* If we cannot hurt God objectively, we most assuredly can subjectively, and why should we strive so against the very dearest, most interior love? Why should we suffer a single impulse of coldness or disregard?

"Seen in this light, to what a height of superior attraction may all the objects of the heavenly kingdom arise in the mind of the true Christian! For he knows, if he knows anything at all, that his very life here in the world is a gift of the Divine Love; and that every blessing with which he is surrounded, and every beauty that opens to his eye, is but an outbirth of that Divine Principle which overflows in such exuberance for the happiness of the whole intelligent creation. When, then, he contemplates his more interior relations to the same beneficent Power,—when he lifts himself in spirit to the blessings and beauties of the heavens, and to those countless susceptibilities of love and relationship in the human soul which have been so amply provided for in kindred souls, and conjugal ties, and in amplification and proliferation for ever and ever,—he must feel, if he have any emotions worthy of the subject, that the Being who could do this must be more lovely in Himself than all that he has provided, and that the love which he feels for kindred souls around him is but a drop in the ocean, to that boundless Source which has lavished all this glory and blessing upon him. And would it be anything unreasonable or hard, for a man who takes this view, to hate evils because they are contrary to the Lord's love?—because of a principle of tenderness and affection which he really *feels* for the Lord?—because of that vital influx into the interiors of his mind, which is a real *joy* to him, and the very delight of his highest life? What is it, in fact, to one of such spiritual capacity, but the realization of the language of the Psalmist, when he looks abroad upon the earth, and counts up all his heavenly possessions,—'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth I desire besides Thee; my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'

"And then it is that evils and falses, and all the abominations of a selfish nature, one by one, take up their departure from the soul. They are

\* "Evils are made sins, not by the arbitrary command of God, but that command only grows from the fact that they are seen to be inconsistent with the order which Divine Love has established for the welfare and happiness of man. It is essential, therefore, to the highest Christian life, that we shun them with that fact in view; not by mere requirement, but with the Divine Love felt in the heart, which is the only thing that *causes* the requirement,—for the good only of the man himself, and others with whom he is connected. There is then a desire not to hurt that divine order in the soul,—not to oppose God who is so much loved for his own great love to us."

*moved* out by the power of a superior affection. Not slain in sanguinary battle, but withdrawn more forcibly by an opposite attraction.\* . . . .

"A man who thus loves the Lord *cannot* hate his brother,—cannot take the advantage of him in an unjust way,—cannot falsify, or despise, or treat him contemptuously, but must overflow with love to the human race, and subdue every principle of self-love and love of the world, by the strong power of the opposite affections. For the influx of the Divine Love which he now feels within him, not only *delights* him above all things else, but intimately connects him with humanity around; for it is the very *nature* of the Divine Love to be interested in the objects of its own creation; consequently, when the Lord is loved, or, which is the same thing, when this love is felt in quickening and animating impulses in our own souls, humanity is loved as a necessary consequence; and every evil which is opposed to the comfort and welfare of man is shunned instinctively.

"But be it observed that a man may *think* he has this love, and can wield this power, when he has not and cannot. The understanding is so delusive, even while it can climb to such heights of truth and beauty, by the power which it has of so elevating itself above the will, and there is such a positive delight in the contemplation of so much truth in so much system, that it cannot well be otherwise than that many a soul may think it has made this attainment, when at the same time it is liagering in the outer courts of the temple, and does not know this inner touch of love. And it must be remembered that it is only the truth as it is united to good that is *real* truth, and that remains in the spiritual world. The reason is very obvious when it is considered in the light of the organic soul. The soul itself being thus a substance, and good being the inmost principle or root, from which truth grows, and by which it is nourished, it is perfectly clear that all overgrowth, all that flourishes in the mere understanding, being without root, does not really exist, and must perish. Truth becomes rooted in the mind by doing it. That is, it really sends out its little fibrils of spiritual substance, which catch hold of the good substance in the mind, as truly as a vine or tree sends out its roots in the earth which supports it. And just in proportion as it has no root will it bear no fruit, but leaves only, and eventually wither in the soul.

"This distinction may be seen very clearly in a man of fine culture and expanded intellectual parts. He may even be a proficient in *moral* and *spiritual* truth. He may be able to conceive sentiments and make discriminations of motive character, which would be perfectly angelic in their nature, and in expression and illustration unexceptionable even to an angel himself. It may be, in fact, angelic wisdom, on the highest subjects. But let this same man who can talk thus highly, and reason thus profoundly, be

\* "Of course the coercive principle is included in the affectional, as repeatedly referred to, but the battle is less sanguinary and severe when carried on from love."

called to *act* that same truth, and he would act a *lie*, — the direct opposite of all his high-sounding words. Now what would be the reason? Because the truth was not really truth with him, — did not lay in his interiors with the good, but only in his understanding; and was as literally and substantially separated from those interior parts as one envelope or garment of a man is separate from another. Hence when he came to act, he only acted what was more deeply in, — in his will. And there the truth was not, but a falsehood. Such being the case, when such a man comes into the spiritual world, all this external redundancy will as surely fall away from him, as the vain and idle fancies of a dream. It will fall away because there is nothing to support it, — nothing interiorly which it loves, and which it can fix itself in, and feed upon, to eternity."

*The Life of George Stephenson.* By SAMUEL SMILES. Ticknor and Fields. — A simple, but thorough and enthusiastic memoir of perhaps the most extraordinary Englishman of this century. No romance could be more fascinating than this history of the rapid progress of a self-made genius from a dingy laborer in the coal-mines to the familiar friend of statesmen and kings. The fame of George Stephenson as the practical inventor of railroads, and as a civil engineer of wonderful foresight, energy, and tact, which brought him unexampled success, has long been known to every reader of newspapers. But the revelation of his private character and life in this volume is as surprising as it is touching. His patient perseverance and unflagging courage in combating difficulties that he found in his circumstances, in the rocks and bogs of nature, and in the prejudices and superstitions of men, were heroic. But his moral qualities were saintly. Stainless honor, quick sympathies, self-forgetful generosity, womanly tenderness, sunny cheerfulness, united with self-reliance, perseverance, tact, energy, to form a man, who did not need the knighthood which he twice declined, to be an English nobleman. We feel in closing the volume that we know another true *man*, a simple, upright man, who was never daunted by opposition, or seduced by plausible dishonesty, who cherished in his prosperous age the friends of his youthful poverty, who loved the birds and woods in his busy manhood as well as when in his boyhood he studied blackbird's-nests in the hedges, and who never forgot to look through nature up to nature's God. Mr. Smiles has written a plain, simple, but powerful memoir, worthy of its subject; he evidently loves and honors Mr. Stephenson too sincerely to be capable of trying to make a "sensation-book," — and so he has made one. We commend this reprint

to all students of human civilization, to all admirers of the highest heroism, and to all lovers of a straightforward, manly, English style.  
T.

*The Shadow on the Hearth.* By a Bereaved Parent. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.—An attempt to soothe the agony of parents weeping for the death of little children, by presenting the consolations which the author has found in the doctrine of infant salvation. The volume breathes an air of touching sincerity, and, to those who need any argument for the everlasting happiness of the young children whom Jesus calls to himself, it will exhibit strong grounds for their faith to rest on, and teach them how with the shadow on the hearth there may yet be sunshine in the heart.

T.

*Hymns of the Church Militant.* Robert Carter and Brothers.—A book of hymns for private use, collected with care and good taste, from the lyric treasures of the Universal Church, and containing most of the hymns which have been hallowed by the memories of the suffering, the sick, and the dying. It is worthy of special notice, that many old hymns have been rescued from the emendations of transcribers, and printed here as they were written by their authors.

T.

*Andromeda, and Other Poems.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Ticknor and Fields.—Because we have always thought Mr. Kingsley more gifted in prose composition than in poetry, we are not therefore to deny that he is a true poet. One of the respects in which his verse differs from his prose is, that its subjects are more apt to be either remote or fanciful, of less immediate concern with the age and its wants. The style, too, is less direct. Still the presence of genius must be felt in many of his poetical pieces, as in *The Saint's Tragedy*, *Andromeda*, *St. Maera*, and *The New Forest Ballad*.

*The Great Day of Atonement.*—Gould and Lincoln are about republishing a work with this title, translated from the German of Charlotte Elizabeth Nebelin, edited by Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. The plan presents a series of meditations and prayers appropriate to the last twenty-four hours of the Saviour's life on earth, with references to the scenes and experiences of his sufferings and death. They are filled with ardent affections and a profound reverence for the person of the Redeemer, and with aspirations of piety and love, reminding

us of the supplications of the old saints. Every minute incident of the final scenes is made to bear some spiritual signification. Appropriate and touching hymns are interspersed.

*Passing Clouds, or Love conquering Evil.* Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—As the title intimates, this is a religious story, and it appears to be well managed.

*Ran Away to Sea: an Autobiography for Boys.* By Captain MAYNE REID. Ticknor and Fields.—Bearing in mind that many boys have "run away to sea" who would have done better to stay at home, and that the class of common sailors that now occupy the fore-castles of our merchant and whaling ships render these places about as depraving as any on earth, young readers will find this history full of entertaining and exciting descriptions. Captain Reid's taste for adventure and faculty at narration are now generally known, for he has become one of the most voluminous as well as most popular of writers for the young.

*Rambles of a Rat.* Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—Under an imaginary narrative of adventures in different parts of the world, this book for children is intended to convey some knowledge of Natural History.

*A Grammar of Elocution: adapted to the Use of Teachers and Learners in the Art of Reading.* By H. O. APTHORP, A.M., M.D., Professor of Elocution. Cowperthwait & Co. Boston: Shepard, Clark, and Brown.—Apart from our own favorable opinion, we have the judgment of a competent and experienced instructor in elocution, that this treatise is not exceeded in value by any other in its department. It is arranged upon the inductive plan, and is, in fact, a thorough digest of the principles of vocal delivery. It is the result of the author's study and observation, as a practical teacher, in the Vocal Institute at Philadelphia. A system thus wrought out through experiment and a living intercourse with pupils, is likely to be far more efficient than a theory devised on mere speculation. Mr. Apthorp makes his science to consist of three principal parts,—Articulation, Intonation, and Measure. Each of these is carefully and thoroughly developed, with criticisms showing an intelligent acquaintance both with language and delivery. Abundant examples are given, and as many helps as possible are afforded by signs addressed

to the eye. The author is both an enthusiast and a proficient in his honorable calling, and from the love of it has devoted to it some of the best years of his life. In this age of public speech, the subject has great importance,—an importance altogether beyond the kind of attention hitherto given to it. Educators and learners will do well to examine this volume, both in its original portions and its selected exercises. There is no exaggerated claim for the system, but moderation and good sense preside over the whole. We observe the author discredits the use of head-tones, so called, and suspects that the use of spectacles by public speakers produces nasality.

*On the Character and Work of Christ.* By WILLIAM B. HAYDEN. Otis Clapp.—The New Church view of the essential and characteristic doctrine of the Gospel is presented by Mr. Hayden with clearness, candor, and strength. He writes in a beautiful spirit. His interpretation seems to us to fail of reaching the whole meaning of the word Redemption, and the idea it expresses in the New Testament,—and to be inadequate in other respects. But he is a writer we find it good to read,—a scholar and thinker of deep sincerity.

Too late in the month for any extended notice we have received the following :—

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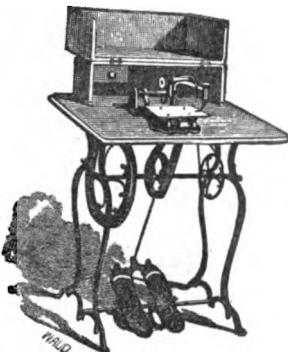
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UNCONSCIOUS TUITION.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

By unconscious tuition, I mean that part of a teacher's work which he does when he seems not to be doing anything at his work at all. It has appeared to me that some of the most nutritive and emphatic functions of an instructor are really being performed while he seems least to be instructing. To apprehend these fugitive and subtle forces, playing through the business of education with such fine energy, and, if possible, to bring them within the range of a practical dealing and discipline, is the scope of my present design. If the topic should fail of entertainment or profit, it will at least yield me this negative advantage, that it will not tempt me to traverse any pre-existing debate, or prejudice, or clique, or dogma.

The central thought of my doctrine is based on the presumption that the ultimate and total object of the teacher's profession is not the communication of knowledge; nor

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even, according to the favorite modern formula, the stimulating of the *knowing faculty*, if by the knowing faculty we understand a faculty quite distinguished and separate from the believing faculty, the sensibility, and the will. It has been generally admitted, for a long time, that education does not consist in inserting facts in the pupil's memory, like specimens in a cabinet, or apples dropped into an empty barrel, or freight stowed in the hold of a ship. But not only must we dismiss those mechanical resemblances, which liken the mind to a storehouse, a granary, a museum, or a library; we must also carry our conception of learning above the notion of an agile and adroit brain. Education does not consist in provoking bare intellectual dexterity, any more than in presenting ascertained truth to the intellectual perceptions; nor in both together. Education involves appeals to faith, to feeling, to volition. The realm of positive science shades off on every side — not by abrupt transition, but by imperceptible gradations — into the realm of trust; nor does Science consult her dignity more than her modesty when she undertakes to sharpen the partition-line of hostility between knowledge and belief. So does the true training of the mind implicate an engagement of the affections, including taste or the sense of beauty, and love or the sense of good, both the mind's freedom and its harmony being equally dependent on a healthy heart. And so, again, the understanding and the feelings wait on that brave executor, the will; and nobody can be wise who leaves its scholarship neglected.

In a word, in any liberal or Christian acceptance, education is not the training of the mind, but the training of the man. Being the discipline of an organized subject, it is organic in its own nature. No analytical classification can partition off the elements of humanity like the ingredients of a soil. Even of a tree we cannot rear a single branch independently of the others, unless we kill the others back by violence. One-sidedness has been the vice of all systems

of education hitherto, and every legitimate advance has been an approach to the recognition of the unity and indivisibility of the educated being as a living and infinite soul.

Let us proceed, on the ground of this principle, with our proper theme. My main propositions are these three :— 1st. That there is an educating power issuing from the teacher, not by voice nor by immediate design, but silent and involuntary, as indispensable to his true function as any element in it. 2d. That this unconscious tuition is yet no product of caprice, nor of accident, but takes its quality from the undermost substance of the teacher's character. And 3d. That as it is an emanation flowing from the very spirit of his own life, so it is also an influence acting insensibly to form the life of the scholar.

I. I remind the teacher of a fact, which I presume may have been some time disclosed to him, in his dealings with almost any truth in its more secret relations, namely, that all true wisdom involves a certain something that is inexpressible. After all you have said about it, you feel that there is something more which you never can say, and there is a frequent sensation of pain at the inadequacy of language to shape and convey — perhaps also the inadequacy of the conceptions to define — that secret and nameless thought, which is the delicious charm and crown of the subject, as it hangs, in robes of glory, before your mind. Any cultivated person, who has never been oppressed by this experience, must be subject, I should say, to dogmatism, pragmatism, conceit, or some other comfortable chronic infirmity. Where the nature is rich and the emotions are generous, there will always be a reverential perception that ideas only partly condescend to be embodied in words. So it is always found that the truest effects of eloquence are where the expression suggests a region of thought, a dim vista of imagery, an oceanic depth of feeling, beyond what is actually contained in the sentences. You have to judge an orator as much by what he leaves out as by what he puts in. *He* uses words

with the true mastery of genius, who not only knows how to say exactly and lucidly, and with the fewest sounds, the thing he thinks, but how to make what he does say indicate that diviner part of wisdom which must remain for ever unsaid. The cleanest rhetorical directness is united with the strongest sense of mystery. You hear thoughts, perfectly within the range of the understanding, sublimely uttered, and you are made aware of the nearness of a world whose thoughts are more sublimely unuttered. Instances at once occur in Shakespeare, in Sir Thomas Browne, in Dante, and, more than in any other living writer, I think, in Thomas De Quincey. So sings old Marlowe :—

“ If all the pens that ever poets held  
Had fed the feeling of their masters’ thoughts,  
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,  
And minds, and muses on admired themes ;  
If all the heavenly quintessence they ‘stil  
From their immortal flowers of poesy,  
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive  
The highest reaches of a human wit ;—  
If these had made one poem’s period,  
And all combined in beauty’s worthiness,  
Yet should there hover in their restless heads  
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the best,  
Which into words no virtue can digest.”

Nature herself gives us a broad hint to the same purpose. Just when she discloses to our admiration any of her grandest pictures or sculptures, she shuts our lips. “ My children, be still,” that august schoolmistress sternly says to us, the moment she lifts the veil from before any special majesty or splendor. When we are most moved in any way, she thus prisons our souls in dumb solitude, and makes us feel the utter helplessness of our tongues. If we are presumptuous enough to talk, she secretly rebukes our babbling. The less imposing and lighter aspects of Nature permit us to be sociable ; but when her diapason-voice sounds, our impertinent ones must cease. A loquacious company may

prattle and jest while they float among the winding straits of a picturesque harbor, shut in by the limitations of that narrow scenery; but, if they have souls within them, they will grow thoughtful and silent as they sail out upon the infinite ocean, amid the sublime simplicity of the waves and the sky. They may chatter and laugh together in the variegated and blooming valley; but when they go up among the eternal hills of God, and look off from those solemn pillars of his heaven, an invisible hand will seem to draw them apart from one another, inspiring them with a wonder that no dialect can articulate. They may gossip in gardens of sunshine, but one roll of celestial thunder hushes them.

I am not pretending that in the ordinary processes of juvenile instruction one often arrives at any such impressive expansion of thought, or any such intensity of feeling. I shall not be so understood. Of course a class in spelling, a recitation in arithmetic, the grammatical corrections in an exercise in composition, the daily discipline of threescore boys and girls, will seldom raise those vast and reverential sentiments. My purpose here is simply to show that some of the deepest and most powerful impressions are made on our minds, independently of any spoken or written words, by influences, by signs, by associations beyond any speech. And this point lies close to my argument. You know the remark they used to make about Lord Chatham,—that everybody felt there was something finer in the man than anything he ever said. We are taught, and we teach, by something about us that never goes into language at all. I believe that often this is the very highest kind of teaching, most charged with moral power, most apt to go down among the secret springs of conduct, most effectual for vital issues, for the very reason that it is spiritual in its character, noiseless in its pretensions, and constant in its operation.

Besides, I do undertake to say, only by the way, that in the teacher's profession, as in every other, we are not to judge of the possibilities or the limitations of the calling by

its common aspects, or its every-day repetition of task-work. I protest against the superficial and insulting opinion, that, in the education of children, there is no room for the loftiest intellectual enterprise, and no contact with divine and inexpressible wonders. Any teacher that so judges his vocation by its details, belittles it. The school-room, no less than the philosopher's laboratory, the studio, or the church itself, opens upward into God's boundless heaven. Each of these very sciences I have named has moral relations, and terminates in spiritual mystery. And when you awaken a feeling of that great truth in your pupil by the veneration, the earnestness, and the magnetic devotion of your own mind, you have done him a service no less essential to the completeness of his education, than when you have informed his understanding of certain scientific facts. Arithmetic, for instance, ascends into astronomy, and there you are introduced to laws of quantity, which make the universe their diagram,—to the intellectual magnitudes of La Place and Newton,—to the unsearchable empire of that religion which feels after the God of Arcturus and the Pleiades. The rules of grammar are only intelligible formulae that lie on the outmost boundary of an inexhaustible study. And the government of your pupils, what is it but the faint and erring endeavor to transfer, into that little kingdom you administer, the justice and the love which are the everlasting attributes of the Almighty himself, applying them even there to immortal souls? Let us not wrong the dignity of such an employment by denying its connection with things unspeakable.

I return, however, to the direct path of my subject. And while I maintain that the scholar ought by all means to learn, from the sympathies of the teacher's spirit, that every study he follows is intertwined with moral obligations, and is related to a divine source, in ways which no text-book does or can lay down, I proceed to more specific statements. It is not in respect to particular branches of instruction, but

in respect to what we may call *the moral power of the teacher's own person*, as something, indeed, in which the right action and the best success of *all* kinds of instruction are bound up, that I affirm the necessity of this unspoken and unconscious influence.

If we enter successively a number of school-rooms, we shall probably discover a contrast something like this. In one we shall see a presiding presence, which it will puzzle us at first sight to analyze or to explain. Looking at the master's movements,—I use the masculine term only for convenience,—the first quality that strikes us is the absence of all effort. Everything seems to be done with an ease which gives an impression of spontaneous and natural energy; for, after all, it is energy. The repose is totally unlike indolence. The ease of manner has no shuffling and no lounging in it. There is all the vitality and vigor of inward determination. The dignity is at the farthest possible remove from indifference or carelessness. It is told of Hercules, god of real force, that "whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did, he conquered." This teacher accomplishes his ends with singular precision. He speaks less than is common, and with less pretension when he does speak; yet his idea is conveyed and caught, and his will is promptly done. When he arrives, order begins. When he addresses an individual or a class, attention comes, and not as if extorted by fear, nor even paid by conscience as a duty, but cordially. Nobody seems to be looking at him particularly, yet he is felt to be there, through the whole place. He does not seem to be attempting anything, elaborately, with anybody, yet the business is done, and done remarkably well. The threefold office of school-keeping, even according to the popular standard, is achieved without friction and without failure. Authority is secured, intellectual activity is stimulated, knowledge is got with a hearty zeal.

Over against this style of teacher we find another. He is

the incarnation of painful and laborious striving. He is a conscious perturbation ; a principled paroxysm ; an embodied flutter ; a mortal stir ; an honest human hurly-burly. In his present intention he is just as sincere as the other. Indeed, he tries so hard that, by one of the common perversions of human nature, his pupils appear to have made up their minds to see to it that he shall try harder yet, and not succeed after all. So he talks much, and the multiplication of words only hinders the multiplication of integers and fractions, enfeebles his government, and beclouds the recitation. His expostulations roll over the boys' consciences like obliquely-shot bullets over the ice ; and his gestures illustrate nothing but personal impotency and despair.

How shall we account for this contrast ? Obviously there is some cause at work in each case other than the direct purpose, the conscious endeavor, the mental attainments, or the spoken sentiments. Ask the calm teacher,— him who is the true *master*,— master-workman, master of his place and business,— ask him the secret of his strength, and he would be exceedingly perplexed to define it. Tell the feverish one that his restlessness is his weakness, and he will not be able to apply an immediate correction. What are we obliged to conclude, then, but that, in each of these instances, there is going on an unconscious development of a certain internal character or quality of manhood, which has been accumulating through previous habits, and which is now acting as a positive, formative, and mighty force in making these boys and girls into the men and women they are to be ? And it acts both on their intellectual nature and the moral ; for it advances or dissipates their studies, while it more powerfully affects the substance and tendencies of character.

Now there are different organs in our human structure, which serve as media for expressing and carrying on this unspoken and unconscious influence, so that it shall represent exactly what we are. That is, to atone for the defects

of language, and, moreover, to forestall any vicious attempts we might make at deception, the Creator has established certain signs of his own, which shall reveal, in spite of our will, the moral secret.

One of these is the temper; or, rather, that system of nervous network, by which temper telegraphs its inward changes to the outward world. The temper itself, in fact, is one of the ingredients in our composition most independent of immediate and voluntary control. Control over it is gained by the will only through long and patient discipline; and so it is an effectual revealer of our real stuff. It acts so suddenly, that deliberation has not time to dictate its behavior; and, like other telltales, it is so much in a hurry, that an afterthought fails to overtake the first message. It lets the hidden man out and pulls off his mask. This temper is doing its brisk publishing business in every school-house. No day suspends its infallible bulletins, issued through all manner of impulsive movements and decisions. Every pupil reads them, for there is no cheating those penetrating eyes. He may not stop to scrutinize, nor even state to himself his impression; but he takes it; it enters into him; it becomes a part of himself. By the balm or the irritation, by the sweetness or the sourness, by his tacit admiration or his ugly resistance, he is fashioned under that ceaseless ministry. It is either the dew of genial skies enriching him, or it is the continual dropping of a very rainy day, which Solomon himself compares to a "contentious woman," though he probably had not a cross "school-ma'am" in his mind. Nor are these formative phases of temper confined to the two extremes commonly suggested, of anger and amiability. They run through an endless variety of delicate intermediate shadings. They partake of the whole circle of dispositions. They are as many as the degrees of virtue and vice, honor and shame. Every teacher moves through his school and conducts his exercises, a perpetual and visible representation to all under him of some

sort of temper. When he least thinks it, the influence keeps going out. The sharpest self-inspection will scarcely inform him, moment by moment, what it is; but his whole value as a guide and companion to the young is determined by it, his whole work is colored by it. Penalties imposed in passion are proverbially the seeds of fresh rebellions, and the relative impressions of milder moods are not less certain. Whatever temper you have suffered to grow up in the gradual habit of years, that will get a daily revelation over your desk as visible as any map on the walls.

Another instrument of this unconscious tuition is the human face. There is something very affecting in the simple and solemn earnestness with which children look into their elders' faces. They know by an instinct, that they shall find there an unmistakable signal of what they have to expect. It is as if the Maker had set up that open dial of muscle and fibre, color and form, eye and mouth, to mock all schemes of concealment, and decree a certain amount of mutual acquaintance between all persons, as the basis of confidence or suspicion. All the vital spirits of brain and blood are ever sending their swift demonstrations to that public indicator. It is the unguarded rendezvous of all the imponderable couriers of the heart. It is the public playground of all the fairies or imps of passion. If you come before your pupils, after dinner, your countenance gross and stupid with animal excess, do you suppose the school will not instinctively feel the sensual oppression, and know Silenus by his looks? A teacher has only partially comprehended the familiar powers of his place, who has left out the lessons of his own countenance. *There* is a perpetual picture which his pupils study as unconsciously as he exhibits it. His plans will miscarry, if he expects a genial and nourishing session, when he enters with a face blacker than the blackboard. And very often he may fail entirely to account for a season of rapid and sympathetic progress, which was really due to the bright interpretations and conciliatory

overtures glancing unconsciously from his eyes, or subtilely interwoven in the lines of frankness and good-will about his lips. The eye itself alone, in its regal power and port, is the born prince of a school-room. He answers a score of questions, or anticipates them, by a glance. "The human countenance," it has been said, "is the painted stage and natural robing-room of the soul. It is no single dress, but wardrobes of costumes innumerable. Our seven ages have their liveries there, of every dye and cut, from the cradle to the bier; ruddy cheeks, merry dimples, and plump stuffing for youth; line and furrow for many-thoughted age; carnation for the bridal morning, and heavenlier paleness for the new-found mother. All the legions of desires and hopes have uniforms and badges there at hand. It is the loom where the inner man weaves, on the instant, the garment of his mood, to dissolve again into current life when the hour is past. There it is that love puts on its celestial, rosy red; there lovely shame blushes, and mean shame looks earthy; there hatred contracts its wicked white; there jealousy picks from its own drawer its bodice of settled green; there anger clothes itself in black, and despair in the grayness of the dead; there hypocrisy plunders the rest, and takes all their dresses by turns; sorrow and penitence, too, have sackcloth there; and genius and inspiration, in immortal hours, encinctured there with the unsought halo, stand forth in the supremacy of light."

What then? Can a man look otherwise than Nature made him to look? Can he reconstruct his features? Can he resolve his face into beauty by a purpose? I reply, Nature made his countenance to reflect the spirit of his life. It is a common maxim that some faces, plainest by the rules of classic symmetry, are noble with moral dignity and radiant with spiritual light. The faces we love to look at, over and over again, must be the really beautiful faces, and these are the faces of lovely persons,—no matter about your Juno or Apollo. Said Chrysostom, speaking of Bishop

Flavian, who had gone to intercede with the Emperor for the rebellious citizens of Antioch, "The *countenance* of holy men is full of spiritual power." This kind of beauty, the only real kind, is producible. The soul, such as it is, will shine through. But the completeness of that transformed expression will be seen only where the long patience of self-control, and the holiest sincerity of love, and the slow triumph of unselfish principles, have wrought their interior work, moulding the inner man into a nobleness that the outward shape may honestly image.

Another of these unconscious educatory forces is the voice; the most evanescent and fugitive of things, yet the most reliable as a revealer of moral secrets. The voice, I mean now, not as an articulate medium of thought,—that would be its *conscious* function, and that we here expressly set aside,—but the voice as a simple sound, irrespective of syllables, and by its quality and volume, by tone, modulation, wave, and cadence, disclosing a disposition in the heart. It must have occurred to us all, how brave and long-continued and sore struggles of right with wrong in the conscience, the secret conflict of heaven with hell, Ormuzd with Ahriman, in the bosom, may have been the needful preparation that gave one note of the voice, apparently falling as the most careless of acts, its sweet, celestial accent. I have no doubt that the unexplained reason why some persons remain strangely repulsive to us, in spite of all resolute efforts to overcome the aversion, may be owing to some uncongenial quality betokened only in the tones of the voice. And it is familiar how the magic of a euphony, made musical and gracious by pity and love, wins wonderful convictions. I remember hearing a thoughtful person, of fine moral intuitions, who had been a little tormented by the eccentricities of a man of genius, say that all his annoyances vanished before the marvellously affecting pathos with which this odd visitor spoke the two words *Good night*. We all remember the story of our philanthropic countrywoman quieting

the rage of a maniac by her tones. Elizabeth Fry used to do the same thing at Newgate. What we only need to remember is, that into these unpremeditated sounds goes the moral coloring of a character compacted in the deliberate formation of years. And if we would breathe magnanimity, we must be, we must *have been*, magnanimous.

Still another of the silent but formative agencies in education is that combination of physical signs and motions we designate in the aggregate as *manners*. Some one has said: "A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; but a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It is the finest of the fine arts. It abolishes all considerations of magnitude, and equals the majesty of the world." A treatise that should philosophically exhibit the relative proportion of text-books and mere manners, in their effects on the whole being of a pupil, would probably offer matter for surprise and for use. It was said that an experienced observer could tell, in Parliament, of a morning, which way the ministerial wind blew, by noticing how Sir Robert Peel threw open the collar of his coat. Manners are a compound of form and spirit,—spirit acted into form. The reason that the manner is so often spiritless and unmeaning is, that the person does not contain soul enough to inform and carry off the body. There is a struggle between the liberty of the heart and the resistance of the machine, resulting in awkwardness whenever the latter gets the advantage. The reason a person's manner is formal is, that his sluggish imitation of what he has seen, or else a false and selfish ambition, comes in between his nature and his action, to disturb the harmony and overbear a real grace with vicious ornament. The young, quite as readily as the old, detect a sensible and kind and high-hearted nature, or its opposite, through this visible system of characters, but they draw their conclusion without knowing any such process, as unconsciously as the manner itself is worn. The effect takes place both on the intellectual faculties and the affections;

for very fine manners are able to quicken and sharpen the play of thought, making conversation more brilliant because the conceptions are livelier. D'Aguesseau says of Fénelon, that the charm of his manner, and a certain indescribable expression, made his hearers fancy that, instead of mastering the sciences he discoursed upon, he had invented them.

Manners also react upon the mind that produces them, just as they themselves are reacted upon by the dress in which they appear. It used to be a saying among the old-school gentlemen and ladies, that a courtly bow could not be made without a handsome stocking and slipper. Then there is a connection more sacred still between the manners and the affections. They act magically on the springs of feeling. They teach us love and hate, indifference and zeal. They are the ever-present sculpture-gallery. The spinal cord is a telegraphic wire with a hundred ends. But whoever imagines legitimate manners can be taken up and laid aside, put on and off for the moment, has missed their deepest law. Doubtless there are artificial manners, but only in artificial persons. A French dancing-master, a Monsieur Turveydrop, can manufacture a deportment for you, and you can wear it, but not till your mind has condescended to the Turveydrop level, and then the deportment only faithfully indicates the character again. A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. And these are bred in years, not moments. The principle that rules your life is the sure posture-master. Sir Philip Sydney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman, but then he was the hero that, on the field of Zutphen, pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parching lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side! If lofty sentiments habitually make their home in the heart, they will beget, not perhaps a factitious and finical drawing-room etiquette, but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no *young* heart will refuse its homage. Children are not educated till they

catch the charm that makes a gentleman or lady. A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence, munching apples or chestnuts at recitations like a squirrel, pocketing his hands like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull, like a circus clown, and dispensing American saliva like a bar-room tobacco-chewer, inflicts a wrong on the school-room for which no scientific attainments are an offset.

I have thus specified some of the palpable channels through which the stream of this unconscious influence flows. After all, however, there is a total impression going out from character, through the entire person, which we cannot wholly comprehend under any terms, nor grasp in any analysis. We now and then meet a person who, we cannot tell how, by the mere magnetism of his being, kindles our enthusiasm and liberates our faculties. History tells of persons whose presence, by virtue of a secret pureness of essence, was aromatic to the senses. I have been told by a Chippewa Indian, that the men of his own tribe and those of the Sioux, between whom there has been a deadly feud for generations, although their forms and features and dress are not at all distinguishable, yet recognize one another for enemies at the greatest distance, selecting foe from friend with the infallible precision of a savage instinct. "Each faculty," it is written, "and each fixed opinion, spaces the body to suit its own play; whence sects and parties wear their bodies for liveries, and are dry or juicy, liberal or stinted, sensual or spirited, according to the openness that their tenets put into their lungs, and their lungs into their livers and frames."

A very competent critic, Mrs. Jameson, speaks thus of the "Life and Letters of Dr. Arnold," the great educational chief of modern times: "I never read a book of the kind with a more harmonious sense of pleasure and *approbation*. Page after page, the mind which was unfolded before me seemed to be a brother's mind,—the spirit, a kindred spirit.

It was the improved, the elevated, the enlarged, the enriched, the every way superior reflection of my own intelligence, but it was certainly *that*. I felt it so from beginning to end. Exactly the reverse was the feeling with which I laid down the ‘Life and Letters of Southey.’ I was instructed, amused, interested ; I profited and admired, but with the *man* Southey I had no sympathies ; my mind stood off from his ; the poetic intellect attracted, the material of the character repelled me. I liked the embroidery, but the texture was repugnant.” And that impression is as much more practical and efficient in the school-room than elsewhere, by as much as the place is more circumscribed and simple, more subject to unity and system, the insight of the observers more unsophisticated and their age more plastic. It is the impression which is the moral resultant of all that the teacher has grown up to be,—the perpetually overflowing *animus*, or spirit, of the sum total of his manhood, weak or strong, sound or corrupt, candid or crafty, generous or mean, sterling or counterfeit, heathen or Christian.

Nor need it cast any suspicion on this doctrine, that it implies a power acting which we cannot shut up into definitions ; certainly not as long as we are born out of one indefinable mystery and die into another. It is a property of man, no less than of even material things, that he carries along with him more than can be measured by his literal dimensions. Why, there is not a flower in all God’s gardens but suggests more meaning to the heart than Linnæus himself could extract from its calyx by botanic manipulations. The graceful outline of mountains, the splendor of planets, the shimmer that hangs over the curved sea in a summer noon, the awfulness of midnight, are far more to us than any philosophic data can describe. The commonest objects take on attributes and exert a power not at all accounted for by their matter or visible uses. The house where I was born says something to me, and I thank Him who dwells in a house not made with hands, inhabiting eternity, for it,—

something which cannot be interpreted by the wood, and iron, and mortar, and clay that compose the structure, nor yet by the proportions into which architecture has fashioned them. Its language is eloquent with the immaterial voice, "the unwritten poetry," and the fleeting images, that cluster about those lyric names, Childhood and Home.

The Bible that your mother gave you borrows its beauty from no book-maker's art; and before you open its leaves to read, it has sent in a mystic message upon your soul. There are household hymns, divine parables, inspired prophecies, half whose value consists, not in what they literally or purposely disclose, but in what they intimate by association. Shall we hesitate to ascribe a richer measure of the same kind of influence to him who is animated by a living spirit, and to own a virtue going out from him, the unconscious revelation of his acquired and inward character?

There is one kind of education, too, which has never yet perhaps had exact justice done it under any system, which must be carried forward by this indirect and pictorial method. I mean the imagination; that genial, benignant, Divinely-given faculty. By express tuition you can do almost nothing for it, and what you do you will be likely to do wrong. But unconscious forces within you will stimulate it. And how richly it rewards such nurture! I doubt whether there is any department of even material prosperity that does not stand somehow indebted, either for impulse, or courage, or adorning, to the imagination, and whether there is any kind of work that reaches its highest perfection without some of its wonders and pictures. Not a mechanic's bench, nor farmer's home, but Imagination has touched it, transfigured it, blessed it with her wand.

Stillingfleet, I know, calls the imagination "a shop of shadows," but it has brightened more shops than it has shaded; and Stillingfleet is not the only preacher that has reviled the source of much of his own power. Imagination acts through association, through form and motion, through

glances, through what is most human in our humanity. It is the aureola of common life and the morning light of hope. How many burdens it has eased, how many threatening calamities it disarms, how many clouds it tips with gold, how much homely drudgery it clothes in garments of splendor! Hunt's lines are true as, beautiful, in their condensed significance, and suit my purpose as exactly as if they were written for it: —

“ Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,  
The poor man's piecer-out, the art of Nature,  
Painting her landscapes twice; the *spirit* of fact,  
*As matter* is the body; the pure gift  
Of Heaven to poet and to child; which he  
Who retains most in manhood, being a man  
In all things fitting else, is most a man,  
Because he wants no human faculty,  
Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.”

Then I think of the dull, stupid scholars in every school; the poor brains that text-books torment; the sad, pitiable dunderheads, with capacity enough for action perhaps by and by, but dismally puzzled for the present by these mysteries of geography and fractions. What a jubilee to them is the day they find an animated and vital teacher, who teaches by all the looks, and motions, and heart-beats, and spirit of him, as well as by those dreary problems and ghastly pages. There is no grade of intellect that this highest learning of the soul does not reach, and so it is a kind of impartial gospel, uplifting glad tidings to encourage despair itself.

It helps, negatively, to the same conclusion, that no moral influence that is put forth, as by deliberate contrivance to put it forth, avails much. It seems as if to go about in cool blood to undertake an influence, — to get it up and spend it, — forfeited the privilege, like getting up sympathy by a conspiracy, or falling in love with a prospectus. Who ever heard of a man becoming influential by saying, “ Go to, now, I propose to be influential”? Something about

this great sympathetic force requires that it should be, in a sense, indirect and unconscious, in order that it be valid. There is a providential necessity that it be got by preliminary accretions of merit, and be distributed because it cannot be helped, or rather distribute itself. We all hate, with a wholesome sort of disgust, the canting formalist, who approaches us with the unctuous advertisement that he intends to operate on us with sanctifying manners, like the pattern young man who offered, in the newspaper, to go into a family where his influence would pay his board. Nobody discerns this assumption of character sooner than boys and girls. Matters of mere technical information may be legitimately conveyed by almost any tongue, but to exercise the power of character, a character must have been earned. The title must have been won by an heroic tone, habitually high. And then its influence, moulding these pliant young natures around you, will be as sure as it is silent. Nothing can keep it back. Character is a grand creation in itself. But its grandeur never remains an abstraction. In moral life, influence is the complement of being.

II. It is time, then, to pronounce, more distinctly, a fixed connection between a teacher's unconscious tuition and the foregoing discipline of his life. What he is to impart, at least by this delicate and sacred medium, he must be. "No admittance for shams," is stamped on that sanctuary's door. Nothing can come out that has not gone in. The measure of real influence is the measure of genuine personal substance. How much patient toil, in obscurity, so much triumph in an emergency. The moral balance never lets us overdraw. If we expect our drafts to be honored in a crisis, there must have been the deposits of a punctual life. To-day's simplest dealing with a raw or refractory pupil, takes its insensible coloring from the moral climate you have all along been breathing. Celestial opportunities avail us nothing, unless we have ourselves been educated up to their level. If an angel come to converse with us on the mountain-top,

he must find our tent already pitched in that upper air. Each day recites a lesson, for which all preceding days were a preparation. Our real rank is determined, not by lucky answers, or some brilliant impromptu, but by the uniform diligence. For the exhibition-days of Providence there is no preconcerted colloquy, — no hasty retrieving of a wasted term by a stealthy study on the eve of the examination. Bonnivard, Huss, Wycliffe, Alfred, Cromwell, Washington, Madame Roland, Sir John Franklin, — these valiant souls were not inoculated for their apostleship *extempore*. The roots of all their towering greatness, so brave to the top, ran back under the soil of years.

I have seen a sudden thunder-gust smite an elm on one of our river-meadows, tossing its branches, twisting its trunk, prying at its root till it writhed, as if wrestling with an invisible Titan, and tearing off a few light leaves to whirl in airy eddies, but yet struggling in vain to unsettle the firm and elastic lord of the green valley from its place. Did the earth give her graceful and kingly child, as the cloud came up, any special props or braces, any thicker bark, or longer root, to breast the shock? All these had to be provided in the persevering nurture of spring suns and winter blasts, sap-giving summer nights and dripping autumn rains, when no eye could mark the gradual growth. The tempest did not create the vigor which it tried and proved, and left erect as ever.

Test these general positions, in their practical bearing on your employments, as before, by a familiar example. It is in the experience of most teachers, I presume, that on certain days, from first to last, as if through some subtle and untraceable malignity in the air, the school-room seems to have fallen under the control of a secret fiend of disorder. There is nothing apparent to account for this epidemic perversity. All the ordinary rules of the place are in full recognition. The exercises tramp on in the accustomed succession. The parties are arranged as usual. There are the pupils, coming

from their several breakfasts, bringing both their identity and their individuality ; no apostasy nor special accession of depravity, over night, has revolutionized their natures ; no conspiracy out of doors has banded them into a league of rebellion. Yet the demoniacal possession of irritability has somehow crept into the room and taken unconditional lease of the premises. You would think it was there before the first visible arrival. The ordinary laws of unity have been suddenly bewitched. The whole school is one organized obstruction. The scholars are half-unconscious incarnations of disintegration and contra-position,—inverted divisors engaged in universal self-multiplication !

How is such a state of things to be met ? Not, I think, you will agree, by direct issue ; not *point blanc*. You may tighten your discipline, but that will not bind the volatile essence of confusion. You may ply the usual energies of your administration, but the resistance is abnormal. You may flog, but every blow uncovers the needle-points of fresh stings. You may protest and supplicate, scold and argue, inveigh and insist ; the demon is not exorcised, nor even hit, but is only distributed through fifty fretting and fidgeting forms. You will encounter the mischief successfully, when you encounter it indirectly. What is wanted is not a stricter sovereignty, but a new spirit. The enemy is not to be confronted, but diverted. That audible rustle through the room comes of a moral snarl, and no harder study, no closer physical confinement, no intellectual dexterity, will disentangle it. Half your purpose is defeated if the scholars even find out that you are worried. The angel of peace must descend so softly that his coming shall not be known, save as the benediction of his presence spreads order, like a smile of light, through the place. If a sudden skilful change of the ordinary arrangements and exercises of the day takes the scholars, as it were, off their feet ; if an unexpected narrative, or fresh lecture on an unfamiliar theme, kept ready for such an emergency, is sprung upon their good-will ; if a

sudden resolving of the whole body into a volunteer corps of huntsmen, on the search of some etymological research, the genealogy of a custom, or the pedigree of an epithet, surprises them into involuntary interest; or, in a younger company, if music is made the Orphean minister of taming savage dispositions again; — then your oblique and unconscious tuition has wrought the very charm that was wanted; the room is ventilated of its restless contagion, and the Furies are fled.

Or if, as is more than probable, the disorder was in the teacher himself; if the petulance of the school all took its origin in the disobedience of some morbid mood in the master's own mind or body, and only ran over, by sympathetic transmission, upon the benches, so that he saw it first in its reflection there,—of what use to assail the insubordination by a second charge out of the same temper? His only remedy is to fall back on the settled spiritual laws of his being. He must try to escape out of the special disturbance into the general harmony. He must retreat, in this emergency of temptation, into those resources of character, principle, affection, provided by the previous and normal discipline of his soul. This he will achieve by some such process as that just now specified, displacing the ground of a direct and annoying conflict by new scenery, and rather leaping up out of the battle, with foes so mean, than staying to fight it out on their level.

On the other hand, you sometimes find yourself taken up into those lofty moods where you feel gifted with an unwonted competency. You are equal to all encounters then. Your spiritual atmosphere is bracing and elastic. Every opportunity offers itself, like an instrument, right end first. The school, the study, the work-shop, seems to have been waiting for you to arrive. Every yesterday was like the Jewish preparation-day for a Sabbath. All things are possible. The school-room that day, and all the planet, is under your feet. The recitations take the pitch of your own

will; your sentences of explanation come out round and clear, like golden drops. Your steps are the march of a conqueror. Impediments are annihilated. Order is spontaneous.

These elevated and depressed moods serve as high and low water marks to show the sweep of the tidal vibration. But neither the one nor the other is produced by a direct volition. They come by indirection. The springs that produce the ebb and flow lie back of all proximate causes, among the more comprehensive laws of character. And when your state is most free and effective, you feel that the best effect, after all, is not so much exerted by intention, as by some involuntary spirit of felicity possessing you. Your success is due, not to specific undertakings at the moment, so much as to an unconscious influence, acting through your person as its organ, a motive to itself. The same thing is revealed to us, if we fix our attention on that common word, good-nature. Good-nature is one of a school-teacher's benignant forces. And it is a force at once unconsciously exerted, and slowly acquired or kept; a reservoir, and not a spout, nor an April shower.

Something analogous takes place in the purely intellectual part of our nature. And this is best illustrated by those acts of the mind which are creative or inventive. A subject that you labor painfully to unfold at one time, at another time unfolds itself. That happens, I dare say, to you, which is common enough with writers of sermons; after special, elaborate efforts to exhaust a topic, or to set distinctly forward its central idea, he may be apprised that he has only preached *about* the thought, but has not preached *it*; while, in some subsequent performance, when he was not trying, he struck the mark exactly in the eye. The thing he spent a whole discourse in trying to say without getting it said, after all, says itself in a dozen natural words. Of course, the internal relations of truth with itself have not changed, but he has changed, and has become a more simple medium, or voice, for truth to speak by.

The question is a practical question : Are these occurrences the anomalies they appear, or are they subject to a secret law ? Was the final and unexpected elucidation of the theme in no way indebted to the previous exercise ? Or was the clarified mental faculty, when the nebulous conception came out into strong, sharp light, the result of no foregoing discipline, or immediate and determinable cause, affecting the health of the brain ? Is it certain that the "dark days" at school are totally inexplicable phenomena, and inevitable ? Or can those other days of liberty and joy never be created at will ?

It is my belief, that these instances I have cited are simply extreme examples of a force which runs through all our life, — the force of a funded but unreckoned influence, accumulated unconsciously, and spending itself through unconscious developments ; in other words, that these special moods, whether dense or rare, which appear to come and go without our control and without law, are yet the result of causes pertaining to the regular growth of character. I believe that whenever psychology and physiology shall come to be as exactly understood as the mathematical relations of astronomy, one of these freaks of temperament may come to be as confidently predicted as an eclipse of the sun. It is an outbreak, under prepared conditions, of a moral quality inbred by foregoing habits, however mixed and obscure. In short, there is a spirit of the school-room ; not to be waited for, like a miraculous Pentecost, but to be earned, and gained, and unfolded, like every great spiritual treasure in our life, under the steady grace of God.

III. My third and final point is, that, as the unconscious tuition emanates from the inmost spirit of the teacher's life, not by accident nor lawless caprice, but in real accordance with the antecedent growth and quality of his character, so it is the most decisive energy moulding the interior life of the scholar. The whole divine economy, as respects our constitution, renders it impossible to detach the power of a

man's speech from the style of his personal manhood. A handsome but heartless speaker never yet stole the secret of a sincere conviction. He may gain an unlimited admiration, but he is abridged of permanent strength. The climate of abstract and unembodied thought is a polar zone. If there is a moral ingredient in the business of education at all, then, as with all other institutions that affect society, the question is paramount, What is the quality, temper, life, of the speaking man? When an aspirant for public office, of a vicious substance, or no substance at all, is defeated in his ravenous and lying ambition, however correct his mere political opinions, there is a divine justice in his disappointment. And we are well persuaded, if we are good citizens, that when chicane and falsehood gain a temporary promotion, the Nemesis that can afford to wait is not outwitted. The world's ardent and lasting enthusiasms centre in some great personal object. How it would mock every admiring and reverential sentiment we cherish toward the august and endeared memory of the Father of his Country, if we were told to expunge from our minds all notion of what Washington *was* as a man, erase that lofty figure from the early scenery of the nation's history, sink his personal characteristics, and think only of the written words preserved to us in Mr. Sparks's collection of his correspondence and political documents! Personal relations, friendships, sympathies, clasped hands, answering eyes, touch, symphonious heart-beats, constitute the chief charm and privilege and joy of existence. We can easily conceive of all the bare *materiel* of instruction being conveyed into a school-room through a mechanism of pipes in the wall, or maps let down by pulleys, and its discipline administered by a veiled executioner, no heart-relations being suffered to grow up between teacher and taught. Into what sort of a bleak degradation would a generation be reduced by such a machinery? Yet every teacher approaches to that metallic and unillumined regimen, who lets his office degenerate into a routine; who plods

through his daily task-work like the tread-wheel wood-sawing horse in the railway-station shed, with no more freshness of spirit than the beast, and no more aspiration than the circular saw he drives; who succumbs to the deadening repetition, and is a virtual slave, yoked under bondage to the outside custom of his work. All sorts of human service are more or less exposed to be paralyzed by this torpor of routine; but no intellectual profession stands in more peril of coming under the blight of it than that of the teacher, partly for the reason that the same lessons recur, and partly because of the distance of attainment separating the preceptor from the pupil. There are some lawyers who plead like parrots; some doctors who give medicine as mechanically as a trip-hammer smites iron; some preachers who preach only from the throat outward, fetching up no deep breaths from the region of the heart; some manufacturers whose mental motions are as humdrum as their own shuttles; some engineers as automatic as the valves and levers of their engines. It is a greater mischief than we think, and strikes a deeper damage into the world's honor. Going through the whole lesson of life in the homeliest prose, from spade to sermon, from kitchen to church, from making loaves to making love, from marketing to marriage, such people dwarf down the whole wondrous majesty and mystery of our being to a contemptible carving-mill, turning out so many blocks or blockheads from so much timber. But the wrong done by it is never more disastrous than when it falls on the buoyant, the impressible, the affectionate, the aspiring soul of childhood. Let every beginner, on the threshold of his vocation, earnestly pray and strive to be saved from the doom of a routine teacher!

The world is full of proofs of the power of personal attributes. In most situations — in none more than a school — what a man *is* tells for vastly more than what he *says*. Nay, he may say nothing, and there shall be an indescribable inspiration in his simple presence. Every person rep-

resents something, stands for something. At least he represents a value antecedently created in his own character. As was said of Bias, the wise Greek, Himself is the treasure that a whole life has gathered. He stands for the wealth of being that a thousand past struggles have contributed to form. It is a Romish legend, that Christ and the Virgin have appeared to certain saints and impressed sensible and indelible works on their persons. Such signs of heavenly favor are certainly stamped on the great and good whom we revere, by their secret conflicts, ended in victories. Unobserved, unuttered, unconscious, is the preparation of that power. Eight solitary and suffering years the great modern apostle of Christian missions toiled at his post, before a single convert confessed the faith ; did he dream of the mighty influence those obscure and patient years were building up, to react on the faith and inspire the zeal of all believing souls, thus *re-Christianizing Christendom?* So his wise and calm biographer — if I may be pardoned this reference to a living educator — has often seemed to me a striking illustration of the strength that lives in simple character, apart from, beyond, and above all the literal contents of all speech and all actions. And when we ascend from human personages to the Divine, and behold the Lord of all souls, just before his crucifixion, bending to wash his disciples' feet, we have, in that visible posture of condescension, a symbolizing of the whole humility of his religion, — an incarnation of his redeeming office, which, like the cross itself, no language can translate. Seneca advised one of his friends to represent to himself Cato, or Socrates, or some other sage, as a constant observer, — as a formative power. Alexander's statue had no such stimulus to inflame Cæsar, as the schoolmistress of a dozen pupils has to raise ennobling resolves in their susceptible souls.

There is a touching plea in the loyal ardor with which the young are ready to look to their guides. In all men, and in women more than in men, and in children most of

all, there is this natural instinct and passion for impersonating all ideal excellence in some superior being, and for living in intense devotion to an heroic presence. It is the privilege of every teacher to occupy that place, to ascend that lawful throne of homage and of love, if he will. If his pupils love him, he stands their ideal of an heroic nature. Their romantic fancy invests him with unreal graces. Long after his lessons are forgotten, he remains, in memory, a teaching power. It is his own forfeit if, by a sluggish, spiritless brain, mean manners, or a small and selfish heart, he alienates that confidence and disappoints that generous hope.

I would say to all teachers,—if I may here express my sense of the unity of their office, in its true interpretation, with my own as a minister in the Church,—we have been touching here the most sacred issues of our common duty. It is felt, I believe, more and more every day, by all instructors who do not insult and profane their high calling by mere frivolous or mercenary dispositions, that the saddest perplexity they have to meet is the right moral management of their charge. Would to God we might help one another in that profoundest study! On your intellectual harvest, notwithstanding the inequalities of gifts, you can rely with a comparative assurance, in return for your fidelity. But when you approach the child's conscience and spirit, you confess the fearful uncertainties that invest that mysterious and immortal nature. Need it be always so? Have we no promises from God? Is there no covenant for our children to comfort us? Is not temptation itself subject to spiritual laws, which we may hope more and more to comprehend as we descend into deeper and deeper fellowship with Him who hath put all things under his feet?

Of this at least we may be sure. The fixed and everlasting principles of character cannot be put aside, nor bribed, nor held in suspense, either to accommodate our moral indolence or to atone for our neglects. What we are daily sowing in self-discipline, we shall reap in the failure or suc-

cess of our work. What is in us will out, spite of all tricks and masks. Genuine souls *tell*, and no hypocrisy can mock or circumvent them. If we mean to train disciples of a Christian virtue, we must march the whole road ourselves. If we would mould the living sculptor, we must first fashion our implements out of purity, simplicity, love, and trust. We are watched, we are studied, we are searched through and through by those we undertake to lead,—not in a jealous or malignant criticism, but in earnest good faith. A manhood that is manly, a womanhood that is womanly,—these are not such ugly sights that young hearts should turn away from them or disown their fascination. Like produces like. Candor, magnanimity, veracity, tenderness, worship,—these are no juvenile graces meant to be set on children's breasts by grown-up teachers on whose own lives their glory never gleams. Not the most unflagging persistence; not the painstaking that wears out sinews and nerves, and wearies hope itself; not the sharpest correction or the kindest counsel; not the most eloquent exhortations to the erring and disobedient, though they be in the tongues of men or of angels,—can move mightily on your scholars' resolutions, till the nameless, unconscious, but infallible presence of a consecrated heart lifts its holy light into your eyes, hallows your temper, and breathes its pleading benediction into your tones, and authenticates your bearing with its open seal. This, my brothers and sisters, is our necessity. And because it is Heaven's command, it is our sufficient encouragement.

No system of education is complete till it concerns itself for the entire body, and all the parts of human life,—a character high, erect, broad-shouldered, symmetrical, swift; not *the mind*, as I said, but *the man*. Our familiar phrase, "whole-souled," expresses the aim of learning as well as any. You want to rear men fit and ready for all spots and crises, prompt and busy in affairs, gentle among little children, self-reliant in danger, genial in company, sharp in

a jury-box, tenacious at a town-meeting, unseducible in a crowd, tender at a sick-bed, not likely to jump into the first boat at a shipwreck, affectionate and respectable at home, obliging in a travelling party, shrewd and just in the market, reverent and punctual at the church, not going about, as Robert Hall said, "with an air of perpetual apology for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world," nor yet for ever supplicating the world's special consideration, brave in action, patient in suffering, believing and cheerful everywhere, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. This is the manhood that our age and country are asking of its educators,—well built and vital, manifold and harmonious, full of wisdom, full of energy, full of faith.

The researches of vegetable chemistry tell us that flowers borrow their colors, by hidden affinities, out of the separate soils they grow on, though the earthy bed gives no prophetic pledge, to the eye, of the beauty that will bloom from it. A dull, sober, quakerish clay shoots up "the splendid hues of the hypoxis," and the lupine spreads its soft azure petals over the sharp yellow sand. The fringed gentian,

"Blue, blue as if the sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall,"

smiles over the blackest mud. There are plants that suck luxuriant verdure from the arid breast of rocks. Others, on margins of the ocean, distil sweetness through roots soaked always in bitter brine; and others seem to breathe in their only nutriment from the air, turning the impalpable ether, by their marvellous alchemy, into snow-white berries or evergreen boughs. But into that more wonderful human stock of whose nurture I speak, there enter, by influences as concealed, as mysterious, yet as conformable to the divine regularity of the causes in God's economy, not only the blended contributions of all elements in earth, and sea, and air, but the spiritual forces of a living Guide. And so the educated man is meant to be, not a subject of philosophic climates or geographic sections, but the incarnation of an illim-

itable humanity, with all the universe in his leaping pulses, with life eternal in the organs of his liberal and believing soul.

Teachers are the directors, under Christ, the masters of this immortal rearing. The Prussians have a wise maxim, that whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put into its schools. Entering into the dignity of so grand an enterprise, teachers are the ministers of every higher institution in our social state. They are friends and benefactors of the family. They are builders and strengtheners of the republic, perpetually reinaugurating the government. They are apostles for the Church. They are fellow Helpers to the truth of Him who is Father of all families, King over all empires, Head of the Church. If I heartily congratulate them on such possibilities and opportunities of honor, will it be deemed a presumption that I have urged them to be disinterested in that friendship, wise master-builders, faithful apostles?

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## THINGS EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY.

A SERMON BY REV. W. L. BUDINGTON, D.D.

JOHN iii. 12:—"If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

THE truths of religion are of two sorts, the simple and mysterious, the lower and higher, the earthly and heavenly. There are lessons which concern us here and now, which are earthly as belonging to our earthly life, and there will be experiences and revelations which may be properly termed heavenly, as having heaven for their theatre. In this respect there is a beautiful resemblance between the spiritual and natural world. The material universe of God, upon which our eyes open, is twofold; or rather to us there is a great

gulf fixed between the objects we can see and handle upon earth, and those which we can only discern at impassable distances above us. And by a still further and not less instructive analogy, there is a connection — most active and vital — between the earth and the heavens. The light of our days and the beauty of our nights descend upon us from the lofty skies. Not a seed planted in the earth but derives life from the rays of the sun ; not a strawberry on the breast of June, not an apple on the bough of Autumn, but borrows brightness and sweetness from the same prolific source. It is to us a sign that the universe of God constitutes a single unity, that among its parts there is a mutual dependence, and through the whole a glorious harmony. So is it in the spiritual world ; the earthly things of our religion are dependent for their life upon the heavenly, and the destinies of eternity will spring from the seeds planted in “these sands of time.”

Of this we have a signal illustration in the doctrine our Saviour teaches in the text. He had just been speaking of regeneration, a change transpiring on earth, of primary importance to every man, and yet a change wrought ever by the Spirit of God. Not less necessary are the influences of the skies to the life of the furrow, than the influences of Divine grace to the life of the heart. And so heaven is interwoven with earth, the high with the low, the distant with the near, the infinite with the finite. The specific lesson of our text is, that there is such a connection between the earthly and the heavenly things of religion, that we must receive the earthly before we can the heavenly. It is a truth of the deepest significance to all beginners, and as, in the large sense, we are all beginners, and shall continue to be while we remain upon the earth, it is a most important lesson to all, in every stage of religious experience. But particularly needful is this lesson to those who, standing upon the threshold, ask, What must we do to be saved ? The Saviour's answer to you is, Receive first the earthly lessons he teaches

you,— discharge first the earthly duties he requires. There are some things that are introductory ; attend first to these, and you will be prepared for what follows. There are some things that are fundamental ; lay first of all your foundation well, and then build upon it the superstructure.

1. What the alphabet is to language, what figures are to arithmetic, what axioms are to reasoning, that the first and earthly lessons of Christianity are to the subsequent and heavenly. In other words, those dispositions which are involved in regeneration are of so great importance, that without them progress is impossible, for no beginning is made. I know the doctrine of regeneration has a mysterious or heavenly side to it ; that it stumbled Nicodemus, and has many an inquirer since. But it is for substance an earthly doctrine ; so far as it addresses our understanding and affections to-day, so far as it is a present earthly experience, it is the plainest and simplest of all things. It is repentance for sins that are past, and such a hope in the mercy of God in Christ as leads to the obedience of faith. What is more simple in itself, and more undeniable as a duty, than repentance for sins, and what more comprehensible and undeniable than purposes of obedience awakened by the love of God ? A child may perform these acts, and all the more perfectly for being a child. For except adults “ be converted and become as little children, they shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.” And yet the deepest mystery of the heavenly grace is involved in this humble, penitent turning of the soul. As no seed is quickened in the ground except the sun vivify it, so no soul repents except the Spirit moves it. Such as do thus by penitence enter into the kingdom of God, are born again ; not of the flesh, for this is still flesh, but of the Spirit of God, for this only is truly spiritual. To explain how this is, would be to take one into the bosom of the heavenly things, it would be to unlock the deepest mysteries of the kingdom of God. If our science were able to tell how it is that the influences of the skies

rain upon the buried seed, by what laws the light and the dew and the selectest juices of the soil weave themselves into the tissues of the growing seed,— if it could teach so much as how to follow the growth of a spear of grass,— it would sound the deepest mystery of creation, and have nothing more to learn on this green earth. The commonest fact of our earthly experience, the trivialities of our daily life, embosom and lock up the profoundest mystery of thought. Shall it be deemed strange, therefore, if the turning of a soul involve in itself an operation of the love of God, as much beyond our power of thought? No. In all life there is a mystery of Divine power, and so in all spiritual life there is a mystery of Divine love.

But with the mysterious side of regeneration we have nothing to do,— only for our comfort to know it exists. God's part we have neither to do, nor yet to understand. As there is a side of the moon turned away from us, and it is useless to speculate what it is; so of this doctrine of regeneration, there is a side of it that looks away from us, and towards God and into eternity. It is enough for us to know that there is such a side, that there is a tie of connection joining our repentance to the power and grace of God. The repenting is our work, the obeying ours; and these are things of the earth, lying just before us, of all things the simplest and most evident, nearest to hand, most pressing in obligation, and first of all to be discharged; and their connection with heavenly things, instead of being a reason for neglecting and postponing, is but an encouragement to action. So Paul exhorts, “Work out your own salvation, *for* it is God that worketh in you to will and to do.” Your own workings enclose God's workings; and of yours, his are the soul. If, repenting now, you do works meet for repentance, and take up these duties of the earth lying just before you, you may comfort yourself with the assurance that God is in you of a truth, and that, having begun a good work in you, he will carry it on until the day of Christ. But this is the

necessary, the immovable condition. You must perform the duty nearest hand, before you can reach either the duties or the joys beyond. Through earthly things you reach the heavenly.

2. For this there is yet another and stronger reason. These first experiences, these earthly lessons, are more than rudimentary ; they amount even to faculties and spiritual organs, by which alone you can receive the heavenly things of Christ. You might as well attempt to prosecute a journey without eyesight, as to pursue your way to heaven without the grace of regeneration. Just after our Lord had said, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," he added, "The light of the body is the eye ; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light"; meaning that the heart, when fixed upon heaven as its supreme good, is the great organ of spiritual sight. The Scriptures speak of "the eyes of the heart," for the heart has eyes, as well as the understanding and the body. An eye that sees double does not see well, but is diseased ; so the heart that sees two objects, God *and* the world, is diseased. The eye must be single; God must be the only object of supreme regard, and the world must be looked upon only as subject to him, and tributary to his glory. A sound heart will know but one object of love, God, always, in all things.

The difference among men is not only or chiefly a difference of understanding. Men of strong wills and clear minds go often widely astray. The character is determined by the temper of the mind, by humility and teachableness. The door that opens into the kingdom of God is a low door ; the proud must stoop, and only children enter without. There is a reason for men's not believing in Christ ; and this reason does not lie in the understanding, but in the atmosphere that surrounds it, in the feelings and dispositions of the heart. "How can ye believe, who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" Such a disposition renders it impossible. He who

is subject to the opinions of his fellows, who values the probation of men more than the secret favor of God,— that man is in a state of mind that shuts him out from the knowledge of the truth, and makes it impossible that he should believe in Christ. “When our Lord was in the world, the world that was made by him, the world knew him not.” Why? For lack of credentials? No! For lack of hearts that were prepared to believe. “The light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.” The heavenly nature of Christ was not recognized for want of the earthly grace of childlike humility. The meek could and did receive him,— the Simeons and Annas, the Nathanaels and publicans like Matthew. And “as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.” The order of spiritual preferment is this. The self-knowing and humble recognize and receive Christ. They that receive him are, by faith in him, renewed or born again, and so endowed with power to become the sons of God. As sons of God, believers have an inheritance; they know God with an insight that is the beginning of the life eternal, and passing through the earthly they shall of right attain unto the heavenly. So that non-believers are without excuse. They may say they did not know, and it is true they could not know. But this, so far from being an apology, or palliation even, is their dread punishment. They could not believe what is hidden from their eyes, because they had neglected previous duties. Earthly things they had not received, and the heavenly they could not. The Jews rejected Christ. Were they excusable? No. Their unbelief had a reason, and the reason was their character. “Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep.” So is it now and ever. Some see little in the Scriptures, and some much. Some see only contradictions, some Divine harmonies. The cause is within, not outside. “If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?”

3. I have yet one more remark to make. It is true, both that the earthly duties of religion are as rudimentary lessons of the heavenly, and that their performance awakens dormant faculties, and invigorates them, by which higher truths are seen and better experiences reached; and yet still again I think it is the truth of God that to these processes the hand of God himself is added; he pours upon the disobedient a judicial blindness, and rewards the obedient by the uplifting of the light of his countenance upon them. Although this is not a dispensation of judgment, but of merciful probation rather, yet the lights and shadows of a coming retribution are falling around us. Some men are seeing more and more clearly; doubts which, like mists, have been hanging around them, are lifting and rolling away; a Father's face is looking down upon them from cloudless skies; earthly things are passing into heavenly; and not upon death-beds alone, but amid high activities, many like Paul have looked aloft and testified, "I know whom I have believed!" Answering to this there has been another and downward history. Of some who "did not like to retain God in their knowledge," it is written, "God gave them over to a reprobate mind." A servant hiding his Lord's talent, has even that taken from him. "He that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." Upon those that "receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved," it is written, "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." "With the foward, God will show himself foward." There is therefore an ever deepening darkness in the pathway of the disobedient. The judgment of God is advancing through the laws and processes of nature; over and above all, his voice of encouragement sounds along the path of the just, and the woe he pronounces makes still darker the road to death.

1. What then is wanting to make obligatory, and even

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attractive, the duty of immediate repentance, the duty which is nearest to your hand? What motives, how weighty and how numerous, to take up and discharge the duties of religion, about which you have, and long have had, no doubt,—the confession of sin before God, the thankful and humble acceptance of the mercy of God in Christ, the careful obedience of God,—by which, detaching your affections from the world and transferring your treasures to heaven, you serve God and not Mammon? Believest thou in these duties? I know that thou believest. These are in their plainness the earthly things of religion; they lie around you like worn and familiar truths; but they constitute your probation, they are the tests of humility and teachableness before God, the very pivots upon which eternal destinies are turning. Two roads are meeting just here; the fork of the road passes through these earth-bred homely duties. Your next step may be towards the light, or it must be into darkness. To the loitering and disobedient, Christ says nothing of his heavenly things. Rather he rejoices that “these things are hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes.” First in the order of duties is the least questioned duty. Out of your own mouth you will be judged. Only act up to your well-settled convictions, and the acknowledged principles by which you are wont to judge others, and all shall be well. Do what you see to be duty now, and you shall no sooner have done this, and you will see other lessons to learn and other duties to do; and if you have humility enough to do the first, you will gain principle enough to do the second. You need not exclaim, Who shall ascend into heaven for me, or descend into the deep for me! The word of your salvation is very near you; it is not in deep places above or below you, it is just at hand, an earthly thing.

2. Do not reply, that there are many things you do not and cannot understand; that very much of the Gospel is to you incomprehensible, and as much beyond your reach as the blue heavens above you. What if it be so? You will not

be condemned for what you do not understand, but for the truth you know and do not, for the truth you hold in unrighteousness of life. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God ; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law." You may pray, and you must, or no ladder of communication will spring from the spot of earth you occupy into the heavens. You must confess your sins, or you have no promise above you and no hope within you of the forgiveness of sins.

3. The great danger is, that, if you neglect to do these things, so plain and necessary, you will lose even the knowledge of the simple elements of duty and of life. The light that is in you will *go out* ; and if this turn to darkness, what darkness it will be, — how remediless, how eternal ! Do not slight the danger, and do not doubt it ! There are men that "call evil good, and good evil ; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness ; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." And woe is unto them ! "There is a sin unto death," and the Apostle adds, "I do not say that any man shall pray for it." We may not know what the Apostle had in mind, nor yet what the Saviour comprehended under the sin that "hath never forgiveness, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." But we do know that the neglect of present duty hath in it guilt enough to blacken all the future ; that the disobedience of to-day becomes the condemnation of to-morrow ; and that unfaithfulness in the little circle of earthly duties involves the forfeiture of the broad wealth of heavenly things.

## THE HONEST MILLER.

*"The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, long-suffering, faith."*

A MILLER wanted a mill-stream,  
 An ever-living brook,  
 To help him in performing  
 The task he undertook.

The building was well builded,  
 But water wanted the mill ;  
 For the wheel, it was an overshot :  
 So, long the wheel stood still.

The miller was an honest man,  
 With heart as well as head ;  
 And he looked for living water,  
 To grind the children's bread ;

So to the open country,  
 Where streams were gushing free,—  
 For standing were the city pools,  
 As dark as dark could be,—

He hied him ;— it was summer ;  
 The streams were passing fair ;  
 O, with the running waters  
 Can anything compare ?

Close by a goodly river,  
 All sparkling, deep, and wide,  
 The miller stood :— "O, give me  
 A little strength of tide !

" Your borders, they are shining  
 With buildings fair and chaste ;  
 Yet not a wheel is turning :  
 O, wherefore is this waste ? "

“ Call you this waste, good miller?  
 I pay tribute to the sea,  
 And on my broad, deep bosom  
 Sail stately ships with me.

“ And e'en the smallest shallop  
 May safely bear its course  
 On my waters, slow returning  
 For ever to their source.

“ Take with my generous water  
 The spirit of my song,  
 To turn your mill-wheel, miller,—  
 Bright *Love*, for it is strong.”

“ I like your brightness, power,  
 Your river in its flow;  
 Your spirit doeth wonders,  
 Yet higher would I go.

“ My mill is builded rarely,  
 With strong, high-balked mound,  
 My water-wheel is overshot,  
 Deep set, in lofty ground.”

On went the honest miller,  
 With heart as well as head:  
 “ O for the living water,  
 To grind the children's bread!”

Till soon, in pleasant meadow  
 With blossoms ever sweet,  
 A shining, silver brooklet  
 Came suing to his feet.

“ I am a strong, bright river;  
 I work while I do play,  
 I water fruits and flowers,  
 Yet call it holiday.

“ Draw of my sparkling water,  
 Its spirit, and its tide !  
 O Joy, O Joy for ever ! ”  
 It murmured in its pride.

But higher still, and higher,  
 The miller fain would go ;  
 For whither came the streamlet  
 He first would like to know.

On climbed the honest miller,  
 With heart as well as head :  
 “ O for the living water,  
 To grind the children’s bread ! ”

And now among the mountains,  
 With hills close lapped around,  
 A hidden, sunny lakelet  
 The toiling miller found.

“ O, tell me of these waters !  
 Your source is mountain-high,  
 Yet not a wheel is turning  
 Beneath the sunny sky.”

“ We rest in holy quiet,  
 That on this bosom fair,  
 Reflected in the sunlight,  
 True heaven may be there.

“ Take of the crystal waters,  
 The spirit also take, —  
 Peace, Gentleness, and Goodness  
 Fill up this sunny lake.

“ And, look you, at the outlet  
 The river runneth free ; —  
 Close hidden, in its quiet,  
 It finds the boundless sea.”

“ Your tide has head and power,  
     To turn my wheel about?  
 My work must be e'er-lasting;  
     These waters would give out.

“ I thank you for ‘the privilege,’  
     The spirit, and the store;  
 My wheel, it is an overshot,  
     It wanteth something more.”

And higher, climbing higher,  
     O'er rocks with careful tread,—  
 “ O for the living water,  
     To grind the children's bread !”

Now, 'mid the sharp, cold mountains,  
     The swelling stream grows hoarse,  
 Crawling in dark, deep fissures,  
     And foaming in its course,

With true and steady purpose,  
     To meet and over-climb  
 Each jutting crag, imbedded,  
     Slow wearing smooth by time;

Till, with a throe of anguish,  
     Strong in its darkest night,  
 Up-gathering its waters,  
     It leapeth to the light.

Here paused the toil-worn miller,  
     To listen to its song:—  
 “ Give,— give me of your power!  
     These waters must be strong.”

“ Draw largely from these cisterns,  
     But my ‘privilege’ I claim;—  
 Draw of my *Spirit* also:  
     *Long-suffering* is my name.”

Whence came the strong, deep waters,  
 The miller fain would see.  
 He climbed up through the darkness,  
 To seek the spring, all free.

And higher still, and higher,  
 For he would have his will,  
 The sure, unfailing fountain  
 To work his strong-built mill.

And higher still, and higher,  
 To find the living head :  
 “O for unsullied water,  
 To grind the children’s bread !”

And through the gloaming darkness,  
 And charnel cold of earth,  
 He climbed, that faithful miller,  
 To where the stream had birth.

Beneath the rock, all hidden  
 For ever from the blind,—  
 All bowed in spirit, praying,  
 He digged with pain to find.

Forth gushed unsullied water,  
 A calm, a steady flow:  
 “I am the living fountain  
 Whence all these waters flow.

“*Faith* am I,—hopeful, trustful,  
 Enduring, strong to feed ;  
 Draw largely from my fountain  
 For all the children’s need.”

Footsore with weary travel,  
 With heart, as well as head,  
 The miller ever-toiling  
 Now grinds the children’s bread, —

Drawing the living water,  
Traced upward to the source,  
“The spirit without measure,”  
And grinding out with force.

And it is good, refreshing,  
Where way-worn children tread,  
To drink the living water,  
*Pure* from its fountain-head !

E. W.

## THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

No intelligent observer of the present state of society can fail to see that false views in regard to marriage prevail to a deplorable extent. Men and women often marry now-a-days with as little forethought as they would go to some of the most ordinary transactions of life. The sacred character of the relationship, the momentous consequences that result from it, and the duties which are connected with it, seem almost entirely forgotten. Convenience, change, or some other equally frivolous motive, is considered amply sufficient for entering upon one of the most sacred relationships.

We see the fruits of this corrupted sentiment in the great prevalence of unfit marriages, and of crimes proceeding from them. Nor can a much better state of things be expected, until more just notions prevail in regard to the origin and design of the institution; for right principles are the foundation of right practice.

When we say that marriage is a Divine institution, we utter what some perhaps may regard as a truism. And yet we apprehend there are comparatively few who are willing to admit all that *this* fact implies. For, if it has a Divine origin, it has Divine laws to regulate it, and penalties attached to the infringement of those laws. The great want

of the day is, that those who take up marriage relations should do it, not only with an acknowledgment of its Divine appointment, but a determination also to be guided by the laws relating to it.

There are three sources to which one may look for evidences of the Divine will in this matter; namely, revelation, history, and personal experience. To each of these we shall barely allude. Taking up the Bible, then, we find from the beginning of Genesis, all the way through, distinct recognition of the heavenly origin of the institution, and its prime importance as an educator of the human race.

It is refreshing to turn from these days of ill-assorted matches, contracted in ignorance and haste, just as convenience or inclination might prompt, without a thought of obligation, and often ending in feuds, desertion, or even murder, to the good old time of Abraham, when his simple-hearted servant rested his travelling train by the side of Nahor's well, and offered up his devout supplication that he might receive the direction of Heaven in the choice of a wife for his young master.

All history, too, confirms the direct teaching of the Bible on this point. Probably no ancient nation ever preserved through its entire history so elevated an idea of marriage as a heaven-ordained institution, as did the Jews. This is to be attributed in part, no doubt, to the fact that they received communications from the Deity in regard to it, and also to the belief cherished by them, that through this divinely appointed means the Redeemer was to make his appearance on the earth. And since their destruction as a nation, Christianity seems to have taken up the family (which has its roots in marriage) as its peculiar heritage,—the scene of its brightest triumphs. Everywhere we find it, if guided by the Divine laws, the ally of religion, giving energy and order to society, and enriching it with numberless forms of enterprise and usefulness.

Some of the old fathers took a different view of the sub-

ject, supposing that by keeping religion intact, separated from the world, they could render her more immaculately pure. They did not reflect that they were attempting to separate what God had joined together; that it is through our human loves the heavenly affections find their first nourishment, and by them climb upward until they finally fasten themselves to the throne of God.

With regard to the argument derived from personal experience, we merely remark, that, while it can be appreciated to its full extent only by those who have taken the marriage vow and realizing its full design, with them it is an argument of ever-increasing power. Like the interior evidence of Christianity, though perhaps it may not be possible to give it an objective form which shall show all its strength; still the subject of it rests in a conviction of its reality which no power of sophistry can shake.

Having satisfied ourselves that marriage is divinely appointed, we naturally enough turn to inquire into its design; for it would be absurd to suppose a Divine appointment without a Divine purpose. The most casual glance at the subject is enough to convince one that the preservation of the race, though included in the design, by no means forms the whole or its principal part, since that could be and is accomplished otherwise. The multiplication of the human species still goes on in many countries where the Divine idea of "man and wife" is entirely obliterated and forgotten, if it was ever known. It would seem, however, that we cannot be mistaken if we assign, as one of the objects, the *elevation* of the human race. In ancient times, the family was the storehouse of tradition. Here were laid up the materials for history. Here were preserved with religious care those revelations from heaven which have ever served as a bond between the spiritual and our material world. Hence, too, have gone those heaven-born charities which heal and bless mankind.

But we find the most satisfactory answer to our question

in that attribute of the Deity which every grateful heart loves to contemplate, namely, his benevolence. For it is from the fulness of his own inexhaustible love that he has given to us this mystic bond, which gathers within itself a deeper meaning than the human mind has fathomed, and around which cluster so large a portion of the joys, and perhaps we may say the sorrows too, of mankind. We say *sorrows* understandingly, and without any impeachment of the benevolence of the great Designer, since every one knows that, through the perversion of the human will, those things bestowed upon men as the choicest blessings are sometimes turned into the most fruitful sources of misery.

And just here it is worth while to observe the particular manner in which such an amount of happiness is produced. God has so adjusted the moral constitution, that our truest enjoyments are those which are derived from the exercise of the affections. These affections show themselves in a great variety of ways, and hence we have conjugal, filial, parental, Christian love, etc. But there is one characteristic which marks each of its various manifestations ; it carries the person out of himself, interesting him in other persons or things. The objects on which the affections fasten themselves may be unworthy, and so result in disaster or ruin ; but it is certainly no slight evidence of the Creator's *desire* for the happiness of his creatures, that he should make it a law of the mind that it should seek happiness out of itself, and then institute a relation so beautifully calculated to furnish it a field for its legitimate exercise. It is in such marvellous adaptations that the great Designer sways the human purpose, and leads the soul almost unconsciously to the practice of those virtues which, while they produce the highest earthly happiness, prepare the way for the cultivation of all forms of Christian excellence. For let it not be forgotten that true love leads to self-sacrifice, and this is the very essence of Christianity.

The elevation and happiness of mankind, then, through the cultivation of the affections, we may safely conclude to be a prominent reason for the establishment of the marriage relation.

Whether it will prove such in the highest degree, depends much upon the motive with which the sacred bond is sought. The ruling motive, that which should be the ground of all others, probably most people will agree, should be an intelligent and confiding affection between the contracting parties ; and yet, if the “secrets of *many* hearts were revealed,” they would show that the love was bestowed, not upon the individual,—upon those qualities which make up the character,—but upon some external grace or accomplishment ; or rather that it was no love at all, but only a fond or foolish admiration.

One loves equipage, marries it, and gets with it an empty heart ; another loves beauty, and marries for that, getting, it may be, a waxen doll, and perchance something much worse. Some seek only courtly manners and the graces of a polished exterior, never thinking that there may be concealed within corrupt sentiments or a debauched life. Then there are those who are captivated with the charms of learning or genius, love and marry for them, but find too late that mental accomplishments are no bar to the entrance of a cold, selfish, calculating spirit. The mistake lies in making that chief which should be subordinate, substituting show for substance. If beneath the gilded surface we can distinguish the ring of the true metal,—well ; we like the gold none the less for being finely wrought ; but, on the other hand, if the gold is there, though it may be only in the rough, shall we like the jewel fashioned from it any the less because our hands have helped to mould it ?

We conclude, then, leaving physical considerations out of view, that mutual love, founded on certain qualities of heart and constituting the character,—a love inspired and guided by Christian principle,—is a proper motive for marriage. But

here we must discriminate ; for our remarks have been rather tending to the position, that, though there should be equality in affection, there may be disparity in other things,—those which lie outside and do not affect the character. We now go even farther, and maintain, that, though this disparity extend in some degree to the finer qualities, it need not of course mar the safety of the connection. When inequality in these exists, woman should occupy the superior position. Woman is a better interpreter of the affections than man. She has a larger faith, more refined sensibilities, patience and hope in more abundant measure, than he ; consequently he receives more *spiritually* from her than he gives back. But if the law that it is more blessed to give than to receive holds good here, she is still the happier of the two. There seems a tacit acknowledgment of this fact of the superiority of woman, in the custom which so universally prevails, making it incumbent on the man to ask the hand of her with whom he wishes to be united. He asks it as a boon. She bestows it, not as a favor, though it is really such, but because she loves, and with her to love is to be happy. He is to be made happier, wiser, and better by those gentle undulations of the heavenly atmosphere with which she invests the home, while she herself, instead of becoming impoverished by the charities that proceed from her, constantly receives from the open gates of heaven a fuller measure even than she metes out to him.

If marriage is designed as one of the agencies by which mankind are to be educated and lifted into a higher plane of life, then the home which it makes is the school where the education is to be carried on ; and since woman is the presiding genius there, if any improvement is to be made in the social state, it must be through her influence. Perfect equality would only tend to preserve the present order, while if woman possessed the smaller share of power for good, deterioration and decay must proceed with inevitable certainty. This is no fine-spun theory, but simple matter of fact.

We often hear the remark, How much marriage has improved him, the husband! while the same thing is rarely said of her, the wife; not, however, because she does not feel its plastic power, but because in her the change is more subtle, and therefore more hidden from the common eye. Many a man might appropriate to himself the words of Sir James Mackintosh, when writing to a friend after the death of his wife. He says: "She was a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am,—to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender, and constant."

We come, then, to the same conclusion that others, wiser than ourselves, have arrived at before us, namely, that men about to marry should seek for superiority; not for such as would place them entirely beyond their more familiar fellowships, but for enough to excite their ambition and awaken their gratitude, should they succeed. This should be done with no selfish scheme of aggrandizement, but because it is the natural order, and so the happiest results are to be attained.

Perhaps now some women may say, "If such is the case, it is not good to marry. Better far for woman to live alone in the heaven of her own purity, than stoop to dispense her benefactions on one less perfect than herself, who, because smitten and awaked by some flash of heavenly light re-

vealed in her, stands pleading, with all the language love can use, to be guided by her to those serener heights of faith and goodness." This *may* be even so ; but we cannot avoid the conviction, that woman stands as a sort of mediator between man and heaven ; that, though for the blessing she bestows in the marriage state she receives from him no adequate return, yet from a higher source and through a purer medium she is constantly enriched with new accessions of that peace which passeth understanding.

" She can so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings."

Will she despise the twice-blest mission ?

E. N. N.

### ELEGY.

SILENTLY shines the moonlight, filling the night with beauty,  
 Silently falls the snow, gracefully decking the earth ;  
 Silently rises the dawn from the ocean's azure chambers,  
 Silently opens the flower under its quickening light ; —  
 Emblems all of thee and thy beautiful, quiet spirit,  
 Tenderest nurse of the sick, strengthener too of the strong !  
 Prayers of grateful friends shall ascend for thee for ever,  
 Thou who art thyself ever a living prayer !

F. B. S.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

WE have just passed the season when our domestic responsibilities have pressed closely upon us. Our annual or semiannual accounts have been presented, and we have surveyed the various items with a scrutinizing eye, and in this retrospection our thoughts have naturally turned to the subject of domestic economy in regard to our worldly interests. The involuntary remark very probably has escaped us again and again, "How much it costs us to live!" And then we have queried over retrenchments, and wondered if in some form we could not abate the large amount in the coming year. The charge of extravagance may not seem to apply to any one member of our family, and, taken separately, an explanation may be given which seems to make every item necessary which we have just passed under review. Still, let us all resolutely bend ourselves to the subject of retrenchment, and I suspect we should find in many cases the sum total of our present account would be one half marked out. You will observe, my friend, that nearly one half of your account consists in small charges. Let us first examine the bill from the dry-goods establishment. We will suppose a family of daughters have a running account with an established firm, in which we have great confidence that nothing will be overcharged. This bill is settled semiannually. There is always a look of surprise at the footing of the account. Not unfrequently there is a secret feeling that we could have done without certain articles, only they were thrown in our way as "so cheap," or "tasteful," that we could not resist the temptation to purchase. Had we started out with our money in hand, we might have decided that we did not really need them, and in the end have found nothing was detracted from our general appearance whereby we should have been attired just as respectably as many others. A charge to-day of

only a dollar,—why, it seems but a trifle; why not indulge in the purchase? To-morrow there is a new invoice of goods to be opened. Invited to examine them, our courtesy carries us thither. Really, the beautiful fabric will be so in keeping with some other articles on hand, and come so opportune should we travel the approaching summer, or so exactly correspond with our taste on winter holidays, or be so delicate for an approaching bridal or a splendid levee, we cannot hesitate to adopt it; and forthwith it is inserted upon our account, and that will not be settled for some months to come, and should we be implicated at such a distant time as "extravagant," the intervening pleasure resulting from being admired for our taste will repay us for running the hazard of the experiment. Did we but realize what we are doing,—that we are accessory to inordinate display, and sowing seeds of vanity which will mature ere long in a harvest of prodigality which immature husbands can illy afford from common salaries or the ordinary receipts of business,—we should recoil at once from placing such a temptation before our children. Nor is this all. Encouraged by such examples, our worthy neighbor of smaller pecuniary resources is urged on to follow in the same footsteps, and finding himself unable to repel constant solicitations, he meekly yields; and perchance this may be the first step toward becoming an insolvent debtor. But all our liabilities are not chargeable on this score. We have surveyed bills of frightful amount made out of the last and most fashionable styles with which a young man has been clothed, whose salary could not warrant such an outlay, while the father of that youth may be a toiling farmer whose long surtout, purchased some twelve years ago, has just found its way into fashion, after being worn every winter as his best garment, during all that period; and even the threadbare overcoat of many a wealthy citizen is not discarded, although his son may have received many packages from his London tailor since he has grown rather rusty in his broadcloth.

Again, another source of extravagant outlay may be traced to our convivial feasts. A magnificent display, such as only can be furnished or found at a confectioner's shop, graces the evening supper-table; and really we have sometimes found it difficult, by any process of reasoning which we could adopt, to palliate this extravagant display in some reputed worthy church-member, who professes to have renounced worldly vanities, and, as he sips his iced sherbet and choice brand of Champagne, talks fluently on the sins of the day, and deplores that so much is expended upon theatrical exhibitions, which in his opinion so corrupt the public taste. Were it not indecorous for one partaking of such hospitality to commence an argument bearing upon false show which administers to "breaches of trust" and "embez-zlements," and all those sins which just now are so diffuse, we would not refrain from administering a mild rebuke. True, our host may be abundantly able to spread such a feast,—his wines may have long laid in cobwebbed boast, and the brilliant jewels which bedeck his fair daughters may have been holiday gifts,—all undoubtedly is paid for, and has benefited somebody; but I see among those guests many an admiring glance, and many a secret thought indulged by those who ought not to imitate this lavish outlay, that this acceptance involves the necessity of returning the civility thus extended to them; and I have seen in years that followed, that the expenditure of one night's entertainment was actually needed to procure proper sustenance for daily food. In considering these matters, I have been tempted to ask, if we are stewards, and great riches are committed to us, have we a right to do as we will with our own?

Another retrenchment of domestic economy consists in becoming more helpful ourselves, and educating our families to become more so. The most fruitful (*fruitless*, I should have said) topic of conversation and of experience lies in the unfaithfulness of those we employ as "help." We have sometimes had the vanity to suppose we could often

rectify this source of discontent, which corrodes the peace of many households, and almost turns our outwardly attractive homes to houses of contention and wild disorder. Not unfrequently would we dismiss the large hired group in the kitchen, and, apportioning our labors systematically, we would assign to that lily-faced, soft-handed daughter, who is teasing to go to the gymnastic school, the healthy exercise of sweeping her room, making her bed,— and, even at the risk of being considered "vulgar," I would have her lay aside practising that Italian air, for the less musical but more practical use of the rolling-pin, under the tuition of an experienced cook, so that, should "Chloe" or "Dinah" be taken from active service, we need not hear the lamentation which has sometimes been echoed, "We hardly know how to exist." If that pale face should become flushed with a healthful glow, or those taper fingers be pressed out so that a glove of "six and a half" in size be required, wherein would be the loss? By making children attentive to the wants of others and supplying their own, by giving young ladies an oversight of certain domestic duties, thus initiating them into the simple processes upon which the happiness of the home-circle mainly depends, they will be taught that a saloon in one's dining-room is preferable to that of a confectioner's patron, and an "oyster stew" served by one's own hands at home, if it causes the partakers less notoriety, gives them quite as many attractions.

It is high time we seriously consider this subject of home education. The times are changed: it is not "croaking" to say so. Who of us in middle life was daily furnished with money to expend in a lunch at a confectioner's, in times of recess? Who of us, when in our teens, would think of engaging to meet a young gentleman at a saloon, to sip with him, to saunter away an hour in frivolous chat, and then slowly perambulate the streets with our young dandy, till the hour when we should be liable to meet some members of our family returning to dinner? What sort of fathers

and mothers are these in embryo ? And yet we cannot shut our eyes to such facts. It was but yesterday we were passing a confectioner's saloon, when we recognized through the window a whole group of school-girls greedily devouring dainties. We knew they were placed at schools where their morals were carefully considered ; but we could not but feel there were dangers out of school which demanded more watchfulness. How much more consistent would it be, if every luxury thus consumed were the product of their own manufacture ! We need not be told there is no time for the work. If this be so, better then abate one lesson, and allow one more year to school training ; for we are certain the profits thus arising will amply pay for the time expended. Besides, household duties should form a part of early training, and be considered quite as indispensable as a knowledge of the German language, or the last popular sheet of music. It teaches children, by being early trained to easy labor, to be considerate to domestics ; and we are not sure but a great part of our complaints may arise from not fully comprehending how much it is right to expect from uninitiated and illy-educated foreign servants, who know not how to perform their duties, when a hearty good-will and a forbearance on our part might make them at length very serviceable.

One of the most ridiculous follies of the day is manifested in those who consider it beneath their dignity to perform any household labors. To be stigmatized "as doing one's own work without assistance,"—why, I verily believe it would mantle with an unusual glow the cheek of many a young housekeeper, and cause her to feel that she would be discarded by her fashionable acquaintances. We are aware that, in our city homes, with our present custom of receiving friends in the morning, it is nearly impossible to perform all our duties, even if our health and inclination would favor the plan ; but should we be "caught" in the condition of thus laboring for a few days, while waiting to secure aid, we trust our young housekeepers would not reproach us, as we

heard one not long since, because her husband, in the pride of his heart, affirmed to a guest that "every article on the table was prepared by his wife." We should never overlook the fact, that home economy depends upon our own oversight.

In fact, we regard it as a Christian duty, and a most imperative one, to look well to the ways of our household. No person should take upon herself the responsibilities of a wife who shrinks from this duty. You cannot make a happy and prosperous home without it. You may exist, and for a time imagine you can absolve yourself from this responsibility; but some event will soon mar your peace, and some discord will be felt as a reminder of neglect. We do not think enough about this,—we do not talk enough, nor act upon it as its importance demands. We converse upon a daughter's marriage, as if life were a holiday. We speak of the mansion she is to inhabit; we are anxious it should be furnished in a style of elegance; we issue invitations to hundreds of acquaintances, and secure the services of sufficient domestics to relieve the mistress of all care, save of her wardrobe and silver ware;—for a time the eye is pleased, friends are delighted, the husband is satisfied, and the home is gay and agreeable. By and by the scene changes: there comes an unwelcome intruder; sickness prostrates the husband; there is the wail of an infant in an anteroom; there is a pallor upon the cheek of the new mother; her domestics have taken away a variety of prized articles; that husband's health and pecuniary resources fail together; there must be a removal; fewer domestics must be employed when the pressure of cares has become greater. The wife recoils at the premeditated change; trembles lest her friends should pass her by unheeded; sighs to relinquish attendance upon parties, midnight revels, and splendid attire; and finally conforms to her necessities only to become the prey of nervous despondency and the feeling that life is all a cheat, from which happiness is banished when the blan-

dishments of wealth have passed away. Had this young sufferer but been trained to realize her moral accountability, and the true Christian worth of a character which is refined by suffering and grows strong under trial, how differently would she have met her fate!

Now where lies this responsibility? Fathers, mothers, guardians of children, wherein doth it lie? Would that domestic economy would make such a hasty sketch as is here drawn but a fancy one! Yes, by making economy a Christian duty, our households would gather themselves together, knit by the sweetest amenities of life, and the reciprocal influence from being fellow-helpers of each other's burdens would bind us together, so that we should seek our substantial enjoyments in social intercourse which need never grow vapid; and should costly furniture and works of art find no place there, should sumptuous feasting be excluded, yet around the well-spread board there shall be found the sound of merry voices, the shouts of happy children, the chastened wit and humor of mature age, and for us this spot we call home shall be worth all labor and privation, all frugality and self-sacrifice, because *there* are clustered all which make life to us a real blessing.

H. S. E.

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### THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

THE former "Waverley Magazine" comes to us in the more convenient and durable pamphlet form, and with the more appropriate and suggestive title named above. We would commend it to the attention of all those interested in the subject of woman's present and future condition. We must not shrink from the unavoidable comparison with our own journals which have represented this movement. The English periodical is very far superior to any that we

have produced on this side of the Atlantic. It is neither flippant nor querulous, neither coarse nor silly, as a large proportion of the Woman's Rights literature has been. The "Una," formerly published here, was free from these objections; its tone was quiet and ladylike; but a dreary want of talent pervaded its columns, and a weekly perusal of its pages was no slight proof of devotion to the cause it represented. But the English Woman's Monthly comes to us filled with valuable information on important subjects, presented in a simple and concise form, seldom interlarded with sentimentality, or bedizened with fine writing. We have yet much to learn from our English cousins. When we have their vigorous frames, and can walk seventeen miles per day, we may hope also to rival them in solidity of education and strength of mind. At present we must accept the charge of weakness in physical, and superficiality in mental exercises.

The contents of the March number of the Journal will fully bear us out in our remarks. The first article is called "The Profession of the Teacher," and contains a review of the Reports of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, from 1843 to 1856. This important establishment was founded to provide some relief for the great number of teachers and governesses who, having toiled through life for a scanty pittance, are left entirely destitute in their old age. The number of teachers and governesses in England is computed at fifteen thousand; the number of teachers of the very highest class is not greater than the demand, and governesses of superior excellence receive from one hundred to two hundred pounds per year. But of the less highly educated and skillful the number is very great, and competition keeps their salaries down to a very small amount, namely, from twenty-five to eighty pounds per annum. It is often said, in justification of the low prices paid for female labor, that women have no families to support; but these records show how far this is from being always the case,—in how many cases

this meagre pittance is divided with aged parents, invalid sisters, or brothers who are to be supported and educated.

To relieve the wants of this class, the society have founded a provident annuity office on somewhat more liberal terms than those of the life-assurance companies. In 1856 two hundred and four ladies had secured their annuities, and in 1858, 164,000 pounds sterling had been paid in for provident annuities. This is a wise form of charity. Women are usually so ignorant of business, that they do not understand guarding even the small sums which they can save from their earnings, and they need a friendly hand to point out the way. Benevolent individuals have also founded annuities to be paid to aged governesses. But only a small proportion of want can thus be met, for we are told that one hundred and twenty ladies applied for an annuity of twenty pounds, and only three could receive it. A temporary home for governesses while waiting for employment, together with a system of free registration, and an asylum for aged teachers, are the other modes in which this society seeks to relieve the wants of the class in which it is so interested.

But while the writer of this article enforces the duty of charity to relieve suffering already existing, she does not fail to look for the causes which produce it, and for methods of prevention. With practical English common-sense, she sees that it is not by art or literature that the mass of women can earn their bread, any more than men can do so. These occupations are for the few gifted with talent and aided by education; but the many must till the ground, and wield the mechanic's tools, and buy and sell in the market. She sees, too, that it is the false idea that any labor but that of the seamstress and the teacher is degrading to woman which keeps other occupations closed to them, and with true womanly dignity she appeals to their self-respect to throw off this false pride, and take their stand upon character rather than on occupation. She thinks that, even if it were whispered that "Miss —— had a bee in her bonnet," be-

cause she gained her bread at the desk or the counter, "it would soon be found that the said bee made more money than other people's butterflies, and would be declared quite a respectable and praiseworthy insect." This is good English reasoning, and touches the heart of the matter. The second article gives a very interesting account of a House of Mercy,—"the London Diocesan Penitentiary at Highgate,—a penitentiary for the most unfortunate of women." The description of this refuge is very interesting, and the establishment seems to be admirably managed; but the account will hardly bear further condensation, and the subject is a familiar one in our community. The most novel feature is this. All the instruction in domestic matters, and the oversight of the girls, day and night, is confided to "Sisters of Mercy," who reside in the home. These sisters are volunteers, who consecrate themselves to this work for a time, though without binding themselves by any vows. This is one of those wise adaptations of a good institution, borrowed from the Catholic Church, which will go far to break down the power of that establishment.

The third article is a brief, but able memoir of Miss Bosanquet, a Methodist, who devoted her life to the care of orphan children. At the age of forty-two, after a romantic and rather quaint courtship of twenty-five years, she became the wife of Wesley's friend, the celebrated "Fletcher of Madeley." Only three years of happy married life were granted to them on earth, but after thirty-one years of widowhood she wrote, "It seems but yesterday, and he is near and dear as ever." Over such hearts the accidents of life and death have but little power.

A story and poem of less interest follow. The notices of books, and a summary of events for the month, conclude the number. We have given to it this extended notice, because the journal is but little known here, and deserves the attention of all persons interested in social and humanitarian questions.

E. D. C.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

## HARMONY OF THE NEW CHURCH: LETTER FROM PROF. PARSONS.

"To THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE:—

"In your June number you say, 'It is not our business to meddle with the internals of Swedenborgian controversies; but we must express our regret and disappointment at recently finding the same discords and vexing sectarianism which damage and deform the rest of the Christian world, springing up in a fold one of whose chief attractions to us had been its peace and brotherly love.' In this I think you are greatly misled. For more than thirty years I have professed to believe the doctrines taught by Swedenborg, and have been so circumstanced as to know, as well as almost any one, how things and persons stand in this New Church. These doctrines are absolutely novel; they present themselves to different minds under different aspects; and they assert, as the necessary foundation for improvement, entire personal freedom. Some difference of opinion and feeling would therefore be expected and has existed. But the same doctrines teach emphatically the duty and the blessing of brotherhood, and this has not been forgotten. I think there has been during all these years a gradual strengthening of the bonds of brotherhood. I am perfectly sure, that at this moment there is more of peace and more of unity, and less of disturbance and disunion, than ever before, in that 'fold,' in which you regret finding that 'discords and vexing sectarianism' are now 'springing up.'

"We have just had our annual Convention. It was most numerously attended. The number of communicants at the sacramental supper with which it closed, was four hundred and twenty-two; a larger number of members of the New Church than ever before partook together upon earth. But far more pleasant than this large number was the spirit of peace and brotherly love which prevailed through the whole week, with so much power, that, if discordant elements were present, they were seldom apparent, and never urgent.

"I am utterly ignorant of what you mean, or any informant of yours can mean, by 'vexing sectarianism.' Many who heard Mr. Fernald's sermon which you notice, disliked in it a few things, one of

which was what we thought a heedless and unconscious adoption of Mr. Chalmers's modified Calvinism. An important principle of the sermon was taken from one of his discourses, and its most powerful passage is a long quotation from this 'eminent theologian of the old school,' as Mr. Fernald calls him, marked in print with inverted commas, but only prefaced as the sermon was delivered with 'it has been said,' without anything to show how much of what followed had been 'said.' If I understand the purport of the notes which Mr. Fernald now adds to his sermon, it is to relieve it from this objection, of which I therefore suppose him to be now in some degree conscious. I have heard but one New-Church-man approve altogether of this sermon; and he did so on the ground that it did not contain the thoughts, or have the tendency, which we who did not like it supposed we saw in it. Where is the sectarianism in this? Observe, the question is not as to the general merits of the sermon. I think it has merit myself. You think it has more than I do. Another, farther from our Church and nearer to Calvinism than you are, would perhaps think still better of it. The question is, however, what 'vexing sectarianism' there is in our supposing that the sermon intimates certain views which the author of it thinks it does not intimate, and which we are all agreed would, if there, carry it away from New-Church doctrine. Does not this charge, considering its severity, seem to be brought upon slight occasion, and to rest on narrow ground?

"I have always thought that the singular harmony as to doctrine which now prevails in the New Church must, some time or other, be assaulted. They who live to see that day must do as well as they can. I am most thankful that it has not come yet. There are a very few individuals, who I suppose call themselves New-Church-men, and who feel more or less personal discontent because some things are done, or are not done, as they would have them, and they express their discontent, as they have a perfect right to, sometimes strongly and angrily. They do not produce a quarrel, because they do not find any who are willing to enter into controversy with them; and I hope they will not. But they are heard, and are really about the only persons among us who are heard, in the surrounding religious papers. It is natural that they should believe, and do what they can to make others believe, that there is much 'internal disturbance' in the Church; but it is, in nearly its whole extent, in my opinion, wholly unaffected by these things.

"There is, I admit, one point on which there is some real difference of sentiment among us; and, as far as I know, it is the only one of any especial interest. I understand that Professor Bush is by some charged with asserting that there should be no organization, and no priesthood, and that Mr. Barrett is said to hold that the New Church is to be an invisible one only. But from the little I have read of their books, I do not believe that these gentlemen hold these opinions, in their full extent; and if they do, I am confident they have few or no followers. The point on which I have to confess some real difference of sentiment is *Spiritism*, to use this new name, which I like better than 'Spiritualism.' The very great majority of our Church, as far as I know, are disinclined to approve or favor this thing. There are some, however, who think otherwise, and are zealous in their opinions. They are, I believe, very few; but I suppose the past and present differences of opinion on this subject are closely connected with whatever 'discord' now exists in the Church. Very glad am I that it is so little.

"I have troubled you with this long letter, because I am certainly a competent witness as to the facts I speak of; and whether I am trustworthy others must judge. You, I am certain, would regret asserting or implying what is not true, and all the more when you regret having what you think cause for believing what you assert.

"THEOPHILUS PARSONS."

The foregoing communication is inserted, not only with the pleasure that comes of obliging the esteemed author, but with the higher satisfaction of finding that a painful impression respecting a most interesting branch of the Christian Church can be pronounced erroneous on such excellent authority; for it is not to be supposed that the partiality of a champion, in this instance, interferes materially with a candid and intelligent judgment of the facts. To misrepresent the virtues or deny the attractions of that body, would be singularly at variance with the whole disposition of this Journal. Our attention to New-Church writings has been accompanied by an increasing sympathy and confidence. We are conscious of having gained from them some real edification, and suggestions, at least, of profound truths in spiritual science. The later volumes of this Magazine will show, not only many cordial and approving notices of New-Church publications, but valued contributions from New-Church friends, published

for their merits. These pages will still be open, with a welcome, to such communications. Our reasons for attributing a sectarian and discordant temper to members of that society were simply that we happened to know of several persons, every way estimable and trustworthy, who have pronounced themselves to be suffering discomfort and sectarian suspicion for their dissent from the accepted and predominant opinions, whether doctrinal or ecclesiastical. We believed what we heard. Furthermore, we have now lying on our table quite a little pile of New-Church literature, which is by no means exempt from a controversial quality. "Compaginato" and "Perambulator" are the latest arrivals. Our reference was especially to the "Convention" question, on which we did suppose a somewhat warm dispute, not to say a divisive feeling, had *lately sprung up*. We are glad to hear from Professor Parsons that these are only the distrusts of a few individuals, which are already dying away, and that there does not appear to him to be cause for apprehending any schism, but the contrary. So may it be.

Mr. Fernald's sermon, which we commended and quoted, affirmed a principle of experimental philosophy which is quite independent of any system of dogmatic theology,—namely, that the best way of supplanting an evil habit of the affections is, not to fight it on its own level (which, indeed, would have to be done, if at all, by the enlistment of some higher force), but by the introduction into the soul of a new and holier love; as impurity is expelled by a love of the pure, or error by a love of the true. Doubtless those that objected to this doctrine had their own reasons, and had a right to them. But the fact that a Scotch Calvinist happened to receive and preach that doctrine, we take the liberty to say, would be a very poor reason. For the doctrine itself is no more peculiar to Calvinism, than it is to Transcendentalism or Hinduism. As to its vigor and profitableness, the extracts we made from the sermon will enable our readers to form their own opinion.

*Studies of Christianity: or, Timely Thoughts for Religious Thinkers.*  
A Series of Papers by JAMES MARTINEAU. Edited by WILLIAM R.  
ALGER. American Unitarian Association.—In a recent (April)  
number we expressed an exalted estimate of Mr. Martineau, as an  
original thinker and powerful writer. There is a remarkable uniformity  
of literary skill and intellectual vigor in all his productions; and



among them, none perhaps are more distinguished for these qualities than those here republished. Many of them are well known already on this side of the Atlantic; but few contributions to English journals so well deserve, on the grounds just mentioned, to be collected and preserved. Some part of the language of encomium used in Mr. Alger's Introduction we could not adopt without considerable modification,—especially that where he compares Mr. Martineau's brilliant discussions to the teachings of Jesus Christ,—from which they seem to us to differ very much indeed, and in many respects. In any attempt at a discriminating notice of the theological system to be traced in the articles, sermons, and treatises of the extreme rationalistic school, of which Mr. Martineau is much the ablest representative, one would wish to designate especially a defective apprehension of that character in the Author of our Faith which is best expressed in the term "Saviour," and which contemplates Him both as bringing a Divine deliverance and as sustaining an eternal Headship to his people; an imperfect philosophy of human nature, in not recognizing the power of new motives and the possibility of immediate changes in the central and determining principle of character; an oversight of that affectionate and intimate personal communion of Christian experience with the Son of God, of which the New Testament is full; a certain audacity in criticising the Word which God's spirit and providence have so wonderfully given; and a lack—so to speak—of *catholicity of reverence*, in treating the beliefs of earnest families of the Church.

*Portrait of a Christian, drawn from Life: a Memoir of Maria Elizabeth Clapp.* By her Pastor, REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D. D. Sunday-School Society.—Our religion never has so real a look as when it appears in real persons; and the nearer those persons are to the scenes and conditions of our own life, the more direct the impression. In this chaste and sacred record of a young woman's unpretending discipleship, we learn that the graces, the fidelity, the obedience, the faith, of the Saviour's chosen ones may be manifest to-day, in a Boston school-teacher, in the daughter of a quiet home, with none but ordinary advantages and private occasions, just as richly and successfully as in St. Christina, St. Agatha, St. Agnes, or St. Margaret. Saintliness is not of climates or periods. Incidentally, this beautiful biography is a testimony to the power of the Sunday School, and it is fitly issued under the auspices of a Sunday-School

Society. It throws a new charm around that form of Christian well-doing, and must encourage many desponding teachers. The work is also of peculiar value, as discovering, in the most uncontroversial and unanswerable way, the superior efficiency and consolation of those exalted and positive views of the Saviour, his work, and his personal presence to the believing soul, which form the central light and strength of the Gospel and the Church.

*Memories of My Life-Work. The Autobiography of Mrs. Harriet B. Cooke.* Robert Carter & Brothers. Gould and Lincoln.—This, too, is a portrait of a devoted Christian school-teacher. It differs from the preceding, as a self-drawn portrait differs from one drawn by a judicious and discriminating friendship, after the seal of death has been set. Each has its advantages; but it needs great simplicity and lowliness, and a very penetrating self-knowledge, to tell one's own story with no trace of self-esteem. Mrs. Cooke conducts the reader through exciting scenes, through a long and active experience, and relates many striking instances of the power of God's spirit in conversions accomplished through her instrumentality.

*Essays in Biography and Criticism.* By PETER BAYNE, M. A. Second Series. Gould and Lincoln.—In this collection of lively critiques, on Kingsley, Macaulay, Alison, Coleridge, Wellington, Napoleon, Plato, Christian Civilization, The Modern University, The Pulpit and the Press, and Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks," Mr. Bayne sustains his character as a literary enthusiast, finding, at the same time, ample and various occasion for the display of his own genius. In a notice of the former series, mention was made of some of his faults. Whatever these may be, they seem to have little effect in checking the great popularity of his works. Both author and publishers have abundant cause to be satisfied with the success of these publications.

*Plain Words to Young Men.* By AUGUSTUS WOODBURY. Edson C. Eastman.—The author of these pointed addresses has the best of all qualifications for a moral teacher of the young,—a young feeling in his own heart,—an unfeigned sympathy with those he speaks to,—a fresh nature. Nor are other requisites wanting. The views of life and duty are high. The principles are pure. The general

tone is manly. The language is clear and energetic. No one can think of the young men of this age and nation, in city or country, in seats of learning or in commerce and the trades,— of what they are exposed to, what they are becoming, what depends upon them,— and not regard such earnest counsels as these with sincere respect.

*Immersion not Baptism.* By REV. JOHN H. BECKWITH. J. P. Jewett & Co.— The purpose of this brief treatise will be readily apprehended by the title. It shows some favor to the position of the “General Baptists,” so called, but argues against the exclusiveness of so making baptism identical with immersion, as to deprive of the benefits of the former those who will not submit to the latter. The reasoning is mostly from Scripture, but sometimes rather forces the text. We observe a few expressions that might wound the reverence of the writer’s opponents.

*The Indian Rebellion: its Causes and Results.* In a Series of Letters from REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D. Carter and Brothers. Gould and Lincoln.— These letters, and the Journal of which they are partly composed, record intelligently—from date to date, beginning with May 16, 1857, and closing with March 22, 1858—the principal incidents and aspects of the mutinous war in the East. The opinions and estimates expressed are a compound of those of the loyal subject of Great Britain and the missionary. India is regarded as a great moral and religious trust for the people and government of England. The terrible events transpiring are contemplated in the light of Divine Providence, the promises of the Gospel, and Christian responsibility. Dr. Duff is well known everywhere as a conscientious and devoted laborer for the civilization and salvation of the Oriental heathendom. On questions so intricate as those involved in the Eastern diplomacy and war, there will be great differences of judgment, even among wise and good men. Dr. Duff deserves all the confidence that belongs to a careful, sincere, self-sacrificing observer on the spot. The epistolary form of the work lends vividness to its descriptions, and carries the reader along in a life-like progress. Valuable information is incidentally given on many matters pertaining to the religion and society of Hindostan.

*The Reaction of a Revival upon Religion.* By REV. GEORGE E.

ELLIS, D. D.—The Annual Sermon before the Convention of the Congregationalist Ministers of Massachusetts is an exercise commonly allotted, by comity, to Orthodox ministers of the Commonwealth two years out of every three, and to a Unitarian on the third. It is customary for the preacher to indicate more or less distinctly the views of his own party, but in such a manner and spirit as to offend as little as possible the party opposed. Mr. Ellis has strictly adhered to this kindly rule. His sermon, which is rather a critique and an interrogation than an exposition or a homily, is frank and forcible, full of freshness in thought and style. In excellent temper, but with pointed sentences, he brings under review and question the policy and methods of the Orthodox churches, with a reference, indeed, to the whole present aspect of ecclesiastical and parochial affairs. Starting with the recent period of religious interest, he raises many queries as to the powers and tendencies of the system it represented. Doubtless he thus indirectly suggests more doubts than really burden his own mind. Some of his cautions deserve to be carefully considered by his theological opponents. There is one passage which we read at first with painful surprise, as countenancing, by implication, the ground most recently taken by the *extreme rationalists* of the "Liberal body," and involving a dogmatic reduction of the Saviour to the level of sheer naturalism, and an entire emptying of his redemptive office. But what we otherwise know of the preacher's convictions leads us to presume that his language here must be purely hypothetical. The paragraph is as follows:—

"The great salvation [in the popular scheme] is identified with a *personal* knowledge of Jesus Christ, and a personal, conscious appropriation of his grace; and yet we find him teaching, in his own words, the lessons of a universal religion, which do not make any personal knowledge of him necessary to their efficacy with man or God. The great disclosure made through the apostolic vision, which opened the Gospel to the whole world, came with the conviction, 'that, in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.' Is this, then, salvation through Christ, or salvation through a doctrine which Christ taught? Are men saved because Christ taught that doctrine which he had first, by his agency, made possible and true? or are men saved because there was such a true doctrine for Christ to teach,—a doctrine previously ratified by God, and afterwards communicated to men as an existing rule of the Divine government?"

We cannot help wishing the author had paused to explain more

definitely the last clause of the first of these sentences,—“which do not make any personal knowledge of him necessary to their efficacy with man or God”; for we are persuaded so good a scholar and so conscientious a writer must have had in mind some other thought than the one which the words, in their natural impression, convey to the reader. At once, on reading them, texts like the following rushed into our memory, almost without number,—so many, so clear, and so striking, that we should be disposed to say no teacher ever appeared on earth who attached such vital consequence to a “personal knowledge” of himself.

“*Without me ye can do nothing.*” “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, *there am I* in the midst of them.” “I am the vine, ye are the branches.” “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” “He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him.” “The dead shall *hear the voice of the Son of God*, and they that hear shall live.” “Ye will not *come to me* that ye *might have life*.” “This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.” “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” “Every one who *seeth the Son, and believeth on him*, hath everlasting life.” “He that, &c., *dwelleth in me, and I in him*.” “If ye had *known me*, ye should have known my Father also.” “I am the door; *by me* if any man enter in, he shall be saved.” “I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and *am known of mine*.” “Other sheep I have,—them also I must bring, and *they shall hear my voice*.” “My sheep hear my voice, and *they follow me*, and I give unto them eternal life; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.” “Where I am, *there shall also my servant be*.” “No man cometh unto the Father but *by me*.” “I will come again, and *receive you unto myself*.” “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” “*Ye in me, and I in you*.” “He that *loveth me* shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him.” “We will come unto him, and *make our abode* with him.” “When the Comforter is come, he shall *testify of me*.”

The same is the teaching of the Apostles; for the one doctrine that distinguishes their Epistles and discourses is love to the person, Christ,—trust in him, fidelity to him. Their lives and lips said habitually, as Paul wrote, “I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.”

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#### ERRATUM.

Page 27, line 8, for works read marks.

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RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

JOB xxviii. 28 : — “Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding.”

RELIGION is true wisdom ; virtue, to which religion leads, is the best proof of a good understanding. These truths are introduced in the passage before us with peculiar solemnity. After describing the wonders achieved by man, in searching out the treasures that are hidden in the earth, the inquiry is made for a treasure far more valuable than gold or silver or precious stones. “Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding ?” For this treasure, the miner would penetrate the earth in vain,—the diver plunge in vain to the depths where pearls are found. “The depth saith, It is not in me ; and the sea saith, It is not with me.” From the universal denial of created nature, the inquirer turns to nature’s Divine Author. He alone, who “looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven,”—he alone hath “searched it out. And unto man

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\* A lecture delivered before the Derby Academy, Hingham, at its Anniversary, May 19th, 1858, by Rev. S. G. BULFINCH.

he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Education, with the advantages it possesses in our day, leads its young votaries in ways as strange and as daring as those described in the earlier part of this eloquent passage, which portrays the researches of adventurous man. The pupil penetrates, for the hidden treasure of knowledge and of thought, to depths unimagined by the wisest in the days of Job. However lofty the strains of poetry in the book that records that ancient sage's experience,—however sublime its philosophy, however divine its teaching respecting the ways of Providence,—the three thousand years that have elapsed since its composition have brought truths to light, and made them the common theme of our children's school-day exercises, which were unknown to Job, and entered not into the intellectual treasures of Solomon. But to one great question the answer is the same now as it was then. Even the flood of light granted to us in the revelation of our Saviour alters not essentially that reply. To the inquiry, where shall wisdom be found, human science, as of old, can make no satisfactory return ; and the new revelation joins with that of the elder times in declaring, " The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Religious instruction claims a place superior to instruction of all other kinds. Others may impart knowledge, this alone gives wisdom. We read scarce anything in the Bible of schools, and no precepts to bring up children in the knowledge of languages, of accomplishments, or of science. But we do read that Moses said to the Israelites, " These words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart ; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." We do read that an Apostle gave command to Christian fathers, to " bring " their

children "up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Under the old law, then, and under the new, is religious instruction more insisted on than secular. And sound reason acquiesces in the distinction. Secular education is important, but instruction in religion and virtue is indispensable. The one is of value, as contributing to add to life the charms of comfort and refinement; but the other is necessary to prevent life from being utterly perverted from its proper objects, and spent in wretchedness and vice, instead of happy preparation for still greater happiness beyond.

In no portion of the world have the interests of education received more careful attention than in New England. Colleges and professional schools prepare the more advanced of our young men for competition on equal terms with the learning and the science of Europe; academies founded by the munificence of the past stand at intervals through the land, pledged by their past fame and their peculiar advantages to be foremost in the attainment of all true excellence; private schools, in wide variety, invite the patronage which the faithfulness of their teachers may fairly claim; while, noblest of all, our public school system, wisely arranged and generously sustained, unites in its support the disciples of every creed, and offers, with republican impartiality, to rich and poor alike, the invaluable blessing of a good education.

And yet an intelligent stranger, coming to us from beyond the Atlantic, might notice with surprise one characteristic, generally observable in our schools, whether public, endowed, or sustained by private energy. It is the subordinate place given to that instruction which we have just seen to be the most important of all. The stranger is not ignorant, we will suppose, of that truth which we have diligently kept in the world's memory, that this portion of our country was settled by religious men, who sought here, beyond all other good, "freedom to worship God," according to the dictates of their own consciences. If he has previously travelled in

Spain, he has seen, in what schools that benighted country could boast, the pupils diligently instructed in the doctrines and habituated to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church. If he has visited Sweden or Prussia, he has heard the scholars repeating the Augsburg Confession, the formula of doctrine of the Lutheran Church. If he has been in England, he has met in most schools the Church Catechism, and in the rest the religious manuals of the various dissenting sects. How strange, he says to himself, that this region, this steady, religious New England, should, in its system of school instruction, neglect a duty which every other country fulfils! Is this the result of the highest civilization, of the noblest freedom, of the most spiritual interpretation of Christianity?

I know that the answer—and almost an indignant one—is on every lip. The stranger who should express such thoughts would be met with a denial of the statement that religious instruction was neglected in our schools, and by an explanation of the causes which have led to its receiving less attention than in the seminaries of other countries. You would tell him that in most schools among us some portion of Scripture is daily read, and that in many a prayer is offered by the teacher; that in some cases the children joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. You would add, that, though it might be desirable to do still more in a cause so important, it was in our country impossible, on account of the number of religious denominations among us, each jealous of any encroachment on its rights. It would be further said, that the omission was supplied by other means; that the Christian nurture of the young was not neglected among us, but only transferred from the common school to the home, the church, and especially to the Sunday school.

Let us give these statements all the weight they can justly claim. We admit the value of the Scriptural reading and prayer, by one or both of which the daily occupations

of the school-room are introduced. We admit, too, that the separation of church and state, and the existence of various religious sects, interpose an obstacle to public school teaching in the distinctive tenets of any one denomination. But we cannot admit that this cause must prevent all direct efforts to inculcate the great principles of Gospel piety and morality. Nor can we allow that the home, the church, and the Sunday school combined, fully compensate for what might be done for the Christian nurture of the young in our regular places of week-day instruction. The home and the church, indeed, are means of training which we enjoy in common with every other Christian land. The Sunday school, as an exclusively religious institution, is peculiarly our own. I do not question its great importance. But its attendance is often voluntary, its hour of instruction short and infrequent, its teaching desultory. While then we appreciate with gratitude to God and our ancestors the educational privileges enjoyed among us, while we know that the deficiency adverted to is in part the result of peculiar and providentially arranged circumstances, we are yet led to the thought whether even our present high advantages may not be improved. The growth of irreligion and of immorality, the frequency of crime in private life, and the too common abuse of official station for private emolument, impress us with the belief that the cause of religion, and of that virtue which proceeds from it, needs all the support which can be given to it, from whatever direction. We are led, then, to the inquiry, whether the week-day school, which teaches already such valuable lessons, cannot teach more efficiently than it commonly does the most important lessons of all,—the fear and the love of God, and the duty of obeying his holy law.

In the selection of the subject of "Religion in the School-room," I am not unmindful of the fact that this ancient seminary differs in some respects from those which form collectively the public school system of New England. Endowed

academies, under the supervision of permanent trustees, enjoy, it may be thought, a greater degree of freedom in the selection of their branches of instruction, than can be conceded to the common schools of our towns. Still, the generally prevalent system will naturally affect those few institutions whose circumstances might be thought to exempt them from it. The rule which excludes sectarian instruction from our common schools commends itself by its intrinsic propriety to the teacher of the private seminary and the trustees of the endowed academy. In the suggestions, then, which I may offer, I shall aim to recommend such a course as may be pursued, in conformity with existing law, and with the rights and feelings of every sect, in any of the schools of New England.

Nor do I forget what it may be thought I have lost sight of, that the annual discourse, which I have at this time been honored with the invitation to deliver, is, by the language of its institution, designed for the benefit especially of the scholars. To them I shall, before concluding, address myself more particularly; and I trust that even, from the general discussion, the minds of the more mature among them may derive advantage.

Before we enter on our main inquiry, let us notice the duty which our peculiar condition imposes on us. If religion, the most important of all teaching, cannot be communicated, or but imperfectly, in our daily schools, there is the more reason that every effort should be made to impress it elsewhere. Let the Sunday school do what it can with its limited time and means; let attendance at church be required, until the habit be formed. Above all, let home instruction, which can be and should be the most thorough, the most impressive, and the most engaging of all, supply the deficiencies of every other. There is no teacher, public or private, in the day school, the Sunday school, or the church, that can speak with the blended authority and love of a parent. Christian teaching at home will make all other

good instruction doubly profitable; and if this be omitted, all other means of improvement can but inadequately supply its place.

But cannot more be done for the religious training of our children in our common schools? It is admitted that, if these are to meet the necessities of our variously divided population, they must refrain from teaching those doctrines respecting which the denominations differ. From this it has been generally understood that religion was not to be taught, and could not with propriety be taught, in our schools. Let us see if this conclusion be not more than the premises will sustain. It seems to imply that there is nothing left of religion, if we take away those portions of it which are the subjects of controversy. Is there, then, no common ground among Christians? Are we so far apart, that all which is dear to one is unvalued by another?

We find, upon a moment's thought, that we all have the same God, the same Saviour, the same law of duty, the same hope of heaven. If this be so, there appears to be no slight part of religion left for us to possess in common,—yes, and to allow the teachers of our youth to enforce upon the minds of those whom they instruct, without uttering a word for or against a single doctrine, true or false, which any sect exclusively professes, or which any sect is marked by disowning. If we were not quite so much afraid of each other, if a few true-hearted men of the different denominations could come together and endeavor to prepare a manual of religious instruction for our common schools, it seems not improbable that they might succeed, not in producing a work which any would consider perfect,—not one which perhaps any would regard as sufficient by itself for the youth of his own especial branch of the Church,—yet one which would instruct all who should study it in the great doctrines of the existence, the perfections, and the love of God,—of the Saviour's life of holiness and death of glory,—of man's duty here, to serve God and his race,—

and of an immortal destiny beyond the grave, to which man is permitted to aspire.

I did not name, among the possessions of our common Christianity, that we have all the same Bible; because I know that there is a denomination, whose rights I would regard as I would those of any other, to whom the version of the Bible which we generally use is objectionable. But I conceive this very fact will exemplify how a spirit of zeal for what is important, and concession in regard to things unimportant, may bring harmony out of the discord of sectarian strife. I would have the Bible used in our schools; but I would have those portions read which relate either to practical godliness, or to doctrines respecting which all Christians agree. If this simple, obvious rule is observed, what matters it whether the version used is one made by Catholics or by Protestants? It is not in such portions that the difference between them can attract attention. If any uneasiness arise, let it be decided by the equitable arrangement, that, in schools composed mostly of Catholic children, the Douay version of the Catholics be employed. Thus will the Bible become known to every child, and, as far as possible, to each one in that translation which is approved by his own branch of the Christian Church.

If, as has been intimated, a manual of instruction might be prepared which should embody those principles of religion that are common to every sect, it follows that, in the absence of such a manual, the conscientious teacher may, without fear of just reproach, instil into the minds of his pupils by oral instruction those same great principles of our general Christian faith. I know there is a possibility, nay, a probability, of such a discretionary power being abused. But there is a vast deal of discretionary power lodged in the hands of every teacher, and liable to be abused; the only remedies are good sense and good principle on the part of teachers, and watchful supervision on the part of those to whom that responsible duty falls. And

if occasionally a lesson be given that savors of sectarianism, I for one would rather incur that evil than the opposite one, to which it appears to me we are fast tending, of losing that high character as a religious people which we have inherited from an honored ancestry.

Were I giving charge to persons about to enter on the responsible occupation of instructors, I would say to them, Teach your pupils, without fear or doubt, the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, as it is held in its great principles by men of every denomination around you. Teach them the Ten Commandments, and enforce with these the great obligation of duty. Teach them the Lord's Prayer, and try to fill their hearts with love to their Father who is in heaven. Read the Bible to them, and with them; give the sense, and cause them to understand the reading. Teach them, not strife, but peace; not sectarian bitterness, but the love of God and man.

There are some branches of secular instruction which have a bearing on religious education, and to which on this account a greater degree of attention might be given than they commonly receive. The geography of Palestine is not sectarian. It is part of that description of the earth's surface which is one of the studies universally required. In the most popular manual, that of Mitchell, it occupies less than a page. In another manual, which appears likely to succeed to the first place in general approval, I have sought in vain, in the description of various countries, for information whether the people are heathen or Christian, or, if Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant. These instances show how entirely religious instruction has been rejected from our school-books, and suggest how some information might be imparted on a subject of such importance without interfering with disputed tenets.

Again, why may not the Bible history be made the theme of direct instruction in our week-day schools? Are the narratives of Noah and of Abraham sectarian? Does Cal-

vinist or Arminian, or the adherent of any creed, object to the beautiful moral of the story of Joseph? The history of our own country is allowed among us, and even the deeds of Grecian and Roman greatness are not unknown. Is the history of Palestine prohibited by any law, written or unwritten, or would a reasonable man, of any sect among us, think that his children would be injured by being informed respecting it?

I am inclined to believe, however, that the most valuable religious teaching may be given incidentally. There are occasions continually arising in the school, as in the world, for the application of those principles of morality which derive their highest sanction from the faith of the Gospel. Let that highest sanction be fearlessly appealed to. Among the motives urged to good conduct, let not the fear and the love of God be forgotten. Has a quarrel arisen? Let the young offenders not merely be terrified into peacefulness by the fear of punishment, not merely shamed into quiet by disgrace, but taught by His precepts who commanded to love one another, and won by His example whose love best illustrated the precept that he gave. Does that emulation which some schools so strongly encourage, and which cannot entirely be removed from any, seem to be producing its dreaded fruits of estrangement, pride, and vanity? Let the lesson of the Saviour be repeated, where he taught his followers to take the lowest place, or the admonition of the Apostle, "In lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than himself." Has the temptation to conceal a fault overcome the sense of duty? Then let the presence of the All-seeing Eye be impressed on the mind, and the spirit encouraged to do or to bear anything rather than to sin against the truth.

And how great the aid which the words of the teacher may derive from his example! There is no scene more suitable for the acting out of religion than the school-room; not acting in the sense of affectation,—the personating

a character which does not really belong to him who endeavors to exhibit it,—but the practical employment of high principle in the discharge of duty and the endurance of trial. Patience and firmness; the love that welcomes labor, and seeks not alone to perform a daily task, but to lead forward its young charge to the attainment of all that is honorable in the sight of men and acceptable to God; self-restraint, which he most needs who is called to restrain others; and, as the prompter and support of all these, that deep sense of responsibility to an ever-present and all-holy Witness,—these, or to name them all in one word, religion,—herein consists the difference between the revolting task of tyrannizing over rebellious childhood, and the noble profession which education is now acknowledged to be; between the pedagogue of old descriptions, dreaded and hated by the young and despised by the old, and such men as Pestalozzi and Fellenberg, Arnold of Rugby, who brought talents fit for the government of an empire to the management of a school, and our own Abbot of Exeter, Pierce of Lexington, and many another name worthy to be ranked with theirs, among the departed and among those who yet remain.

Thus far have I spoken of the great subject before me in its relation to the influence which teachers may exert. But religion in the school-room is not a concern of teachers only. It is not alone something to be imparted, whether by precept or by example. It cannot be imparted without action on the side of the pupil, as well as that of the instructor. You may fill the mind with knowledge by a process implying very little mental action on the part of the recipient; you cannot thus fill the heart with piety, or the life with goodness. No; if there is to be religion in the school-room, pupils and teachers must seek for it together. Nor does the youngest pupil come to the most infantile class, without bringing something kindred to that he seeks. For the youngest pupil, unless maternal care has been strangely negligent, brings to the school the knowledge that there is

a God ; and feeble and inadequate as its conception of him may be, what but feeble and inadequate is the highest conception we can form ?

“ And if some tones be false or low,  
What are all prayers beneath,  
But cries of babes, that cannot know  
Half the deep thought they breathe ! ”

Yes, it is not alone as learners of religion that children come, whether to the school-room or to any other scene. It is to practise religion. They are not to hear for the first time of God and Christ, of goodness and of heaven ; but to learn more and more on all these sublime realities, and especially to learn, as our Great Master has told us we should know of his doctrine, by *doing* the will of God. The religion of the school-room, then, is to be found in the daily intercourse of its young inmates with each other.

The lessons you learn, young friends, respecting God and Christ and duty, whether at your homes, at the church, or the Sunday school,—those lessons you are to practise in your school. We grown men and women have to practise them in what is called the world, that is, in our business and our domestic life. The Bible teaches us honesty,—we must practise that in our bargains ; the Bible teaches us charity,—we must practise that towards the poor who come to us for relief. Now what our business is to us, the school and your schoolmates are to you ; and if when you grow up you are to be servants of God and followers of the Lord Jesus, you must begin to be so now. You have as scholars your temptations. Religion shows you the way to meet and conquer them. You have as scholars and as playmates your duties. Religion shows the way to their performance. Other good reasons there are indeed for overcoming those temptations and performing those duties ; but of all reasons, all motives, religion furnishes the highest. What I wish, then, to inculcate upon you is, that you should act as far as possible from these highest motives, and in

obedience to this holiest guide. It is well that you should do what is right, for whatever reason you do it; but there are some reasons which will pass away at length, while that which I would commend to you can never pass away. It is well, for instance, that you should be studious and obedient, for the sake of receiving the praise of your teacher; but a time will come when you will be no longer beneath his care, and if you have never learned to look higher than to his praise, you will then be without a guide. It is well that you should strive to do right in order to please your parents; but ah! a time may come when this motive will lose its power, as they cease to exercise control over you, and you seek different homes, or God's providence calls them from the world. Then, if you have never learned to look beyond their direction and approval, you will be orphans indeed. Learn, then, to look beyond all else,—even those most honored and most loved, the teacher and the parent,—to Christ, the holiest teacher, to God, the all-wise and ever-living Father. Then shall you have a guidance that can never fail, then shall you have a friend to whom you can always turn, and who will be ever ready to strengthen, to rescue, and to bless.

Cherish the habit, then, of reflecting in every case of doubt, every instance of temptation, what it is that God requires you to do. Ask not only the cold question, what is right? but what is the command of my blessed Saviour, what is the will of my Father who is in heaven? If you are tempted to indolence, think that God sees you; if to falsehood or profanity, think that God hears you; if to envy of another's success, think God knows your very thoughts. If conscience whispers to you that you are doing wrong, think that inward voice is to you the voice of God, for it was he who in his wisdom and mercy placed that monitor within you, to tell you when you are wandering from his law.

That you may have this continual reference of thought,  
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word, and action to the will of God, try to learn what that holy will is. It is given to us in the Scriptures; make these, then, and especially the New Testament, the subject of your study. Read the Bible, not for the sake of saying that you have read it, but that you may learn what God your Father would have you to do.

And for the same reason, avail yourself of all other means which his providence has placed within your power,—the Sunday school, the church, the conversation of older Christians. If thus far you have attended the means of religious instruction merely because you have been directed so to do, try as you grow older to put your heart into the task. When you open the Bible, let it be with something of the feeling with which you would open a letter from a beloved and honored parent, a letter in which you know he had written what he desired that you should do. When you attend the church, or the Sunday school, let it be as you would go to hear some one who could tell you of that beloved parent's wishes, and inform you how you could show to him your love and reverence.

And remember, young friends, that He of whom I have spoken to you, the wise and loving Father, is not far off, that you should only hear of him through others, and be unable to speak to him yourselves. God is ever near you, ever ready to hear your prayers, ready to give you strength to do his holy will. Learn, then, the habit of prayer; or continue in it, if, as I trust, you are no strangers to it now. Come with your wishes, your fears, your hopes, your joys, your trials, to Him who is always ready to hear and answer, speak to him in your own words, from what is in your own hearts to confess, to ask, or to give thanks for. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

The respected teachers and trustees of Derby Academy will find, I trust, in the views now presented, a spirit in harmony with that in which the institution under their care

was founded. Of its benevolent originator little is known to me ; but of that little, the establishment of this lecture is sufficient proof that she recognized religion as the friend and patroness of education. Invited in conformity with her directions to address the school she established, I have endeavored to speak such sentiments as herself would have approved, in commending as the religion of the school-room, not a system of sectarian doctrines, but the acknowledgment of those great principles of faith in which all Christians agree, and their practical application to direct the care of the teacher and the efforts of the pupils,— the principles of reverence and love, of faithful duty, watchful self-control, and devout aspiration.

Pupils of the Derby Academy, young friends, who enjoy the means of improvement which the benevolence of the deceased provided, I cannot call on you for gratitude to her memory as impressively as I might do were the privileges you possess less common. But in our happy country the means of education are open to all, and your school, however excellent, stands but as one among the excellent seminaries of New England. Yet let the peculiar foundation and the ancient date of your Academy, link one more pleasant association with those which are gathered around your course of duty. Maintain the honor of your school, not by idle pride, but by resolving to do naught that should be unworthy of its pupils ; and let the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the religion which its foundress recognized, in its spirit of fervent piety, and in its life of practical uprightness, ever guide, direct, and bless those who receive the instructions of the Derby Academy.

## UNWRITTEN LIFE.

THERE is now-a-days, as in other times, not a little written upon life;—life at home and abroad; life on ship-board and on the land; life among great men and nobles, in courts and palaces; and life in the cottage, the hut,—among the lowly, the wretched, the enslaved;—life manifold and varied, social, political, and Christian. But there is much of life that *cannot be written*. This first.

I. Though of the making of books there is no end, yet it is little of life that can be made into a book. The heart is greater than books, and they cannot measure it. The heart is older than books, and they cannot go back and record its lasting beginning,—cannot tell *what it is*,—cannot delineate its daily throbings of joy and sorrow,—paint the immortal hopes that beam upon it from the future and from heaven. The aspirations of the soul are high, and no pen can write them,—its thoughts are swift, and they outrun the *winged* words,—its affections are too strong, its emotions too deep, for the most life-like page.

The loveliness of the landscape, the tints of flowers, the freshness of foliage, the singing of birds, and the bleating of domestic herds, the beauteousness of murmuring rills and pebbly brooks, the majestic flow of the mighty river, and the grandeur of the lofty mountain,—all these speak for themselves; for none other can utter *their* language. How, then, can *syllables* speak out all there is in pity and forbearance, resignation and faith, love and friendship, and leave nothing for the kindly act and living life to do,—the gentle expression and beaming eye? Who, then, can make maternal affection into a book,—print sighs and smiles, joy and sorrow?

Some wonderful improvement must be made in the printing-press, before it can make our prayers for us, when, often in our divinest moods, we cannot make them ourselves in words; when the simplest language is too material; when

our hearts *silently* yearn towards God, and the "Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered."

Could we transform into words, or any other for us, the darkness that has sometimes hung over our minds, so gloomy and oppressive as almost to make us distrust heaven? And then, when the sky has cleared, who could catch the sunbeams of joy and hope that come down to the soul, and make them sound through the poor dialect of speech? How inexpressible our minds, when we ascend to the high places of our being, — feel our noblest feelings, think our greatest thoughts, contemplate the great purposes of the Almighty, unfolding age after age, in heaven above, and the earth beneath! How poor a thing is language to tell of the inspirations we feel in meditating upon the great things of our immortality! And how indescribable the scene, when we go down to the low places of mankind, — to the depth of wretchedness, and look upon the denizens of eternity covered with rags and filth!

What poet, that thrills our hearts wonderfully, can describe the pulsations that so divinely moved *his*? What virtue printed on the page can beam with half the light and beauty which covered the face of the virtuous man that wrote the page? What indignation at moral wrong, *set up in types*, can be half so indignant as the man that is wronged, or as he that feels his brother's wrong? What art in poetry, painting, sculpture, so wonderful as the artist? What Apollo so divine as the inspirations of him that made the Apollo? What Madonna so charming as the soul that first conceived the loveliness, and gave it outward form? What St. Peter's so grand as the mind that first had all the grandeur of the plan in itself, and projected that grandeur in stone and mortar? What epic poem so beautiful as the beauty of the intellect that framed it? How little, then, of living mind and life can be sculptured in the marble, painted on the canvas, written in a book!

The words of Paul are great words : they have gone to the ends of the earth, have passed through so many centuries, and will pass through so many more ; but Paul himself is greater,— no combination of letters can express *him*. What an earnest and noble appeal to idolatry do we *read* of his making on Mars Hill,— “ Ye men of Athens ! ” But more earnest and noble was the living voice of the Apostle to the Gentiles for truth,— more earnest and godlike that living embodiment of Christianity standing in that old and strong hold of Paganism. What a sight,— never to be repeated, one of the things that appear but once in the drama of the world’s history,— to behold Paul, bred a tent-maker, in that time-honored city of learning, Athens, hitherto the greatest light of the world ;— Paul standing up surrounded by academic groves, marble temples, and the porches of philosophers, and looking the old, gray, and decrepit Polytheism in the face, disclaiming all homage to it, and pointing the multitude about him to the one true God, that made the world and all things therein, and to his Son, the risen Redeemer ;— himself a disciple of that religion which should live when the monuments of idolatry that stood before him, and all others, should have crumbled to dust. But little of this scene and of its chief actor had the sacred pen power to transcribe.

And when we read of the ever-memorable parting between Paul and his friends at Ephesus,— when they fell on his neck and kissed him, and wept sore, because they should see his face no more,— we forget the words, and in a feeble degree think and feel — what the words only can suggest, not depict — what strength and beauty there are in the ties of Christian affection, and what a good thing the Christianity those good Ephesians and the excellent Paul had taken to their hearts, and what a priceless heritage in it they have helped to transmit to us,— not so much though parchments as through the medium of living epistles !

Scenes in the life of the Saviour,— words, like a finger-

post, can only point to them ; Christ standing at the tomb of Lazarus and weeping with Martha and Mary,— his pain and solicitude in the garden,— Christ dying when his mission was just begun, but his mission dying never,— how can one reach the everlasting significance of these, and such as these, but through a heart that is itself Christlike !

There is more *in* Christianity that will no doubt one day get written, than has yet come out of it and found its way into books ; but more still in it that cannot be enclosed in covers, only *lived*. The man that is good and faithful and pious thinks oft and dwells much upon the unwritten and never to be written things of the spirit that is in him, and of the things that come down to him from the Great Spirit above.

And what is one great object for which we should read what is *contained in* books, but that we may better read what is not penned and never can be,— may better read the unwritten things of our own hearts,— of human life,— of the world,— the unutterable things of God !

Christian influence,— is it not a great agent in the world, aside from the *lettered* precept and the *recorded* act ? Does not the son copy the life of the father and mother, and the son's son do the same ? What a power, then, through this unwritten father-and-son influence, has been exerted upon us and upon our age, that has come all the way down the long track of time, from the daily *life* of Paul and John and Peter, and the other fishermen of Galilee ; and all this mighty force of example,— the example of the living life,— without the aid of pen and types, and for which pens and types would be so useless ! It is most wonderful how the unwritten power of a Christian life — seen first only in one man, then embodied in a few followers that could all find seats in an upper chamber — has passed along down to us through eighteen hundred years, with the corrupting force of evil on this side and on that,— at one time jostled by worldly wisdom, and by a blind and selfish prudence, this

Christian life,— now amid constant alarms seeking shelter in remote and obscure lanes and cities,— now tortured and cast into dungeons, not seeing the sun for a long season,— again passing a few years quite undisturbed,— anon, thrown to the lions, and thousands of its adherents persecuted and killed, yet, itself imperishable, living in the lives of other thousands,— passing along still down the great road of time,— now seen no longer in aged fathers and mothers that have died, but itself still young and fresh, adorning the steps of the daughters and the sons,— now again harassed, now crossing seas to find some more peaceful shore, but there soon to be worried, and the *Christian* killed, but the *life* killed never,— passing on, ever on, at one time living in a king's palace, at another in a cave,— now flowing quietly and smoothly along through peaceful and thriving communities,— then, amid fears, and loss, and death, forced to find a hiding-place in the fastnesses of mountains during long, dark, and troubrous times,— then, when oppression and wrong have grown tired and weak, coming forth from its inhospitable rocks and confinements, and, with an elasticity that no weight can crush, overspreading continents and islands, as in our day and before.

It is wonderful, most wonderful, this unwritten Christian life,— that has passed through such a long line of varied fortunes, and is now quietly doing its work, and finds an undisturbed abode in unnumbered towns, cities, and villages. It is strange,— and let our hearts rejoice,— that through so many ages this unwritten Christian life has approved itself the minister of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes; in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors; in watchings, in fastings; by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost; by love unfeigned, by evil report and by good report; as dying, and behold it lives; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

Great are the resources in the writings of the wise and good, and they flow imperceptibly into our lives, and constitute a part of our being; but infinitely greater are the resources and riches in this wonderful and immortal life God has given us, and in his holy spirit which lives in the hearts of believers, and is everywhere present; and I suppose, if all these resources and riches, that are ours, were written that cannot be written, "the world itself could not contain the books."

It is the very last results in life that are seen, and to some extent written, — the processes are unseen, not to be looked upon, not to be delineated.

II. Much of life there is no one to write. It was so with Christ. There is but one notice of him, after his infancy, till he began to be about thirty years old. No one knew what was in that "child Jesus," and no one went to see him at home beside his mother, and in the carpenter's shop, to collect for a book the good things he said and did. It is unavoidably so with the youth of many great men, as well as with that of the Son of God. The little rill, that rises far back in the mountains, has to wait till it becomes a river before it gets notice and a name. There is many a man, the relations of whose *whole* life upon the present and upon the future are but half understood, and so but half written, if written at all. So is it with great *passages* in other men's career. Much of the best life that is in the world, that is blessed itself, and that blesses all around, there is no one to write, for there is no one who can comprehend it. Much of Christ's best life (we do not now speak of that which cannot be written) there was no one to record till the beloved disciple John transcribed the divine impressions made upon his loving heart. John gives us most of the spirit of the Saviour's mission; the other Evangelists more of the outward form. It was this outward form, the visible every-day occurrences, of which it is said in the fourth Gospel, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which

if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." It is said in another place, "Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people." But of all this teaching and healing no other word appears. There has, we know, enough come down to us for our guidance and salvation. Yet how eventful must this episode have been in the life of Christ! In those cities and villages, into how many abodes did Jesus of Nazareth enter, and how many sick and dying sons and daughters may he have restored to their anxious parents, and how many a sick and dying parent to the anxious children,—how many comforting words have spoken to the mourner,—how much have said of the soul, of God, and of heaven! Still no one stood near to record a word of it all.

As we travel along the great road of history, little else meets our eyes but a long procession of conquerors, generals, soldiers, restless steeds, triumphal cars, kings, queens, and noblemen. But along this broad path of pomp and noise, worldly greatness and renown, there has been the wayside life of the humble and unknown; and occasionally, as we pass, we get a glimpse of this wayside life,—of its peaceful cottages, sending up wreaths of smoke from amid overshadowing trees,—and we think (for no one has told us) how childhood sported there, and how a mother's love there performed its offices of daily kindness, nurturing, all unknown to the world, affections that shall make heavenly mansions glad. We think, too, of fathers there, quietly going in and out before their households, providing with kindly hand for each recurring want, dealing justly and loving mercy in all their humble walks. To such beautiful scenes how seldom does the historian in his proud march turn aside!—yet it is through such secluded paths, all unpretending and unknown to the world, that patriotic, social,

and Christian good mostly comes to us, and not so much through statesman life, king-and-queen life.

The homes of England, our mother land,—how few have there been to speak of them! The historic page has been given to the *great* affairs (so called) of the nation. How youthful and domestic life *there* has grown up, and in many cases unfolded itself into good, religious, patriotic, and free life, and has been the germ of so much religious and free life in *our* land, is mostly an unwritten chapter. The church books record how many are converted and added to the church yearly; but in the home, which is often a better church than *the* church,—because around many domestic hearths where God and Christ and heaven are revered and loved and lived unto, there is an outgrowth of affection and the Divine life, while in many an organized church there is a suppression of these,—are there records of the plants that grow up for heaven *there*?

Thus is it with the Unwritten Life,—much of life cannot be written, and much there is no one to write. Yet over it all God keeps watch; and for it all, he is to be praised.

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#### WHAT IS TRUTH?

It is now eighteen centuries since One came into the world who made this remarkable declaration: “To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth.” In reply, he was asked that question which for four thousand years had struggled for utterance; that question which for eighteen centuries since has been echoing, “What is Truth?” Consciously and distinctly the wise man has asked it; unconsciously and blindly the ignorant man, the weakest child even, is impelled, by the very constitution of his nature, to seek an

are the oak ;— these are the outer indications, the *facts*, the fruit of the oak ;— itself is a hidden germ, so fine, so delicate, it escapes observation ; but this, not these, is the truth of the oak. Despoil the tree of its fruit, its leaves, its spreading branches ; cut down its trunk, rake over the ground where it stood, so that no vestige of it appear. You may fancy you have destroyed it. But look again,— from out the dead earth life has sprung up. The oak is there, and sends forth its fruit, its facts, in fresh life, greenness, and beauty. You cut away only the fact, the semblance. You may go even farther, and tear up every fibre of the spreading roots. Unnoticed, a little seed drops into the ground, which, in your zeal to destroy the tree, you have softened, and again your efforts are vain. The oak still *is*. Look again. William Wallace and William Tell were patriots. Their enemies, who were the oppressors of their country, took them, the shadows, the facts, the indices on the dial of human progress, for patriotism itself, and, in mad ferocity, sought to destroy them, to find their mistake. Patriotism is an element of the universal truth, which cannot be destroyed. He who lives it is but an index to point to the ever-burning light, to the life-giving fountain ;— his life shall lead many to that light; his death more, for his blood shall water the seed he has planted, his cry of victory shall arouse many who, but for that, would have remained lost in slumber.

Truth is the law, the nature, the substance, the principle of all things. We speak of the truths of art, of science, of history,—of political truth, of moral and religious truths ; but truth is a *unit*, lying at the foundation of all things real and possible. It is everywhere present. God is its centre; its circumference is not. Truth is omnipotent and immutable. Undeviating and unfaltering it pursues its destined course, crushing under its chariot-wheels whatever opposes its progress. Does this need proof? Walk off the precipice, either in the light and knowingly, or in darkness and ignorance, and let thyself fall on the rock, and thy disre-

gard of the law of gravity, which is one of the utterances of truth, will crush thee to atoms. Build thy house on the sand, and the flood will come and wash it away. Put the cup of poison to thy lip, and thy joy and life will be burned up. Listen to the voice of the tempter, and thou wilt be led to certain ruin. Commit a crime and attempt to cover it, and "the darkness will be light round about thee," and punishment will surely overtake thee. Semblances remain long, and seem full of strength sometimes; but look over the past, and see how, one by one, they have crumbled to dust. Proud Babylon and learned Egypt,—where are they? Empires and men of renown, famous systems and theories,—where are they? Slowly, unperceived by our darkened vision it may be, truth advances; but the very foundations of all that is false are crumbling before it,—the proudest structures, the mightiest,—so-called arts, sciences, philosophies, fade away, as its light falls upon them. They were always semblances, and amid smoke, contention, noise, and confusion, the semblance vanishes. Meanwhile, unmoved by the turmoil, full of majesty, truth proceeds right on its way, setting up the real, the good, pulling down the false everywhere. And thus shall it be till "the crooked shall be made straight," till darkness be made light, till falsehood and its attendants, crime and misery, shall be banished from our earth; "till every knee bows before it and every tongue confesses" its glory, shall truth go forth conquering and to conquer. It alone stands unmoved, unshaken; it has all time in which to do its work. "A thousand years to it are but as yesterday," or as a shadow when it is past. Suppose falsehood still lives and thrives, suppose it shall continue to live a thousand, or even ten thousand years; it is none the less rotten at the core, its destruction is none the less sure, it is none the less a shadow which shall pass away. It is now falling; it has been falling through all the ages.

The grandest, the most important, the most spiritual, the

most difficult of all subjects to attain,—the light of the universe, the strength, the beauty, the glory,—is it objected, we have not defined truth? Even so. To define a thing, we must be able to bound it, must know it. But the first glimmer of light, though for so many ages travelling from the temple of truth toward us, has scarcely yet fallen upon our darkened vision; the spray from the swelling waters of the infinite sea of truth has scarcely yet touched the soles of our feet.

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#### ANALOGIES AND SUGGESTIONS FROM THINGS, BOOKS, AND MEN.

1. Do ideas flow quickly or sluggishly, according as the course of the blood is accelerated or retarded? It appears to me there is some relation between the temperament which prompts the legs to move with celerity, and that which incites a rushing of the thoughts. Yet slow people often think more efficaciously than any of our nimble spirits. Perhaps, while endeavoring to let our mental moderation be known, we shall sometimes need to compress a little the intensity of our physical earnestness. I was not long ago reflecting upon my impressions while visiting the Mint, in the orderly and symmetrical city of William Penn and his peculiar "friends." We were ushered into the room where the coins are stamped. The greatest neatness, and even brightness, were everywhere apparent. There was no visible indication of steam or other motive power, and, but for the massive polished beams and their order of arrangement, we needed not to infer that we were in the presence of an agent of great force. Presently a courteous official came in, with a box of the fresh white castings for quarters of a dollar. He placed one of these upon and beneath the dies, applied without apparent exertion the power generated in another

part of the establishment, and immediately presented the glittering coin for our inspection ; its hard metal beautifully and enduringly impressed. There had been no jarring, creaking, or clanking of machinery, (very little of which was visible, and that, as before said, massive and bright,) but the work was accomplished with the greatest apparent ease. The like process was continued several minutes, without the slightest irregularity. Ought we not to keep our forces hidden and hushed within ourselves, their effects and ultimate action alone being left visible to the world ? And then such order and comeliness ! such ease coupled with such accuracy and efficacy !

2. How reluctant we are to endure anything like restraint ! Yet what is there more advantageous, more facilitating for the immortal principle of life ? What is there to render men superior, if not this ? Society by various means prescribes limits for the inclinations of individuals, and all perceive the advantage of them ; yet, with no hinderance of momentary will but social and civil regulations, we should most certainly sink low in the scale of existence. Self-control is man's recognized prerogative, and, if he does not exercise as well as cherish his right in this particular, he cannot long preserve all the other privileges which have been granted to him. I have seen it asserted somewhere, (with what correctness I know not,) that the Chinese have statutes regulating even the diet of their several castes, by which stimulating food is prohibited according to the dignity of the rank into which an individual is born. The nobleman is compelled to maintain his superiority to the mass of men by the superior government of his desires and habits of life. It seems as if there was an amalgamation of political and ecclesiastical tyranny here of a rather reprehensible kind ; but where men and women are beyond the reach of such assumed authority, they need not likewise bar themselves from all benefit of the knowledge upon which it has been founded. Many a similar untenable superstructure has been

set upon a base which cannot be removed; and we know that truth is indestructible, however it may be misused. Our highest Exemplar in the conduct of life inculcated self-denial as a personal necessity for every one, in order that each may secure for himself or herself the greatest amount of enjoyment, and at the same time promote the highest universal good of society. It is by following this transcendent pattern of divine humanity, that we come to recognize the one straight or strait path toward nobleness, honor, peace, and eternal influence and significance.

3. A habit of readiness to excuse ourselves is highly pernicious. I would recommend a friend of mine to cherish something of disdain against offering an apology under ordinary circumstances. A person frequently beheld in the attitude of begging to be forgiven for such or such a cause, must become contemptible even to the most Christian judges and beholders. Let us make known our disposition to perform our allotted services faithfully, rather by the frequency of our noble achievements than by repeated excuses; we shall then obtain the love and admiration of the world, instead of its commiseration, ever attended with a seasoning of scorn; and when failure befalls us, the same world will be readier to invent excuses *for*, than to require them *from*, the delinquent one. He, however, who cannot set himself above making apologies, has plenty of need for them; and that they be effectual rather than numerous.

4. The idea occurs to me, that, as a steam-vessel increases its power and speed, an increase of care and skill becomes essential for safety. Is not man, as he rises and expands his interests and influence in society, similar to the vessel thus accelerating its progress? Is not a wealthy, talented, and popular senior somewhat like a ship under full sail? Yet some of our young adventurers appear to regard the government of their career by any other than the rudder of desire, as quite too spiritless for them. While they avoid the rocks and shoals perceptible immediately around their prows, they are averse

to giving themselves any further concern, except for the acquisition or more effectual application of a greater amount of driving power. Would it not be well for them to become more familiar with their bark, and its means of avoiding sudden and unforeseen dangers, before pressing their steam to its full capacity, or before the winds are high? Remember there can be no perfect chart of that sea; we are all discoverers there. The experience of past navigators must always be of great service to those who follow in the same direction, but the actual condition of things will no longer be the same. Courage without caution only increases the peril, and headlong presumption will assuredly meet disaster.

5. Reading has suggested to me before now that a single day in some lives is often of great importance to the world, and a question arises whether we may not all make the days of our lives of more value to others, more estimable than they now are. Can we not all find a sufficiency of important affairs to transact between the rising and the setting of every sun, or between our own daily rising from inactivity and sinking to repose, if we studiously, earnestly, systematically, and energetically apply ourselves to the calling by which we are led? Let us proceed to work every morning, resolved, like a wise monarch, to effect all we can for the general good, in whatever affairs come before us, and there will be majesty in our lives surpassing that of many a foolish king. There is for every one a personal dominion in goodness, and in an excellent character there is power superior to the force of arms. If we maintain these, we shall be rulers indeed, however lowly our situation and however obscure our condition; we shall neither live idly nor in vain, neither uselessly nor despicably; nor shall we remain in doubt concerning the value of our single days.

6. Mere observers are fond of activity, however disinclined toward promoting it in person; habitual consumers of the productions of others, they are content with enjoying the sight of this also, without contributing in the least

toward increasing it by their own exertions. Such idle folks are sometimes loud in complaints of the dulness of suburban localities and the rural districts into which they occasionally resort. The absence of positive life has little attraction for their negative immobility. Might not the physician render this fact serviceable in his treatment of certain hypochondriacal dispositions? How would it serve to strain up ennui to such a degree as to cause its rupture by revolt,— to place the determined slothful repiner in a situation as lifeless as himself, until from the very excess of weariness he would seek relief in work? This unhealthy predisposition for indolence does not seem natural, when we regard the liveliness of childhood and the impatient energy of a vigorous and happy youth. Why is it that young men sometimes break away from the quietude and regularity, or monotony, of a tender father's home? Is it not because their exuberance of animation demands more congenial circumstances,— because a state of repose is not compatible with their native impulses and yearnings? Has it been sufficiently the aim of social authority to provide for this requirement of the young,— this necessity for pleasing, exhilarating, and invigorating exercise of both mental and physical force?

7. I frequently discover myself exclaiming mentally, "What an unworthy thought!" and truly, upon reflection, the idea which had excited this consciousness of an ignoble indulgence of the imagination was indeed unworthy of a rational being. These moods of melancholy reverie have sometimes irritated me so much, that I have endeavored to discover some method by which I might attain the mastery of similar vicious inclinations. I find little resentments and almost causeless acerbities creeping into the mind while consciousness is off its guard, and that the latter, when it discovers the intruders, is rather earnest in its calls upon the nobler principles or agents of self-government to turn them out. But soon, upon the restoration of

tedious quietude, the subtle enemies come slyly flocking back. How shall we manage to keep them aloof, distant? No doubt we might find assistance in this by always having a store of worthy subjects of meditation, with some one of which we may occupy ourselves at warning, and by adhering closely to the maxim, "Think no evil." When harassed by petty resentment towards a neighbor, we may well ask ourselves, not only whether we have time for thinking upon such an unworthy person, but also whether we are enjoying life as well as we might,— and whether there is not on this occasion something within ourselves deserving as much reprobation as we are bestowing upon others. I have somewhere seen some remarks upon watching the germs of our conduct, and making perfect purity of motives and desires, instead of future happiness, as generally sought, the leading purpose of our lives; and it has appeared to me that, by blending these two ideas, the pursuit of happiness and the striving for purity, we might be led to adopt as a governing principle or motto some such rule as this,— *True happiness is a consequence of progressive purity.* If we were thus persuaded, although constituted in such a manner that happiness must be the paramount object of our lives, by recognizing virtue as the surest road to that happiness, we should be induced naturally, if true to ourselves, to love purity more than prosperity; or, perhaps I might say, in proportion to the fervency of our desires. We should come to live within ourselves, and find our chief delight in watching and warding our personal welfare in spiritual relations, as we now do in concerns of a physical and material bearing. We should remain no longer strangers to the fact, that there is a sanity of the spirit, as well as soundness of the body and the mind.

8. A high moral purpose is often the cause of an effective life, although that life be short; and it seems well for us to determine within ourselves for what object we will live and endeavor. The universal aim is evidently personal advan-

tage or aggrandizement,—the promotion of our personal comfort, competence, influence, and honor. Being universal, this must be natural, and therefore commendable; but within this rather indefinite grand purpose lies the particular object by which we aim to arrive at the elysian result, and it concerns us vastly what this secondary or intermediary purpose is,—since according to its worthiness, its appreciable and continuing importance, we shall be incited towards attaining it. What, then, is the purpose of our lives?—setting out of sight the ultimate reward which we expect to receive in proportion to our success. “Seek first the kingdom (state) of heaven (pure happiness), and all things shall be added thereunto.” Spiritual excellence is the nucleus toward which we should direct our efforts, in order to make sure of attaining that material happiness for which we are each and all expending our utmost exertions. Let us learn to live within ourselves as fully, as nobly, as beautifully, and as calmly contented, as we can, and we shall find the ills of our human existence very essentially diminished: Seek first the complaisance of the world, the men and women around you, and you will probably be stripped of everything else which is really valuable. Serve Goodness, your own and others’ permanent benefit; labor for this, play for it,—whatsoever you do, do all for the glory of it, for the coming of that state of Good upon the earth, visible, cognoscible, and indestructible,—and you will enjoy a sweeter and more thrilling, as well as more enduring felicity, than the mere self-aggrandizer can conceive of; and, besides this general satisfaction, there will not be lacking the noble reward for contributing to the general happiness and advancement of the race, the whole race of man. Submit not yourself as a slave to the opinions of your fellow-men,—fellows in weakness, blindness, error, and uncertainty,—but, remaining ever steadfast in good, prove yourself your own sincere, just, and faithful friend, profiting ever by the experience of ages and the illustrious examples of the happy and the just.

9. When mankind, instead of being so thoroughly absorbed in seeking a name and station, wealth and literary or political renown, shall strive to attain distinction for their social qualifications,—shall make excellence in the personal conduct of their lives their great aim,—it seems to me there must not only be far fewer noble spirits bowed by disappointment, and worn into early graves by unnatural exertions, and into something of contempt by the unnatural means adopted for securing, or rather of obtaining applause, but also a far greater amount of acknowledged nobleness abroad in open daylight,—a far loftier personal bearing common among living and acting men and women,—a greater and more frequent deserving of honorable mention before coming generations, and very much more reliance upon the certainty that the kingdom of Good will come speedily upon the earth. How much worthier it is to live so that the goodness in men must reverence your life and conduct,—must love you and seek to preserve your story,—than to spend your days in accumulation, or even in framing beautiful sentiments in scarce less beautiful language, which, however they may tickle the ear and the imagination, will yet be powerless, in consequence of wanting heart, of being deficient in the weight and force of example! It was the *life* of Jesus Christ and his immediate followers which gave their teachings authority and imperishability.

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#### EVENING PETITIONS.

FATHER in heaven! Thy watchful love I claim,  
Thy free forgiveness for this day's deep sin;  
Not in my own, in Jesus' blessed name,  
I ask, and, asking thus, shall surely win.

O Father! will the shadows always stay?  
Will every day, like this, with sin be stained?

O, bid me go rejoicing on my way,  
To find, each night, a nobler height attained !

When shall this heart, so cold and thankless now,  
Be full of eager love, my God, to thee ?  
When shall I wear, resplendent on my brow,  
The seal that shows thou hast adopted me ?

O, never, never ! while my faithless soul  
Is deaf to Christ's sweet promises of aid !  
For over me must floods of anguish roll,  
And round me close despair's relentless shade,

Before this self-sufficient heart of mine,  
With all its weight of sin and weariness,  
Will learn to yield its stubborn will to thine,  
And humbly its own helplessness confess.

Be it by hours of bitter agony,  
By storms that darken all my joys on earth, —  
But wake me from this deathly lethargy,  
And let me find the glorious second-birth.

O, fill me with the spirit of the cross !  
Let me go forth to conquer evermore, —  
To walk, despising shame and pain and loss,  
Wherever my Redeemer trod before !

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One more competitor for life's bright crown,  
One more aspirant after holiness, —  
See, Lord, before thee humbly kneeling down,  
Waiting for thee to strengthen and to bless.

Send me not forth alone, to run the race,  
For there are dangers only Thou canst see ;  
And there are foes I should not dare to face,  
If thy dear hand were not upholding me.

O, then "abide in me," my blessed Lord,  
And "I in thee"; — so shall I see the throne,  
And gain, as my "exceeding great reward,"  
A home where I shall know as I am known.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

As the past rises to my remembrance, there is no period of my life that I look back upon with such unmixed pleasure, as the hour in which I decided to become a Sunday-school teacher. I had read, with deep interest, what the founder of the institution, across the Atlantic, had done for the wretched and degraded in his own country, in his endeavors to bring them, on the day of rest, within the pale of civilization, and to make them feel, in the development of their higher powers, that vice was indeed loathsome, and that the wages of sin is death. I felt that there was a moral grandeur in his efforts, a stirring of the divinity within, which made him overlook the outward incrustations of poverty and wretchedness, and see in the most degraded the image of God, as the sculptor's eye beholds the form of beauty in the unwrought marble. And though the great movement made in our own country had passed away before my remembrance, yet the agitators of it were still among us, and with a holy fervor upon their lips they spake of the time when the churches throughout our country awoke, as from the sleep of ages, and with one voice asked, Have we obeyed the command which the Saviour gave the Apostle, just before his death? Have we fed the lambs of his fold? These considerations, combining with others, induced me to become a teacher in that school, the founder of which was one of the first of our New England clergy who felt that, in order to a true Christian culture, the tendencies of the child should be rightly directed, and his powers unfold in the clear sunlight of religious truth. In the carrying out of these views, in the formation of a Sunday school, our pastor found sympathy and support in one, who, endued with the spirit of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, felt that there was no institution of more vital importance than that which lent its aid to develop the spiritual

faculties of the child, to train its opening affections to a love of truth, and thereby to fasten them upon the God of truth. There, in that school, small in numbers, yet strong in heart, the question was answered, whether there were others, besides the established ministry, who were willing to devote a portion of the Sabbath to the religious instruction of the young,—to the building up of the Church of Christ,—to the moral renovation of the world. There, the devoted teacher, though on a lower platform, was considered as having the same mission with him who was ordained as a minister of God, to make known his revealed will, and to be the dispenser of spiritual truth to those sitting in darkness. The great work being now commenced, the teacher and the pupil soon found out that the relation in which they stood to each other was a holy relation, one of trust and dependence on the part of the child, of Christian zeal and disinterestedness on the part of the teacher.

Scarcely had success crowned the efforts of him who presided over this little community, scarcely had the school been organized, and gone into active operation, before his great Master called *him* from his post of duty here, to a higher service in that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But this tree of life was planted by still waters, and, though the tempest swept by, it was unshaken ; it has been a tree of life to many, — an unfailing support in temptation and trial. O, may its leaves fail not, but be in coming generations for the healing of the nation !

So it has been, once and again, in this school for Christian nurture. They whose strong arm seemed necessary for the support of the ark of the Lord have been removed, yet the ark has been upheld by the sustaining power of God. There was one who for more than a quarter of a century was a devoted laborer in this very vineyard. Early and late he toiled, and with a strong heart and a cheerful spirit he broke up the fallow ground, planted the good seed, and when, deep in the earth, it had struck its roots, with his own

hand he raised the drooping leaves, that the dews might refresh them, and heaven's sunlight call out their hidden energies. But he is gone from among us; we hear no more his fervent prayer, that blessings from on high might descend upon teacher and pupil; his ministry has ceased, his battle of life is over, and he hath entered into the joy of his Lord.

Though the religious education of the pupil is the definite object of Sunday-school instruction, yet every faithful teacher will ultimately find that there is a reflex good,—that, in aiding others to develop their religious natures, his own spiritual tendencies have been quickened,—that, in strengthening the faith of others, his own trust in God has been confirmed. There must be a hidden life in Christ, there must be a just appreciation of the Saviour's ministry on earth in the teacher's own soul, before he can quicken into life the spiritual germ in the heart of the child. It must be reflected light which illuminates the dark places in the soul of him who looks to us for counsel and guidance, and which reveals to us *his* hidden elements of goodness.

I remember a passing remark once made to me by a clergyman, that he should consider it an inestimable gratification were he a Sunday-school teacher, if, as the pupils who had been under his care came forward into life, they took their stand as devoted Christians, and sustained with fidelity the trusts reposed in them. But should the teacher, if those who have been under his charge become baptized into the spirit of Christ, take home the flattering unction to his own soul, that he has been the means of quickening into life their vital energies, that he has awakened the deep glow of religious feelings in their hearts? May not other influences have been at work?—may not the Spirit of God have so striven with them in their lonely hours of thought, that they have firmly resolved to tread henceforth in the footsteps of their great Exemplar? These thoughts were forced home

upon me as I visited, not long after the remark was made, the couch of languor and sickness of one who for many years had been to me a very interesting pupil, by the whole-heartedness with which she entered into the work of spiritual culture. Constant, before her sickness, in her attendance at school, and devoted to its duties while there, it seemed, indeed, as if the dews of heavenly grace descended upon her. But she was now prostrated by disease; that disease so delusive, so fatal to the young, was severing the chord of life, and now, in the shadow of the grave, she was ripening for that better land which had been to her for many years the home of her soul. Her mother told me, that from earliest childhood she had been in habits of daily prayer, that her religious tendencies were early developed, and that, like the prophet of old, it had been her earnest desire to be early found in the temple of the Lord. As I gazed upon her brow, radiant with the light of Christianity, and saw with what calmness she was resigning the joys of a mortal existence, though life was opening bright upon her, I felt that her spirit had been touched with a coal from God's own altar, before as a Sunday scholar she had been confided to my care. In that chamber of death, the teacher became the pupil; beside that couch of pain, many a deeper lesson was read to me than I, in her days of health, had read to her. Now she is "calm on the bosom of her God," and her Christian trust and the devotedness of her life have, in the hearts of those who knew and loved her, deepened the conviction that there is a reality in spiritual things. Since then, death's icy touch has chilled the current of life in the veins of two who from beneath my care had entered upon the duties and responsibilities of life. To each earth had rich gifts to offer,—their hopes were bright, their fountains of enjoyment full,—yet they "heard the bridegroom's voice," and entered with joy into the "marriage supper of the Lamb." Who shall say that a Sunday-school teacher's duties are arduous?—that he needs encouragement? To

me it has been a blessed ministry,— it has opened to me the deepest fountains of happiness,— it has strengthened my trust in God, and connected me by new ties to that celestial country beyond the river of death.

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### THE TRUE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

[This discourse, taken from Dr. Bushnell's new volume, "Sermons for the New Life," furnishes a profound and practical answer to so many questions which are continually started by young, and even older Christians, that we transfer it entire to our pages. Were we merely wishing to make a selection, irrespective of thus meeting personal difficulties, we should hardly know which one of the whole twenty-three to take, and we cannot but hope this tone of their high quality will incline those of our readers who were not persuaded by our recent notice to procure and read them all.—ED.]

REVELATION ii. 4 :— "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

THERE are some texts of Scripture that suffer a much harder lot than any of the martyrs, because their martyrdom is perpetual ; and this I think is one of the number. Two classes appear to concur in destroying its dignity ; namely, the class who deem it a matter of cant to make anything of conversion, and the class who make religion itself a matter of cant, by seeing nothing in it but conversion.

My object, however, is not so much to balance these opposites, or even to recover the passage of Scripture that is lost between them ; but it is to clear the way of all Christian experience, by showing what it does and how it proceeds. There are many disciples of our time who, like the Ephesian disciples, are to be warmly commended for their intended fidelity, and are yet greatly troubled and depressed by what appears to be a real loss of ground in their piety. Christ knows their works, approves their patience, commends their withdrawing always from them that are evil ; testifies

for them that they have withstood false teachers, with a wary and circumspect fidelity, made sacrifices, labored and not fainted; and yet they are compelled to sigh over a certain subsidence of that pure sensibility and that high inspiration in which their discipleship began. The clearness of that hour is blurred, the fresh joy interspersed with dryness. Omissions of duty are discovered which they did not mean; they do not enjoy the sacrifices they make as they once did, and make them often in a legal, self-constrained manner. Rallying themselves to new struggles, as they frequently do, to retrieve their losses, they simply hurry on their own will, and therefore thrust themselves out of faith only the more rapidly. The danger is, at this Ephesian point of depression, that, not knowing what their change of phase really signifies, or under what conditions a real progress in holy character is to be made, they will finally surrender, as to a doom of retrogradation too strong to be resisted. I design, if possible, to bring them help, calling their attention directly to these two points:—

I. *The relation of the first love, or the beginning of the Christian discipleship, to the subsequent life.*

II. *The relation of the subsequent life, including its apparent losses, to the beginning.*

What we call conversion is not a change distinctly traceable in the experience of all disciples, though it is and must be a realized fact in all. There are many that grew up out of their infancy, or childhood, in the grace of Christ, and remember no time when they began to love him. Even such, however, will commonly remember a time, when their love to God and divine things became a fact so fresh, so newly conscious, as to raise a doubt, whether it was not then for the first time kindled. In other cases there is no doubt of a beginning,— a real, conscious, definitely remembered beginning; a new turning to God, a fresh-born Christian love. The conversion to Christ is marked as distinctly as that of the Ephesian church, when coming over to Christ, from

their previous idolatry. The love is consciously first love, a new revelation of God in the soul ; a restored consciousness of God, a birth of joy and glorified song in the horizon of the soul's life, like that which burst into our sky when Jesus was born into the world. All things were new, — Christ was new, the word a new light, worship a new gift, the world a new realm of beauty shining in the brightness of its author : even the man himself was new to himself. Sin was gone, and fear also was gone with it. To love was his all, and he loved everything. The day dawned in joy, and the thoughts of the night were songs in his heart. Then how tender, how teachable ; in his conscience how true, in his works how dutiful ! It was the divine childhood, as it were, of his faith, and the beauty of childhood was in it. This was his first love, and if all do not remember any precise experience of the kind, they do, at least, remember what was so far resembled to this as to leave no important distinction.

I. What now is the import of such a state, what its relation to the subsequent life and character ?

It is not, I answer, what they assume, who conceive it to be only a new thought taken up by the subject himself, which he may as naturally drop the next moment, or may go on to cultivate till it is perfected in a character. It is more, a character begun, a divine fact accomplished, in which the subject is started on a new career of regenerated liberty in good. I answer again, that it is not any such thing as they assume it to be, who take it as a completed gift, which only needs to be held fast. It is less, far less than this. To God it is one of his beginnings, which he will carry on to perfection ; to the subject himself it is the dawn of his paradise, an experience that will stand behind him as an image of the glory to be revealed before, an ideal set up, in his beatitude, of that state in which his soul is to be perfected and to find its rest. In one view, indeed, it is a kind of perfect state,— a state resembled to innocence.

It is free, it is full of God, it is for the time without care. New-born, as it were, the spirit of a babe is in it. The consciousness of sin is, for a time, almost or quite suspended,—sin is washed away, the heart is clean. The eye is single, as a child's eye. The spirit is tender, as a child's spirit,—so ingenuous, so pure in its intentions, so simple in its love, that it even wears the grace of a heavenly childhood.

In this flowering state of beauty the soul discovers, and even has in its feeling the sense of perfection, and is thus awakened from within to the great ideal, in which its bliss is to be consummated. The perfection conceived too and set up as the mark of attainment, is something more than a form of grace to be hereafter realized. It is now realized, as far as it can be,—the very citizenship of the soul is changed; it has gone over into a new world, and is entered there into new relations. But it has not made acquaintance there; it scarcely knows how it came in, or how to stay, and the whole problem of the life-struggle is, to become established in what has before been initiated.

There is a certain analogy between this state, paradisically beautiful, pure, and clean, and that external paradise in which our human history began. What could be more lovely and blessed, what in a certain formal sense more perfect, than the upright, innocent, all-harmonious childhood of the first human pair? But it was beauty without strength, the ingenuous goodness of beings unacquainted with evil. A single breath of temptation is enough to sweep it all away. The only way to establish it is to lose it and regain it. Paradise lost and regained is not a conception only of the poet, but it is the grand world-problem of probation itself. No state of virtue is complete, however total the virtue, save as it is won by a conflict with evil, and fortified by the struggles of a resolute and even bitter experience. Somewhat in the same way, it is necessary that a Christian should fight out the conquest of his paradise, in order to be really established in it. There is no absolute necessity that he

should lose it, nor any such qualified necessity as there was that the first man should fall from his integrity ; for he is, by the supposition, one who has learned already the bitterness of evil, by a life thus far steeped in the gall of it. He has been outside of his paradise, to look on it from thence, as Adam had not. He has only not been inside long enough to thoroughly understand the place. He will commonly never be established in it, therefore, till he knows it more experimentally, and gets wonted in it. And yet there are a few, as I verily believe, who never go outside again, from the moment of their first entering, but stay within, unfolding all their life long, as flowers, in their paradise, — trustful, ductile, faithful, and therefore unfaltering in their steadfastness.

Still the probability that any one will continue in the clearness and freshness of his first love to God, suffering no apparent loss, falling into no disturbance or state of self-accusing doubt, is not great. And where the love is really not lost, it will commonly need to be conquered again, over and over, and wrought into the soul by a protracted and resolute warfare. The germ that was planted as impulse must be nourished by discipline. What was initiated as feeling must be matured by holy application, till it becomes one of the soul's own habits.

A mere glance at the new-born state of love discovers how incomplete and unreliable it is. Regarded in the mere form of feeling, it is all beauty and life. A halo of innocence rests upon it; and it seems a fresh-made creature, reeking in the dews of its first morning. But how strange a creature is it to itself, — waking to the discovery of its existence, bewildered by the mystery of existence. An angel as it were in feeling, it is yet a child in self-understanding. The sacred and pure feeling you may plainly see is environed by all manner of defects, weaknesses, and half-conquered mischiefs, just ready to roll back upon it and stifle its life. The really sublime feeling of rest and confidence into which it has come, you will see is backed, a little way off, by causes of

unrest, insufficiency, anxiousness, and fear. Questions numberless, scruples, fluctuating moods, bad thoughts, unmanageable doubts, emotions spent that cannot be restored by the will, novelty passing by and the excitements of novelty vanishing with it, — there is a whole army of secret invaders close at hand, and you may figure them all as peering in upon the soul, from their places of ambush, ready to make their assault. And what is worst of all, the confidence it has in the Spirit of God, and which, evenly held, would bear it triumphantly through, is itself unpractised, and is probably underlaid by a suppressed feeling of panic, lest he should some time take his leave capriciously. It certainly would not be strange, if the disciple, beset by so many defects and so little ripe in his experience, should seem for a while to lose ground, even while strenuously careful to maintain his fidelity. And then Christ will have somewhat against him. He will not judge him harshly, and charge it against him as a crime that has no mitigations ; it will only be a fatal impeachment of his discipleship, when he finally surrenders the struggle, and relapses into a prayerless and worldly life.

The significance, then, of the first love as related to the subsequent life, is twofold. In the first place, it is the birth of a new, supernatural, and divine consciousness in the soul, in which it is raised to another plane, and begins to live as from a new point. And secondly, it is so much of a reality, or fact realized, that it initiates, in the subject, experimentally, a conception of that rest, that fulness, and peace, and joyous purity, in which it will be the bliss and greatness of his eternity to be established. In both respects, it is the beginning of the end ; and yet, to carry the beginning over to the end, and give it there its due fulfilment, requires a large and varied trial of experience. The office and operation of this trial it now remains to exhibit as proposed.

II. In a consideration of the subsequent life, as related to the beginning, or first love. The real object of the subse-

quent life, as a struggle of experience, is to produce in wisdom what is there begotten as a feeling, or a new love; and thus to make a fixed state of that which was initiated only as a love. It is to convert a heavenly impulse into a heavenly habit. It is to raise the Christian childhood into a Christian manhood,—to make the first love a second or completed love; or, what is the same, to fulfil the first love, and give it a pervading fulness in the soul; such that the whole man, as a thinking, self-knowing, acting, choosing, tempted and temptable creature, shall coalesce with it, and be for ever rested, immovably grounded in it.

The paradise of first love is a germ, we may conceive, in the soul's feeling of the paradise to be fulfilled in its wisdom. And when the heavenly in feeling becomes the heavenly in choice, thought, judgment, and habit, so that the whole nature consents and rests in it as a known state, then is it fulfilled or completed. Then is the ideal awakened by the first love become a fact or attainment. See now, briefly, in what manner the experimental life works this fulfilment.

At first the disciple knows, we shall see, very little of himself, and still less how to carry himself so as to meet the new state of divine consciousness into which he is born. You may look upon him as literally a new, supernatural man; and just as a child has to learn the use of his own body, in handling, tasting, heaving, climbing, falling, running, so the new man learns, in the struggles of practical life, his own new nature,—how to work his thoughts, rule his passions, feed his wants, settle his choices, and clear his affections. Thus, at last, his whole nature becomes limber and quick to his love; so that the life he had in feeling, he can operate, express, fortify, and feed. At first, nothing cooperates in settled harmony with his new life; but, if he is faithful, he will learn how to make everything in him work with it, and assist the edifying of his soul in love.

A great point with him is the learning how to maintain his new supernatural relation of sonship and vital access to

God. Conscious of any loss, or apparent separation, he is likely, at first, to throw himself out of God's peace only the more completely, by the panic he indulges, and the violent throes he makes to re-establish himself. The feeling in which he is raised to a participation of God cannot instruct him how to maintain that participation, or to keep an open state of access. How to work his will, his inward suggestions and outward duties; how to shape his life and order his prayers, so as to set himself always before God, and command a ready approach, he knows, as yet, only by the guidance of his feeling. But the struggle of experience brings him into a growing acquaintance both with God and himself as related to God, removing in this manner his awkwardness, so that he is able to reject all false methods and all raw experiments, and address himself to God skilfully, as a friend will address a friend. He knows exactly how he must stand before God, to be one with him and abide in him. He comes into the secret of God easily, and, as it were, naturally, and receives the manifestation of God as one who lives in the adoption of a son.

In the same way, or by the same course of experience, he conceives more and more perfectly what is the true idea of character. At first, character is to him a mere feeling or impulse, a frame. Next, perhaps, it becomes a life of work and self-denial. Next a principle, nothing but a matter of principle. Next he conceives that it is something outwardly beautiful, a beautiful life. After a while, he discovers that he has been trying to mould what is spiritual by his mere natural taste, and forgotten the first love, as the animating life and divine principle of beauty. And so he draws himself on, by degrees, through all the variant phases of loss and self-criticism, to a more full and rounded conception of character, returning at last to that which lay in his first love. So that character is, at last, conceived as a life whose action, choice, thought, and expression are all animated and shaped by the spirit of holiness and divine beauty which

was first breathed into his feeling. Nothing is so difficult to settle as the conception of a perfect character ; nothing, at the same time, so necessary. And every faithful Christian will be conscious of a constantly progressive change, in his conception of what he is to be.

A very great point to be gained, by the struggle of experience, is to learn when one has a right to the state of confidence and rest. At first the disciple measures himself wholly by his feeling. If feeling changes, as it will and must at times, then he condemns himself, and, condemning himself perhaps without reason, he breaks his confidence toward God and stifles his peace. Then he is ready to die to get back his confidence, but not knowing how he lost it, he knows not where to find it. He had been at his business, and as that occupied his attention, it took off also somewhat of his feeling : charging this to the account of sin, and not to any want of experience in turning the mind so as to keep or recover its emotions, he put his conscience against him where it ought to have been his helper, and fell into the greater difficulty because he fell into mental confusion. Or perhaps he had played with his children, or he had talked in society about things not religious, in order to accommodate the circle he was in : this touched the delicate feeling of his soul ; and, as feeling does not reason nor judge, the wound was taken for admitted sin. On one occasion he did not give heed to some insignificant, or really absurd scruple. On another he declined some duty which really was no duty, and was better not to be done. In short, he was continually condemning and tormenting himself, and gratuitously forbidding himself all confidence toward God. But finally, after battering down his own confidence and stifling his love in this manner by self-discouragement for many years, he is corrected by God's Spirit and led into a discovery of himself and the world that is more just, ceases to condemn himself in that which he alloweth, so to allow himself in anything which he condemneth ; and now behold what a

morning it is for his love! His perturbed, anxious state is gone. God's smile is always upon him. His peace flows down upon him as a river from the throne. His first love returns, henceforth to abide and never depart. Everywhere it goes with him, into all the callings of industry and business, into social pleasures and recreations, bathing his soul as a divine element.

By a similar process he learns how to modulate and operate his will. On one side his soul was in the divine love. On the other he had his will. But how to work his will so as perfectly to suit his love, he at first did not know. He accordingly took his love into the care of his will; for assuredly he must do all that is possible to keep it alive. He thus deranged all right order and health within by his violent superintendence, battered down the joy he wished to keep, and could not understand what he should do more; for, as yet, all he had done seemed to be killing his love. He had not learned that love flows down only from God, who is its object, and cannot be manufactured within ourselves. But he discovers finally that it was first kindled by losing, for the time, his will. Understanding now that he is to lose his will in God's will, and abandon himself wholly to God, to rest in him and receive of his fulness,—finding too that will is only a form of self-seeking,—he makes a total loss of will, self, and all his sufficiency; whereupon the first love floods his nature again, and bathes him like a sea without a shore. And yet it will not be strange if he finds, within a year, that, as he once overacted his will in self-conduct, so now he is underacting it in quietism; that his love grows thin for want of energy, and, returning to his will again, he takes it up in God; dares to have plans and ends, and to be a person; wrestles with God and prevails with him; and so becomes, at last, a prince, acknowledged and crowned before him.

His thinking power undergoes a similar discipline. At first, he doubted much, doubted whether he had a right to

doubt, and whether he did doubt, and yet more how to get rid of his doubts. The clatter of his old, disordered, thinking nature began, ere long, to drown his love by the perpetual noise it made; old associations led in trains of evil suggestion, which, like armies of wrath, overran and desolated his soul. He attacked every one of them in turn, and that kept him thinking of the base things he wanted to forget. He discovers, at length, that all he can do is to fill his capacity with something better,—his mind with truth, his heart with God and faith, his hands with duty, and all with the holy enthusiasm of Christian hope; and then, since there is no room left for idle fancies and vain imaginations to enter, he is free, the torments of evil suggestion are shut away. The courses and currents of the soul are now cleared, and his thoughts, like couriers sent up through the empyrean, will return bringing visions of God and divine beauty to waken the pure first love and kindle its joyful flames.

At first he had a very perplexing war with his motives. He feared that his motive was selfish, and then he feared that his fear was selfish. He dug at himself so intently, to detect his selfishness, as to create the selfishness he feared. The complications of his heart were infinite, and he became confused in his attempt to untwist them. He blamed his love to God because he loved him for his goodness, and then tried to love him more without any thought of his goodness. He was so curious, in fact, to know his motives, that he knew nothing of them, and finally stifled his love in the effort to understand it, and act the critic over it. At length, after months or years it may be of desolation, he discovers, as he had never done before, that he was a child in his first love, and had a child's simplicity. And now he has learned simplicity by his trial! Falling now into that first simplicity, there to abide, because he knows it, the first love blooms again,—blooms as a flower, let us hope, that is never to wither. His motive is pure, because it is simple; and his eye, being single toward God, his whole body is full of light.

Thus far it is supposed, in all the illustrations given, that the new love kindled by the Spirit has to maintain itself, in company with great personal defects in the subject. These defects are a constant tendency in him to defections that correspond. Whenever he yields to them, he suffers a loss which is, in that case, a guilty or blamable loss. But he will sometimes be reduced or let down, simply because, or principally because, he has too little skill or insight to avoid it. And this reduction will sometimes go so far as to be a kind of subsidence out of the supernatural into the natural state. He is confused and lost, and his very love appears to be quite dead. God is hidden, as it were, behind a veil, and cannot be found. Duties kept up, as by the Ephesians, without liberty, yield no fruit of peace or blessing. And now, since it is not in the nature of a soul to stand empty and fight off evil, with no power left but a vacuum, it will not be strange if he lets in the world, grows light, covetous, ambitious, and has only a name to live. All this, in one view, is but the working of his defects. Doubtless he is blamable, in a degree, though not as he would be if he had no such defects to contend with. Christ has somewhat against him, looks on him as one made subject to vanity not willingly, or willingly in part, and waits to restore him. His very losses too will be a lesson of experience really invaluable. He has learned his defects by his failures, and the day is not far distant when the dryness of his present experience will create, in his heart, an irrepressible longing for the recovery of the ground he has lost. For there is yet, slumbering in his memory, the dim ideal of a first love to Christ. Around that ideal are gathered many distasteful recollections and associations; but there is a faint, sweet light of beauty in the centre. And now, as, in turn, the world itself palls, that faint spot of light remembered as the dawn of love to Christ will grow radiant and beam as a sun upon him. As a prodigal he will return; as a prodigal returning, be met a great way off, and welcomed by his for-

giving and rejoicing father. Now he is in his love as one instructed. His defects are corrected by his failures, and, by a common paradox of experience, supplemented by his losses; and so he is prepared to stand fast in his love. Sometimes a very dull and carnal, or capricious nature will go through this kind of bad experience more than once, and then will appear to be saved only so as by fire. But, more commonly, the time past of one such misery will suffice.

You perceive, in this review, how everything in the subsequent life of the disciple is designed of God to fulfil the first love. A great part of the struggle which we call experience, appears to operate exactly the other way; to confuse and stifle the first fire of the spirit. Still the process of God is contrived to bring us round, at last, to the simple state which we embraced, in feeling, and help us to embrace it in wisdom. Then the first love fills the whole nature, and the divine beauty of the child is perfected in the divine beauty of a vigorous and victorious manhood. The beginning is the beginning of the end, the end the child and fruit of the beginning.

I am well aware that some will be dissatisfied with a view of the Christian life that appears to anticipate so many turns and phases, and so much of losing experience. They will think it better to take a key-note that is lower, and start upon a level that can be maintained. Thus, if we say nothing of a conversion, or the high experience involved in that term, and commence a course of devout observances and church formalities; or if, taking a different method, we set ourselves to a careful and diligent self-culture, praying and worshipping as a part of the process, and for the sake of the effect, noting our defects, chastening our passions, cherishing our religious tastes and sentiments;—then, in one or the other of these methods, we may go steadily on, it will be imagined, clear of all fluctuations, maintaining an even, respectable, and dignified piety. Yes, undoubtedly we may,

and that for the very reason that we have no first love to lose, no fervors to be abated, and, in fact, no divine birth or experience at all. The piety commended is, in either case, a kind of stalagmite piety, built up from below, with the disadvantage of no drippings from above; a really cavernous formation, upon which the true light of day never shone. In some cases, the soul may pass over in this manner, imperceptibly, into some faint experience of God that is genuine; but the dignity it boasts is the dignity of a consistent poverty and ignorance of God, and nothing is more easy to be maintained. On the other hand, the very reason why there are so many phases, or seeming lapses, in Christian experience, is not because it is false, but oftener because it is genuine; because God has really dawned upon the soul's faith, and kindled a fire supernatural in its love. Hence, to settle it into this high relation, as a properly known relation, is often a work of much time and difficulty. The problem is neither more nor less than to learn the way of God, and come into practical acquaintance with him. And how can this be done without a large experience of defeat and disasters endlessly varied. How can a being so weak and ignorant, knowing, at first, almost nothing of the high relations into which he has come, learn to walk evenly with God, save as he is instructed by many waverings, reactions, irregularities, and throes of losing experience. Grazing in the pasture ground of a mere human culture, we might show more plausibly; but now we move irregularly, just because we are in a level where the experience of nature does not instruct us. We lose ground, fall out of place, subside and waver, just because we are after something transcendent, something above us; climbing up unto God, to rest our eternity in him, — a being whom, as yet, we do not sufficiently know, and whom to know is life eternal. Therefore we best like that kind of life which appears least plausible in present show, well understanding that, if nothing more were in hand than simply to maintain a level

march, on the footing of mere nature, there is no feeblest Christian, or even no-Christian, who could not do it triumphantly.

The fact then of a truly first love, the grand Christian fact of a spiritual conversion or regeneration, is no way obscured by the losing experiences that so often follow. On the contrary, its evidence is rather augmented by these irregularities and seeming defections. And, if it be more than nothing, then it is, of all mortal experiences, the chief; a change mysterious, tremendous, luminous, joyful, fearful, everything which a first contact of acquaintance with God can make it.

Where the transition to this state of divine consciousness, from a merely self-conscious life under sin, is inartificially made, and distorted by no mixtures of tumult from the subject's own eagerness, it is, in the birth, a kind of celestial state, like that of the glorified; clear, clean, peaceful, and full, wanting nothing but what, for the time, it does not know it wants,—the settled confidence, the practically instructed wisdom, the established and tried character, of the glorified. And yet all the better is it, imparadised in this glory, this first love, this regenerative life, this inward lifting of the soul's order, that a prize so transcendent is still, in a sense, to be won or fought out and gained as a victory. For life has now a meaning, and its work is great; as great, in fact, in the humblest walks and affairs as in the highest. And the more difficulties one has to encounter, within and without, the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be. The very troubles that others look on with pity, as if he had taken up a kind of piety more perilous and burdensome than was necessary, will be his fields of victory, and his course of life will be just as much happier as it is more consciously heroic. He has something great to live for, nay, something worthy even to die for, if he must,—that which makes it glorious to live, and not less glorious to die.

This war too is one, my brethren, as I verily believe, that, in all that is bitterest and most painful, may be effectually carried and ended without waiting for the end of your life. The bitterness and painfulness are, in fact, nowhere, except in the losing or apparently losing experiences of which I have been speaking, and these may assuredly be surmounted. There is a standing above all sense of loss, a peace of God that cannot be shaken, a first love made second and final, into which you may come soon, if you are faithful, and in which you may abide. The doctrine of Wesley and his followers may be exaggerated, or partially misconceived; I think it is. They appear to hold that there is a kind of second conversion, higher than the first, which they imagine is complete sanctification. But it is, if I am right, neither more nor less than the point of the first love reached again, with the advantage of much wisdom or self-understanding brought back with it. The disciple is, for that reason, stronger, wider in volume, more able to abide or stand fast. But, if he is not strong enough, he will very certainly take another circuit, and perhaps another. Enough that there is hope,—that there is a state of profound liberty, assurance, and peace, which you may attain to, and in which you may abide. Indeed, the original love itself was but a foretaste in feeling, of that which you may achieve in wisdom; and you are to set that mark in your eye, expecting to emerge again, or to climb patiently up into a state of purity and fellowship closely resembled to that.

If, then, you have now become entangled, discouraged, darkened,—if you seem to have quite given over,—blame yourself, not in your infirmity, but only in your sin. See, if possible, exactly what and where your blame is, and let your repentances and confessions exactly cover it. Probably you did not fall consentingly, but you seem to have been thrown by your own distracted, half-illuminated mind. You struggled hard, and with so great self-exertion, not unlikely, that

you fell out of faith, and were even floored by your struggles themselves. You fanned the love so violently, that you rather blew out than kindled the flame. The harder you lifted, the deeper in mire you sunk. At last, you gave over with a sigh, and fell back as one quite spent. And now, it may be that you even look upon the whole subject of spiritual religion with a kind of dread. It wears a painful and distasteful look. And yet there is one bright spot in the retrospect; namely, the gentle, ingenuous, heavenly feeling, the peace, the cleanliness, the fulness of heart, the liberty in God and his love, the luminous, inward glory; and, if you could see nothing else but this, how attractive the remembered blessedness would be! the more attractive for the emptiness you have since experienced, and the general distaste of the world, which so often afflicts you. Nay, with all the disrespect you may possibly put on this former experience, it is precisely this, and the opening of your higher nature in it, that makes a great part of the distaste you now suffer toward the world. What a call then have you in this joy remembered! And God indorses it, offering to seal all this upon you, and more. He blames you not for anything unavoidable; he only blames you for your letting go of Him, and your final surrender of the struggle. This he waits to forgive. He will do more; he will even make what is blamable in your sad loss and defection turn to your account. Can you ask encouragement to a new effort better than this? Come back then, O thou prodigal, to thy Father! Quit thy sad folly and emptiness, thy reproaches of soul, thy diseased longings, and thy restless sighs. Return again to thy God, and give thyself to him, in a final and last sacrifice. Ask the restored revelation. Conquer again, as Christ will help you, the original love, in that to abide and rest.

## THE CROSS AND CROWN.

MAY-DAY was brightly dawning, and in its sunny ray  
 I saw a lovely child in glad and careless play ;  
 Fresh violets bloomed around her, and flowers on every side  
 Were springing forth to beauty in the warmth of the spring-tide.  
 Above her watched an angel, and to her side drew near ;  
 With voice of rarest sweetness he bade her have no fear ;  
 With gentle words of wisdom, words from the better land,  
 He stooped and placed a cross within the fair child's hand.

'T is glowing noon of summer ; the balmy, perfumed air  
 Is scented with the odors of gardens rich and rare :  
 Again I see that vision, the child to maiden grown,  
 The rosebuds of the spring-time to gorgeous beauty blown ;  
 Amidst this field of splendor the maiden looks more fair,  
 As she weaves the tinted glories within her flowing hair.  
 Again the angel whispers, what words I may not say ;  
 She lifts the cross up to her lips, the angel soars away.

The summer leaves have faded ; the autumn mists have come ;  
 The summer sun has vanished ; the sky is dim with gloom :  
 All crushed, and torn, and blighted, where the blasting storm swept by,  
 Is the glory of that garden, and the blossoms withered lie.  
 Amid the desolation, with calm and chastened grace,  
 The maid, now in womanhood, knelt down and hid her face ;  
 Though tears were softly falling, she, smiling, breathed a prayer,  
 And, as she slowly grasped her cross, I saw the angel there.

Spring, summer, and the autumn, all, all have passed away,  
 And the chilling winter cometh, in robes of sombre gray ;  
 But though no flowers or sunshine are on her pathway now,  
 And the snows of frosty age repose above her brow,  
 Methinks the face is sweeter, and lovelier, and more fair,  
 Upon the sainted woman, than the child or maiden rare.  
 Her hands she foldeth meekly, her cross she layeth down,  
 And the angel bears her upward to wear her golden crown.

C. H. J.

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNINGS.

"Heaven's gates are open, when the world's are shut."

THIS existence is a gift as glorious as it is incomprehensible ; and at times a sense of its mysterious greatness and sublimity presses upon the mind with overwhelming force. Though, at such moments, we may long to devote all our energies to solving the great problem of life, though the eager pursuits of the world, its wealth and its fashion and its honors, seem utterly unworthy the higher life of the soul, and even its necessary, daily duties and occupations distasteful to our highest perceptions, yet the tide of busy activity, which has been flowing steadily on for nearly six thousand years, will not stop for the aspirations of the most earnest soul. It is well that faculties so limited as ours should be confined to a comparatively narrow scope, by barriers beyond which the most restless cannot pass ; — for, though compelled to follow the practical routine of every-day life, distasteful in moments of enthusiasm, yet the wise God who has thus ordered and adapted the outward circumstances of our lives for the needful discipline of the soul, has also vouchsafed holy seasons, when we *may* partake of the heavenly manna for which we hunger, — when we are gently and forcibly reminded of that higher life, so easily forgotten amid the cares of this.

Every morning, before human industry has disturbed the prayerful silence, you may, if you will, hold close communion with these mysterious ministers, whose presence is never seen. You are looking on a world as bright and beautiful as when God said that "all was good," when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." There was no sin, then, to sadden its loveliness ; and even now, at this calm hour, sin slumbers. Treasure the lessons you shall learn ! you will need them, when the holy spell is broken, and the conflict of life again

presses upon you! Listen to the dreamy music of the waves,

“Kneeling upon the sloping sands  
As bends the human knee,”—

to the solemn murmur in the pines, the first sweet twitter in the brake; watch the graceful mists rising in volumes of purest incense to the stainless skies; see the bowed heads of the blossoms, weaving tiaras of diamond dew; look, how peacefully Earth slumbers in the light of day yet pure, and hear the beautiful strains she is singing in her sleep;— and the chorus of nature's thousand voices will chant the solemn words, “The Lord is in his holy temple,” while you, with “all the earth,” bend in silent prayer before Him!

Thoughts of the departed draw us still closer to the unseen world; thoughts of the *eternal* day which has dawned for *them*, and of whose glorious breaking this earthly morning is a faint, though beautiful emblem.

You know not what this day may bring forth; whether it will die, as it was born, amid blushes and smiles, or whether it will depart in tears; and you remember *life's* unclouded morning, when you began with such a hopeful spirit that eventful journey, which then seemed all flowers and light and music.

When the fall of twilight stills the world, remembrances of the departed will come again to bless you. As you watch the peaceful radiance slowly fading in the west, you will think how gently closed the pilgrimage of those who have “gone before,”— how like childhood's look in sleep was the light of life's calm sunset,— how quietly the shadow of death stole on; but you cannot picture the glad awaking, when the shadow passed! You only know that no night is there; you are sure, that, though unseen, those loved ones still are near, and “almost think you gaze through opening vistas into heaven.”

Music, too, that “moves us, though we know not why,” seems sometimes to bear us, weak and trembling as we are,

beyond this dim existence. The low, perpetual hymn that nature sings, the cheerful melody of a child's simple song,—the wild, passionate strains of the old masters, when they sang of human woe,—their majestic anthems when God's praises formed their theme,—those lofty harmonies that wake emotions too vast, too holy for us here,—those quiet, exquisite strains, sweet as we think a child-angel's voice must be, in its softest utterance sublime,—this mysterious power sweeps aside the veil that hides the sphere of the invisible, shuts the gates of the world behind us, and opens the shining doors.

The sacred tranquillity of the Sabbath, again, leaves the soul free to soar whither it will. The solemn sweetness of the church bells, the silence of the assembled worshippers, the voice of singing, so moving always, the earnest words of prayer, the holy evangel of the blessed Saviour,—all these remind us of those who are singing,

“Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end”;

and where, perhaps, Gabriel leads the multitude of the redeemed in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Have you seen your home growing desolate, as the Great Reaper took from thence some blossom, pure and beautiful enough for the Lord of Paradise, or some ear of bending grain, ripened for the heavenly garner? You can remember “tones whose melody is hushed for ever,” can recall the agony with which the last faint hope was yielded up, the chill which fell on your heart when the golden bowl was broken, the silver cord loosed,—when the dust returned to dust, and the soul you loved to the God who gave it! How little attraction did this life have for you, as you stood by the dying! As you watched the ebbing tide, as you breathlessly listened for the last “God bless you!”—as you felt the Saviour's sustaining love and presence, and stood with him on the ascension mount,—you were granted a

look beyond the veil ; the gates of the world were shut, but you gazed through the opened portals of heaven.

Quiet Sabbath afternoons, when the holy rites of the day are ended, and the golden light falls slantingly on the grass, something within draws us to visit those spots, so green in memory, where “the weary are at rest.” We love to think that, though we must still strive, and weep on, God has wiped all tears from their eyes ; that, while we place earth’s fragile blossoms on their peaceful graves, *they* are gathering the sweet, immortal flowers, that blossom where

“ There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any sinning, nor any dying.”

The harassing toils of the world are all forgotten, its gates are firmly shut; but the grave, with the Bow of Promise and of Love spanning its dark portals, and the sublime twilight of mystery and revelation brooding over it, becomes to us the open gate of heaven.

Everything that fills the soul with exalted emotions, every scene that calls the heart’s best affections into play,—music, poetry, beauty, love,—all there is of good in the world, in this life, is but a type of what is infinitely better in another !

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#### THE EXPULSIVE POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE:—

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—As an incidental subject of my sermon has been already the cause of so much remark, and as here is a principle so evidently recognized to lie at the foundation of the regenerate life, I have thought that a few further remarks, of an explanatory nature, might be both interesting and profitable to many of your readers. I hope, therefore, you will allow me the privilege of stating, myself,

precisely what is meant, and what the state of the case is, in regard to so important a principle. Let us have, as Swedenborg would say, "a clearing up of truth upon it."

In the first place, let us state what seems to be the real pith and point of the matter in question. It is concerning the origin, means of introduction, nature, and power of the new affection of the regenerate life. Surely, the very practicality of the subject should invite serious attention to its philosophy. No one has any question that there *is* such a principle,—a principle of love to the Lord and the neighbor, of the eternal Goodness and Truth for its own sake,—which comes in to take the place of the love of self and the world, and which is powerfully and thoroughly operative. But *how* does it come, and *how* does it operate? Has it any expulsive power at all, to remove and cast out the previous affection? or does the old affection, self-love and love of the world, with all their evils, have to be removed by some other power first, before the new affection can in any wise be introduced, and begin to operate? Or in other words, do these evils have to be *gradually* removed, little by little, to make room for their opposite goods, and is that the sole, exclusive condition of the admission of the new principle? If so, by what power are these evils first removed?

Here we are, face to face with a primal, practical principle of the New Church theology. And it is most true, most worthy of all acceptance, that *to shun evils as sins against God*, and to be first convinced that they are sins, by the *Truth* of God so declaring, is the grand highway to all practical, thoroughly operative Christianity. For man in his present state is so blinded by his own corruptions, that he does not recognize even the *law* of God until it is revealed; he may have some natural convictions of it, but it is not fully apparent to him; he knows not his own state; he knows not what good is, nor what truth is, nor what his own evils are. He does not even feel them as sins. He may, I say, have some natural conviction of it, but before regeneration, or be-

fore the commencement of it, he feels his evils for the most part, if he feels them at all, as *inconveniences*, as annoyances, and the procuring cause of many sufferings. For this reason, he may desire to rid himself of them ; but until he feels them as *sins against God*, he is not in the way to acquire that *love of God* which is the great moving spring of the regeneration. He must acknowledge God, and be obedient to him. First comes the principle of duty. “The *fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*” We presume all Christians will assent to this ; but to stop here is to stop far short of the great attainment. We want the new affection. Man *loves* his evils ; we want him to love God, or to love their opposite goods as from God,—to realize such an affection for the Lord and the neighbor as shall overcome and displace every other affection, and all the evils which grow out of them. How shall it be obtained ?

It is pronounced by many New Church believers to be an *absurdity* to expect or strive for a new affection before the old one is destroyed. How *can* a man come to a love of good, while he is in the love of evil ? Must not the evil be first removed ? And must not *truth* do this, teaching the man first, that evil is sin, that God has prohibited it ? Then, after the evil is renounced and gone, or as fast as it goes, good may come in and take its place. For, be it known, for the clearer apprehension of this subject, that evils and falses are spiritual *substances*, organized into deformity in the human soul, and goods and truths are also substances from the great Divine Essence itself. And so we may consider this subject by a light equal to the perceived operation of principles in material nature. This whole matter of spiritual movement is reduced to the simple principle, that two things, especially two opposite and different things, cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Why, then, talk about the *expulsive power of a new affection* ? Must not the evil go out before the good *can* come in ?

Most assuredly it must. But *something* must expel it ;

what is it? *Truth*, says my good friend, the Swedenborgian. Let divine truth first come and convince a man that he *is* in evil, that he is a sinner against God, and then let him shun that evil as sin, and *then* the opposite good may come flowing in to take its place.

And most readily do we assent to all this very apparent and very practical truth. But how is a man to see and acknowledge that truth? Has he a divine faculty for discerning it, independently of any good? Imagine him with no good at all in his nature, and then present divine truth to him, and do you think he could see it? "O fools, and slow of *heart* to believe"; — "With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness"; — "*Love* believeth all things"; — "O ye simple, understand wisdom; and ye fools, be of an understanding *heart*." And so on to the end of the chapter. What do you suppose truth is addressed to? — to a cold, dead, solitary, and exclusive understanding? How does that understanding live in its very first life, concealed and hidden though it may be? Is not truth the very *form* of good, the way in which it manifests itself? And can it by any possibility exist without it? And what is it that first causes a man to aspire to be rid of his evils, that enables him to loathe them as sins at all? Is it not a yearning, a desire after some higher good? If he shuns evils as sins against God, he shuns them as sins against *Good*, I am thinking. Does he think of God as all Truth, — an infinite Man of Snow, — a Judge and Executioner, with mailed coat, and a rod of iron in his hand, who gives out his commands, and reveals his truths, without being moved by any Love or Good, and without expecting any sense of that good in man? And again, why are evils sins? Not because God arbitrarily prohibits them; not because of power and authority merely; — he only prohibits them because the infinite order of the Divine Goodness sees them to be inconsistent with the good of man. Man cannot see this so fully as he needs, and as he one day will, and so God in mercy con-

descends to reveal it as truth. And because man cannot *comprehend* that truth, or the reason of it, that reason does not frequently appear. Hence it is so often a mere list of commands and prohibitions. To the Jews more especially so; to the first Christians less so; and to the New Jerusalem still less so. But the New Jerusalem has hardly appeared yet. We have, for the most part, but the merest beginning of a New Church, — a most external institution, — composed very greatly of technical, memorizing, ecclesiastical Swedenborgians, and young beginners in spiritual things, who have never fully wrought the sublime truths made known by Swedenborg into their own rational minds, and who are grounded in very many mere appearances, and can split straws and hairs, and wield technical phrases, till charity is nearly all extinguished, and the expulsive power of a new affection denied outright to the Church! Rejected and disowned as “a modified form of Calvinism”! “Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.” Even the unity and brotherly love so anxiously sought to be upheld by the Professor, suffering in its very heart from ecclesiastical strife and contention, so that there never was a time when so much division existed in the Church as at this very day.

To return from this digression, evils are sins, I say, not by arbitrary command of God, nor from any other reason than that they are hostile to the interests of man, which is the *cause* of that command.

Now, if this is so, and if truth is only able to be received from a certain good in man which meets and welcomes it, and if it necessarily follows that to shun evils as sins against God, is to shun them in a measure as sins against Good, we are thus approaching the real truth of the matter. The truth is, *man never receives a single particle of truth without beginning with good*. Good is the inmost principle, invariably. It is indeed a lower form and degree of good which first comes into play, but there must be *some*

good, in order to make the truth receptive at all. There is what Swedenborg calls the "good of remains," in even the worst of men. This is what is ordinarily called natural good, but is distinct from it, and is implanted by the Lord from earliest infancy, and appears inborn with man. Now, the Lord flows into that good, and vivifies it by means of his truth, by which it is formed into a still higher good, becomes rational and willing, and passes on to the great consummation. I am not to indulge in technicalities here, for I am writing for people who do not understand them. But I say *some* good must exist to *begin* with, for man never did and never can receive one particle of real truth without it. And it is a huge *appearance* only, that we are regenerated primarily by truths. We are regenerated primarily by good. It is this which flows into truth, and makes that truth appear. It *appears to us* that truth is first and primary, because we do not become convinced of our evils as sins, until the truth shows them to us in this light. But that very truth, I say, originates in good; it is the form of the Divine Goodness itself; it flows into man and touches his good of remains, without which he never would be able to advance one step in the true life; and it goes on from one degree to another, till it finally becomes the very crown and perfection of the regenerate man, and of an angel in heaven.

It is, then, a *new affection of good* which is primarily and *really* the expulsive power against evil; it takes the form of truth in the soul, in various kinds and degrees; and thus it is, as originally expressed in the sermon, "*good with its truth,*" that penetrates to the most interior parts. It is Judah *with* Simeon, that is the very lion of the tribe, who goes up to fight the Canaanites, and drive them out of the land.

Why dispute and cavil about so very evident a principle? It is because men's minds are blinded. It is because they are more in truth than in good. It is thus they are deceived by appearances. The truth is, if I had supposed my little sermon was to have been subjected to all this microscopic criticism, I should have been plainer myself. I did not set

out to repeat the multiplication-table of Swedenborgianism. O the cramping, miserable tendency of this abiding in mere terms! I set out to do the plain work of my Master in saving souls. And God forgive me if I have made too prominent the holy affection of his undying love, or ascribed too much power to it. I shrink from a set of critics like these. I confess myself drawn away from them. I ask God to make me feel more of his love. And with the pious Watts,

“That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear all fears beside.”

It would seem, Sir, that the above is enough for the illustration of such a principle. But if it should still be asked which comes *first* in the operation of the new life, good or truth, I answer, neither, except apparently, and in degree. They both act simultaneously. Truth appears first in time, and is first in degree or amount, but good is *invariably* first in reality and in the order of importance; man can do nothing without it, cannot even get the first truth to deliver his soul from hell. But as there are those in the “New Church” at present who cannot see anything, or believe anything, or receive anything, unless it be nailed down with an extract from Swedenborg, here are a few clinchers from that admirable workman. I pray God they may be sanctified to the Church Universal.

“Faith, by which is also meant truth, is first in time, but charity, by which is also meant good, is first in end [or intention]; and that which is first in the end is actually first, because primary, *thus also first-born*; but that which is first in time is not first actually, but apparently. . . . . The good of charity is first in end; and this, because it is primary, is therefore *actually the first-begotten in the mind*.”

— T. C. R. 336.

“And I can aver, that there *does not exist a grain of truth*, which in itself is really truth, in man, *except so far as it proceeds from the good of love to the Lord*.” — A. E. 1317.

“When the time comes that man is capable of being regenerated, then the Lord inspires the affection of good, and thereby excites the things which were adjoined to that affection by him, which things are

called in the Word remains, and then, *by this affection, viz. the affection of good, he removes the affections of other loves successively, consequently also the things which were connected with them.*" — A. C. 3386.

How could the expulsive power of a new affection be taught more plainly?

"Man believes that he is reformed and regenerated by the truth of faith, but this is an appearance; he is reformed and regenerated by the good of faith, that is, by charity towards the neighbor and love to the Lord.—Man believes that truth gives to perceive what good is, because it teaches, but this is an appearance; *it is good which gives to truth to perceive*, for good is the soul or life of truth.—Man believes that truth introduces to good, when he lives according to the truth which he has learnt, *but it is good which flows into truth and introduces it to itself*.—Goods of life appear to man as the fruits of faith, but they are the fruits of charity; from these few cases it may be in some measure known what the appearances of truth are; such appearances are innumerable." — A. C. 3207.

These extracts, Sir, are all-sufficient. They show that, though Swedenborg often spake according to appearances, in ascribing priority of operation to faith or truth, yet he was too profound a philosopher to leave the matter so; he invariably corrects himself, or corrects what appear to be superficial statements, and is sure to find bottom at last. And these things also show to us, that however we may speculate, however theorize, it is the living principle of the *Divine Goodness* which is first and primary in the regenerate life; and though it *appears* strongly that truth gives to man to perceive what good is, it is not in reality so. It is a secret, undiscovered good, which, in the very worst of human states, flows into truth, or forms it in the man himself, aided by divine revelation, and introduces that good to itself,—lights it up in his own soul, and carries him on, by the aid of that light, to glory and salvation. Glory be to God on high, for his mercy and for his truth's sake! "for thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds."

Yours, fraternally,

WOODBURY M. FERNALD.

“OUR idlest words are more lasting than the earth, for by them our everlasting souls are the worse. And so for every good deed of ours the world will be the better always. Perhaps no day does a man walk down a street cheerfully, and like a child of God, without some passenger’s being brightened by his face, and catching from its look a something of religion, and what just saves him possibly from some wrong action. The stream of society is such, that often a pebble falling into it has altered its course. Many a little event has had in it what, in its unfolding, filled towns and countries, and men’s minds and ages. An ark of bulrushes fetched from among the flags of the hill was the saving of Moses, and the deliverance of the Israelites, and an event through which the Saviour of the world was born where he was. The way of thinking which Paul got as a youth influenced his way of viewing and arguing the Gospel as an Apostle of the Gentiles; so that when Saul of Tarsus was listening at the feet of Gamaliel, it was as though the whole Christian Church had sat there. One word of yours speaking to a boy this morning may root and thrive in his spirit, like good seed, and become what will bear fruit for a whole neighborhood, and perhaps for a nation, and for ages. I knew a mother, who died with her arms round her child, praying God to guard it. And now, along her son’s path, shining more and more as though unto perfect day, is to be seen what perhaps gladdens her with the certainty that the fervent prayer of her righteousness did avail him much. Duty reaches, in its effects, down ages, into eternity; and when a man goes about it resolutely, it seems as though his footsteps were echoing beyond the stars. When you are doing a good action, think that the light of it is to be seen in heaven.”

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

**EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.**

*The Cruise of the Betsey.* By HUGH MILLER, LL. D. Gould and Lincoln.—Perhaps, on the whole, there is no one European of our generation, the republication of whose works in this country has been the source of more substantial and wide-spread good than Hugh Miller. As successful attempts to popularize science, as noble specimens of a direct, simple, idiomatic English style, rising sometimes into a kind of sonorous and prophetic eloquence, as models of a reverent and believing union of intellect and Christian faith, they are almost above praise. These merits are only rarely qualified by the obtrusion of an untenable theory,—or some error in science, which will generally be found rather a mistake arising from the immature state of general discovery than any oversight of his own, and is seen to be an error only by the constant and rapid progress of geological and paleontological researches in our day,—as in the case of his doctrine of the succession of vegetable and animal fossils. The present volume is not less entertaining, and hardly less instructive, than those that have gone before. It combines adventure and philosophy, pleasantry and learning, vivid description and serious reflection, romance and religion, with singular felicity. It is a narrative of a summer ramble among the fossiliferous deposits of the Hebrides, and of ten thousand miles of travel among the fossil regions of Scotland. The publication is most seasonable, for reading on journeys and in the country. Let the book be found in all the cars, steamboats, hotels, arbors, watering-places, piazzas, and gardens,—displacing the trash that is so apt to make summer-reading a waste, or worse.

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at large, which this practical advice might forestall or remove. We have been surprised at the number of important details which the author has found room to bring to profitable notice within so small a space. A part of the counsel is as much needed by laymen and parishioners as by the clergy. And any one who wishes to make his pastor a cheap and useful present, can hardly make a better selection.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., EDITOR.

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On every side, and all through life, in the moral as well as in the natural world, we see the eternal problem of balances unsolved. We find everywhere among the human race, that the enjoyment of each particular good is liable to an apparently evil offset. Health is destroyed by sickness, weakness undermines strength, beauty is changed to deformity, ease is followed by anxiety and unrest, fulness by hunger, pleasure by pain, poverty overtakes wealth, life gives place to death ; or, to sum all these parts of a single whole in one, *sin* weighs itself with righteousness, and bates not a single grain in consideration of its quality.

Nor have men been slow to imitate what they could not reconcile, or in adding to the opposites of Nature and of Providence, for their own advantage, by the creation of false and unholy balances in political and social life, irrespective of the great fact, that we see not the whole or the end of those which God has established ; although we can see that these human scales are far different from his, in that they have a wholly selfish and no universal purpose. It being impossible that the value of a moral quality can be perceived by human minds without a knowledge of its opposite, good and evil are set before man, not that he should receive both, but that he should see clearly what *is* good, and what *is* evil, and be able to *choose* between them ; for without a knowledge of both, there could not possibly exist any active personal virtue. Man would be a passive recipient, merely incapable of merit, as of blame. Thus the moral balances of God have the evident design of developing the higher nature of man, by compelling him to an active participation in his own moral and spiritual growth ; but man's balances are mainly devised for the widely different purpose of trying how much wrong they may permit themselves to do, while professing to pay a decent regard to the obligations of right ; throwing out the good in their schemes as a kind of bow-anchor to secure the rest to their own purposes. No man repudiates good *as* good, but always as

something inconveniently interfering with that which he desires more, and which is incompatible with it; finding evil in the world, he has set himself to use it for what he imagines to be his own personal advantage, instead of assisting to extirpate it by the *simple process of disuse*. For it is undoubtedly true, that all the moral evil, and with this nearly all the physical, would disappear, if man himself did not perpetuate it, so that great part of the present existence of evil is certainly attributable to man, and not to God or Nature.

Where a single man, the ruler of a nation, exercises absolute power, being neither trammelled by neighboring sovereignties, nor by dangerous factions among his own subjects, he may administer the government upon a wholly good, or what seems to him a wholly good system; but where princes are subject to the influence of neighboring principalities, states are brought into contact with proximate states, or governors and the people governed are found to have nearly equal strength and intelligence, instead of absolute right, another and lower standard is soon found to prevail: there is always a manifest disposition to establish a system of offsets, or balances, and these are not always confined to the legitimate object of ascertaining and defining mutual rights, or shielding the necessary prerogatives of government. Not infrequently the political scales are turned by the admission of palpable wrongs to secure a coveted end; for so much advantage, an injustice is yielded; for the attainment of a favorite good principle, perhaps an absolutely bad one will be countenanced. Any easy, selfish compromise is preferred to a deliberate adherence to the absolutely *right*.

But political balances are sometimes merely preservative in their origin, as is that known in Europe as the "balance of power," which arose out of the natural instinct of self-preservation, when, by the union of the royal houses of Spain and Austria, all Europe was threatened with absorp-

tion under Charles V. Being conceived, however, for the sole benefit of sovereigns, not even contemplating the people as a make-weight in the scales, it would seem to have small claim on the regards of American statesmen, to whom it has proved, however, a powerful example and influence, and that not always for good. The whole theory of our federal compact recognizes this principle of the balance of power between the several States, as also in their connection with the central government, carefully guarding against the possibility of the large, rich, and populous States oppressing the smaller and weaker, and the federal government from oppressing all or any of them ; and if this was the sole result of the influence which the theory of political balances had exerted upon our national destiny, we might have been grateful for the legacy.

But a totally different note was struck than that of mutual safety, when, as an item in one of the scales which weighed out the separate parts of the federal compact, was placed a factitious voting population, as a convenient make-weight against the wealth and actual population in the other. For this was a balancing, not of unequal powers by the simple process of subtracting from the stronger and adding to the feeble, but it was throwing a *wrong* into one scale in the hope that it would weigh down the strength which is always found allied with right. It was not even an attempted adjustment of power with power, or even of two unequal wrongs ; but it was putting a bad moral principle into the political scales, for the sake of weighing down a material prosperity which could not be checked,—a kind of balancing which no arithmetic could ever really equalize. Yet from this original false adjustment, slight apparently as was its variation, and speedily as the political machinist supposed it might be remedied, has sprung a most unchristian and monstrous doctrine of a balance of interests, not for the protection of weakness against strength, not merely between wealth, population, and poverty, but between justice

and injustice, between liberty and slavery, between right and wrong. The latest petal of this poisonous flower opened to the light of day, during the late session of Congress, in the proposition to unite in a single bill the fate of a free and a slave State,—in the attempt to balance Minnesota against Kansas, presuming the former to be pre-ordained as a free State, and the latter as a slave State; in the assumption that it was an acknowledged and perfectly equitable thing for so much freedom to be weighed in the scale against so much slavery,—so much civilization and progress against so much barbarism and practical atheism. Even in Europe the theory of the balance of power could never have contemplated so great a crime, because the most absolute despotism there differs less in its quality from a constitutional government, than does the unparalleled despotism of Southern slavery from the large, almost unlimited liberty of Northern freedom. And yet we find a Senator advancing, and Congress listening, without surprise or indignation, to a proposal which inferentially places slavery on a permanent equality with liberty, treating the former as though it had as rightful claims to consideration and respect; thus, if not inaugurating, deliberately perpetuating the principle of balancing right with wrong, in the settlement of a geographical and political difficulty.

This is one of man's boasted balances, perfected and held up to view for the sanction and admiration of a nation by the legatees of eighteen centuries of Christian truth and Christian teachings!

Yet if the above-named system of adjustments is reasonable or justifiable, in political balancings, and when one species of wrong is its subject, why may it not be made a general rule of procedure? If a free State may be rightfully balanced by a slave State, why not a monogamist State by a polygamist, or any other good be weighed down by some chosen and delectable evil? And if the principle is good for governments, why not for smaller communities, and in

the arrangements of social life? Why should not the immoral and the violent be compounded with? Here are so many honest, sober-minded, excellent individuals, in a city or a township; shall not an equal number of vicious, godless villains find countenance and protection there too? Why not? There should surely be a due balance allowed between the right-doers and the wrong-doers, or the social fabric will totter to its fall!

But it is not alone in national concerns or in politics that this identical principle has found support by those in high authority. The constant practice of the corrupted Romish Church, for ages, had this for its basis; so much religion should be allowed, in the ecclesiastical scales, to outweigh so much irreligion,— a misdemeanor should be wiped away by an alms,— a favorite vice should be atoned for by the practice of a not distasteful virtue, and a life of sin and estrangement from God be fairly compensated by a penitent ending and a bequest to the Church. Such a balance of immoralities and miscalled religion has been defended in theory, and systematically practised, in almost every part of Christendom, at some period in the past; nor is it in all places yet obsolete. Is it strange, that, under such teachings, superstition should be more rapidly developed than morality or intelligent devotion, or that the darkness of those ages during which such a code of ethics was most prevalent should stand marked in chronology with the death-like gloom of the sepulchre? Such must ever be the result of attempting to subsidize evil by furnishing a supposed balance of good; yet there has ever been this tendency in man,— a disposition to compensate for wrong, rather than to abandon wrong. It is therefore perfectly natural, that the partially instructed, or the viciously inclined, should lean to such a system of compensations; for human nature, though ever so debased, possesses a latent, if not active feeling, which requires some satisfaction to be made for every violation of conscience. The selfish, sinful man is then only gratifying

another selfish instinct, when he purchases absolution for wrongs committed, by money, penance, prayers, or other substitutes for right-doing and real penitence of heart. This comprehensive balance-scheme of an ecclesiastical hierarchy is therefore calculated to meet some of the strongest instincts of human nature. It is no wonder that it succeeded so well, and for so long a period.

Self-pleasing, in some form, is the foundation of all sin. Will and passion are to be gratified, and then, though ever so disinclined to repentance and reformation, it not unfrequently happens that the poor, deceived heart makes some attempt at compensation. Hence it is not strange that theologians who justify such a system should still maintain an extensive hold upon mankind ; for so long as men can be persuaded that this kind of weight-and-measure religion will suffice for their salvation from future suffering, such teachers will find multitudes of followers.

But though the Romish Church presents us with the most complete theory and organized system of balances between right and wrong, the *practice* of similar inconsistencies is by no means confined to the adherents of any one church. Among Protestants of every shade and name, and of those who would recoil with horror at the most distant idea of being supposed to cherish Romish principles, there are many who nevertheless *live* Romanism in every thought and deed of their lives. Their whole moral life is a succession of most pitiful or impotent balances. They do wrong, because their perverted will and sensual natures importune them, and then they seek to restore the equilibrium of their lost integrity and purity by certain outward acts, which in the eye of the world, and to their own deadened consciences, bestow upon them the odor of sanctity,— without which they would feel unsafe and *therefore* unsatisfied. Now it matters little whether those who act under the influence of such principles are within or without the visible Church ; they are fatally deceived if they think *any* true virtue or true religion

can be thus shifted about, on and off, as if they were in their nature divisible things, sometimes attaching to the soul, which merely courts their supposed uses, and sometimes laid aside as encumbrances to self-gratification. Religion must be an integral element of the soul, or it is non-existent there. It is not in its nature separable from the character of which it forms any part; for true religion, where it exists at all, underlies everything else, and is the active, vital principle of the soul. If it be less than this to the mind or heart, it is not a true spiritual power at all, but only some spurious, convenient substitute for it.

Frederic II. of Prussia, as narrated by his English biographer, seems to have supposed that he had found a "royal road" to heaven by the practice of *one* virtue to the disregard of nearly all others. He was a man of many vices of temper, originating in intense selfishness, and, outside of certain military and kingly qualities, sometimes called virtues, had little in his character as a man or as a Christian (for a Christian he professed to be) worthy of commendation; yet possessing a constitutional self-control in one particular, he valued himself so excessively upon it, that, "when the clergyman who visited him just before his death earnestly exhorted him to repentance, and represented to him the various ways in which he had sinned, at the mention of each new transgression the king interrupted his spiritual adviser with the exclamation, "But I have never been unfaithful to the queen, and I hope on that account that God will forgive me for the rest." Thus blindly he endeavored to make a single virtue outweigh a life of violence and cruelty.

In mechanics, the art of balancing has attained to such perfection, that an instrument in possession of the Royal Society is made to turn with the addition of the ten-thousandth part of a grain; but there are no scales in the moral world by which we can add to, subtract from, or adjust, with a view to our own choice or convenience, moralities and duties, with a mathematical precision like this. And if we could, it would

only destroy the free spirit, which gives to the performance of any duty its moral value.

When a man once begins to balance his virtues and Christian duties, choosing which shall be considered of weight, and which shall be accounted as having none,—when he puts his avarice, his pleasure, his ambition, into the scales, and thinks to weigh them down with selected and assorted virtues,—his religion begins to wear an aspect poor and thin indeed. And yet how many professing Christians indulge in this sort of barter with their consciences! It is not an unheard-of thing, even in Protestant America, to purchase indulgences to sin for money, or to pay for vices with definite and understood penances. What else does that man do, who, by a deviation from the strict line of truth and honesty, secures a profit of thirty or forty per cent, when he would have been obliged to be satisfied with fifteen or twenty had he conscientiously preserved his integrity, and who then proceeds to satisfy the inward monitor by making a larger donation than usual to the poor-box, or subscribing more liberally for the support of public worship? Wherein does he differ *in principle* from the patrons of Tetzel, or any other trafficker in salable morality? Or when a young lady, who by habitual selfishness and ill-temper makes the home of which she ought to be the light and joy gloomy and uncomfortable to its inmates, and, in consequence, finds her Christian character questioned, and her Christian hope failing, in a fit of indolent remorse (which she will not be at the trouble to amend, and must therefore devise some atonement for) joins a "Charitable Circle," or takes a class in the Sabbath school, though she would not be troubled with the daily and *unnoticed* guidance of her younger relatives at home, she regains her confidence, and soon begins to think that she was mistaken in her fears, and that she is a very good Christian after all. Especially will she catch at this delusion, if her self-selected work has the appearance to others of involving a sacrifice, though in reality it is to *her*

only a necessary safety-valve. Does not the principle of plenary indulgence show plainly in this circumlocutory process of attempting to compensate for a wrong state of mind by *doing some special thing*, usually deemed a right and good thing, to excuse the labor of reining in the will and controlling the constitutional passions of the soul?

No, there can be no true submission to the will of God, no pure regard for duty, no realizing sense of the obligations of Providence, when the first and nearest duty is refused or passed by, while the undisciplined and wayward energies are all exhausted in reaching after something more distant, in the hope that it will prove more congenial. The whole theory of human compensations for sin is foreign to the spirit of Christian ethics; the only authorized compensations were annulled and repudiated when the Jewish ritual was superseded by the later revelations of God's will in Christ, and whoever is endeavoring to live upon a system of moral balances is still practising upon the cast-off theologies of preceding epochs, existing in a fossil, not a vital state;—the great moving principle of love must be dead in the heart, and all that is either done or omitted is but formal Judaizing. Love, the essence of religion, is too spontaneous an impulse to admit of balancings and calculations. Love, even human love, never bargains, never does one thing that it may secure the privilege of leaving another undone. Love offers all, and is still unsatisfied that its *all* is so small and inadequate, that it falls so far short of what it longs to do. When, therefore, the professing Christian finds himself questioning whether he may not omit a duty, or substitute one virtue for another, he may be sure that he is actuated by some other motive than love to God; and without love no nice adjustments of the moral scales, no balancings of religious duties, however carefully perfected in theory, or scrupulously adhered to in practice, will ever bring the soul into a living communion with its Maker, or prove incitements to a .. her and holier life.

E. V. S.

**SPACE FOR REPENTANCE NO REASON FOR DELAY.**

"**THERE** is no such word as 'too late,' not in the wide world, not in the universe. What, shall we, whose atom of time is but a figment out of an ever-present eternity, so long as we live, or even at life's ending, dare to cry out to the Eternal One, 'It is too late'?"

Blessed be "John Halifax" for those words! They utter a great truth, one that needs to be proclaimed and repeated till it shall fully penetrate every human heart. We have heard too much preaching of an opposite character, while this side of the question was lost sight of. The Christian hope is limited to the young, and to those who in youth yielded themselves to religious influences, while indifference in maturity or advanced years is regarded—as was once inebriety—as hopelessly incurable.

But is it so? Can it be that our probation, or the period allowed for choice as to whether our course shall be ever upward toward infinite purity or downward to perdition, is thus limited to the brief term of thirty or forty years, and nearly half of this irresponsible childhood! Does experience or reason justify this conclusion? How far the former might testify to its truth, it is impossible to ascertain, but certain it is there are very many exceptions. And how many whose thoughts have been in some degree turned heavenward may have been discouraged by this despairing view we know not.

It is generally found sufficiently difficult for those accustomed to a state of religious indifference to arouse themselves to active effort, to "turn from the evil of their ways and be converted," though every possible encouragement be held out to them. But when we say to them, It is barely possible by the most strenuous efforts something *may* be accomplished,—it is possible that, if you cease not to cry unto God day and night, he may hear you, but it is all very doubtful,—can we expect such language to have any other

effect than to confirm them in their present state? can we expect them to make an effort which requires all the stimulus of animated hope, and put forth all their strength for such a doubtful issue? "No!" they say, "we will rather go on as we are, gathering such flowers as may bloom along our pathway, fleeting though they be, than, passing them by, to strive for what is so evidently beyond our reach." This we think would be the natural influence of such teaching upon most minds, but are glad to know that there are some exceptions,—some who, not believing, were resolved to disprove it in their own cases, and have succeeded.

But what saith reason? We have already referred to the exceedingly narrow limits to which this view reduces our state of probation, usually regarded as threescore years and ten. But "the child is father of the man," says one, "and 'as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'" Very true. The child *is* father of the man, but the latter is not therefore necessarily entirely like the former, though resembling him in general characteristics. If the character for good or ill is formed and fixed at this early age, why is life lengthened out so many years beyond, to those whom it could thus serve only to confirm in evil? The outward temptations by which all are surrounded, the trials and afflictions which rend the heart, and which can be borne with patient submission only when we believe them intended for our good,—why are they continued when improvement is impossible, or nearly so? Or why, above all, if this be so, are the Scriptures silent upon the subject? Not only is there no hint given therein that this is the case, but there is much indirect testimony to the contrary. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," could hardly have been addressed to the young, who feel not the burden of life's cares; but must have been meant for those who, having entered upon its duties, have experienced something of its trials and vicissitudes. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Can this re-

fer to any other than those who have arrived at maturity and formed a character opposite to holiness? "But," says the objector, "*there* is the difficulty,—in the required belief; almost none are able to lay hold of the promises of the Gospel with that true and living faith which is necessary to regeneration or change of heart, unless it has been instilled into their minds in early childhood." We are willing to admit that it is much more difficult; no one is more impressed with the importance of early religious teaching.

We would say to the young, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near,"—while your hearts are young and pliable, and readily receive impressions of goodness and truth,—while trust in a higher power is natural and easy,—that you may be saved the struggles and throes of mortal agony often attendant upon the new birth at a later period. And not only this, but that you may enter upon your inheritance at once. This immediate possession is great gain. It will save you many years of trial and anxiety from circumstances which you cannot escape,—which fall to the lot of all,—and give you in their place, deep within your heart, a fountain of pure happiness, a joy words cannot express, and which the world can neither give nor take away. Nor is this all. You will thus in the end be enabled to attain to a much higher degree of goodness, purity, and happiness, than if you first spend a portion of your precious time in going wrong. So far as we travel in the wrong direction is not only so much loss, but must be retraced, step by step, with painful effort, and is thus a more than *double* loss.

We say "*must be retraced*,"—that is, if you are ever to rise above your present state. And who does not desire to do this? Who is there that does not hope some time to be better than he now is, however unwilling to make the requisite effort? Remember, then, that whatever of evil you indulge in now, is so much to be taken out with bitter sorrow,

and done anew ere you attain to the desired better state. — We therefore beg of you, as you value your happiness either here or hereafter, — for there is no true happiness even *here* which has not its source in heaven, — by all that is dear to you in time or eternity, lay not another stone toward the erection of that edifice which must be torn down and rebuilt upon another foundation, but commence at once the new structure whose foundation shall be the Rock of Ages and Christ the chief corner-stone.

To all of every age this last injunction is appropriate. A boundless treasure of pure happiness awaits your acceptance: delay not to take the requisite means to secure its possession. Would you need argument and petition to quicken your movement were an earthly treasure offered? Why then when a heavenly, whose “price is far above rubies”? We do not desire to defer other means of happiness to an uncertain future, when it may as well be embraced at once; and why should we this? Why, but because we do not fully *realize it as a present happiness!* We are too apt to look upon religion as a means of salvation from *future misery*, — not from *present sin*, which indeed is but another name for misery. Listen, therefore, ye who have hitherto been indifferent to your highest and only real good, to the voice which crieth, “Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die,” not a future, but a present death; for a life of worldliness is but a constant death. Those who are in this state do not fully realize this, we know; but let them once be raised above it, and they so perceive its paralyzing influence that a return to it would seem indeed a living death.

To the mature we would say, Though you have not the pliancy and impressibleness of your early years, you have more strength of principle and resolution, you have seen more of the vanity and vexation of spirit attendant on worldly aims; you can therefore more readily relinquish earth, though you may not as easily lay hold on heaven. But this assuredly *may* be done. God has not left himself

without a witness in any human heart, and we most earnestly believe that while there is life there is hope for every impenitent sinner ; that when he has become so hardened there is no longer any hope of repentance, like the barren fig-tree, he is cut down and suffered to cumber the ground no longer. That we are still left, therefore, monuments of God's mercy, is proof that that mercy may still be available if we will but make it so.

Come, then, weary and over-burdened child of humanity, whatever your age or condition ; the invitation is extended to you,— come to Him who will place upon your shoulders an easy yoke, and but a light burden, and ye shall find rest to your souls. Long enough have ye sought to rest your weary spirits upon each earthly stay which trembles before the adverse blast, and is levelled by a wintry storm ; long enough have ye labored, hewing out for yourselves broken cisterns which hold no water to slake the thirst of your famished souls ; turn ye from your vain and fruitless labor, and listen to the call : " Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not ? "

And this invitation extends to the very borders of the grave,— to every one that *thirsteth*. Much has been said of death-bed repenties, both for and against them. We fear they are too often but a transient emotion excited by the presence of the King of Terrors, that would pass away with his retreating footsteps. Certain it is, they are not to be relied upon ; and as certain is it, that one who has a true conception of what religion really is, and a sincere desire to be moulded into its beautiful proportions, will not desire to trust to the future that which is of such vital importance to the present. We know that mere emotions are valueless. Goodness is nothing unless embodied in action. The one

infallible test of the sincerity of repentance is reformation ; we must not only "cease to do evil," but "learn to do well." Where this test cannot be applied, it is impossible to decide even upon the genuineness of our own emotions. How often we are deceived by the visions of ideal goodness which present themselves in times of quiet reflection, in the absence of temptation, and should be disposed to say, "Is thy servant a dog ?" to any who should prophesy that concerning us which nevertheless afterwards, when temptation comes, we *do* !

Yet we would not withhold hope even from those of the impenitent who may have looked their last upon the active scenes of life, and are sinking downward toward the grave. Whether true repentance is ever experienced where the opportunity of embodying it in action is not given, we cannot say ; but this we *do* say, with the most confident assurance, that no genuine repentance is ever lost ; as long as there is enough of moral vitality for it to be experienced, so long has one a chance to turn from the evil of his ways, accept Christ, and live with him for ever. We know not how far the result of true and sincere repentance may be wrought out in another state of being ; but this we do know, — whenever there arises in the human heart such conviction of and hatred for sin as would result in amendment were opportunity given, such opportunity *will be* given, — in this world if need be, as our physical frames, however impaired, are never beyond our Father's power to save, that power which is ever ready to act in our behalf whenever any good may be attained. "Let, then, the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

M. R. F.

## THE PROSPECTS OF THE SICK-ROOM.

THE prospects of the sick-room are very various, embracing a wide field through alternations of hope and fear, from joy to grief, life to death.

The prospect most familiar to the mind of the invalid, which even in his despondency he does not wholly relinquish, is that of restoration. This is the fond hope cherished through all discouragements, at the very bottom of our hearts, with a tenacity of which we are often unconscious, until it is about to be gratified or for ever annihilated. The love of life is a principle so strongly implanted by God, that we cannot but regard this earnest desire as both natural and innocent; and so is the joy which attends its fulfilment. But let us "rejoice with trembling," let us remember the uncertainties of life, and especially of sickness, and that the bright prospect may be delusive to us, as it has been to so many. We may, like Moses, be conducted to the very borders of the promised land, yet not permitted to enter it. Why God should thus excite the hopes of his children, only to disappoint them, is one of the mysteries of his providence. Yet we cannot doubt that, when we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known, his wisdom and mercy will here, as elsewhere, be fully vindicated. He who knoweth our hearts may discern that they were not in a fit state to improve the blessing; that it must be withheld a little longer, or not granted at all. But even if all circumstances advance steadily towards the desired consummation, let us not forget that the world which looks to us now so fair in the distance is the same in which we have often experienced weariness and discontent; that we are returning probably to the sorrows which have often clouded our faith, and the temptations to which we have often yielded, and have we acquired new strength to overcome them? We are not to expect entire exemption from trial, and if the discipline of sickness has

proved unavailing, God's paternal wisdom will surely devise some other mode of chastisement to subdue our rebellious will. But if, on the other hand, we have learned rightly the lessons of the sick-room, we need not fear to mingle again with the world. Our joy will be chastened, as all earthly joy should be. While we prize the gift, we shall remember the Giver, receiving it with gratitude, enjoying it with moderation and humility, and improving it to his glory.

But I turn to the other side of the picture, the prospect which we quite as readily associate with sickness in the case of others, though we are blind to it in our own,—that of dissolution. Our knowledge that this is our inevitable destiny, and our ignorance in regard to the time and manner of its accomplishment, in other words, the certainty and the uncertainty of death, invest with solemnity even a trifling indisposition. Disease, by its thousand winding paths, leads but too surely to the house appointed for all the living, but how dimly do those who enter them discern the end! A slight cold, a little undue exertion, an excessive indulgence of appetite, may in the course of God's providence involve the most serious and even fatal consequences. This view is not intended to excite any groundless alarm at the approach of sickness, far less to make us, "through fear of death, all our lifetime subject to bondage." Sickness will not be less cheerful, nor less likely to terminate favorably, because it has not taken us unawares, while by reflection and self-scrutiny we have prepared ourselves for all its possible issues.

But when it becomes a probability, or, humanly speaking, a certainty, that we are approaching the limit of our earthly existence,—when it is manifest to our own consciousness, from the comparison of the present with the past, from our increasing feebleness and emaciation,—or, if we are blind to these indications, when the startling truth is forced upon us, by the sad countenances of our friends, or the fidelity of our physician or pastor,—what *then* is the prospect? We

cannot escape the solemn question, Whither are we tending ? How do our past lives appear to us in the light of eternity ? Has the will of God, or the gratification of self, been their predominant principle ? Have they been spent in worldliness and vice, or at best in unprofitableness and indifference ? If so, well may we cling to life, and ask that the shadow may be moved backward on the dial-plate ! The great work, for which a whole life was not too much, to be crowded into its few closing hours ! Yet let us not despair, for God's mercy is greater than our guilt. While life and reason are spared, the door of grace is not yet shut ; and if we turn to him with a penitence and faith the sincerity of which he only can know, he may graciously accept the humble purpose, in place of the faithful performance, for which no opportunity is left to us. But if our lives have been spent in communion with God, in the conscientious discharge of duty, in reliance upon his grace in Jesus Christ, we need not fear the descent into the dark valley, for his love will brighten it. What *now* is our prospect ? No more pain to rack the body, nor sorrow to wound the heart, nor sin to torture the conscience. Yet more than this, — the fruition of God's nearer presence, fellowship with the ascended Saviour, union with the sainted friends who have preceded us, and who have formed a tie between us and the eternal world, — what wonder that we do not shrink from the final hour, that we even long for its arrival ! How many dying beds have seemed as the gate of heaven, when, in the bloom of youth, or the engrossing cares of middle life, the soul has risen victorious over the agonies of the body, the separation from all earth's attractions, the parting with loved ones, through the grace of God in Christ Jesus.

But there is a prospect far more appalling to faith, a cup which even the most submissive spirit might pray should pass from him, that of confirmed invalidism. To live, and be restored to earth's pleasures, this is joyful ; to die and be released from earth's sorrows and sins, this is blessedness ;

but to live and bear life's heavy burdens, and contend with life's temptations, yet separated as by an impassable barrier from all its brightness and activity, yet feel the strength so gradually wasting that the hour of release is yet far distant, — this is that silent martyrdom, that "dying daily," which only the most stoical endurance, or the most sublime Christian faith can meet without dismay. Yet this state is as truly an appointment of Infinite Wisdom and Love, as any other aspect of our lot. What is our duty in regard to it? First, to *hope*, — hope as long as hope is possible, hope even against hope. Though we may have been waiting thirty and eight years for the healing influence of the pool of Bethesda, while one after another has passed us, in the process of restoration, yet the time may come even for us to be made whole. Though the common instrumentalities of God's providence may have failed, yet by his own direct agency, when we least expect it, the long-desired boon may be granted. But if it be otherwise, even here we are not forsaken of our God. He will lead us through no dark passages which the light of his countenance will not brighten, and in which we cannot lean on his supporting arm. He will conduct us along so gently, and with so many alleviations, that we shall be hardly conscious of our passage. He will make the rough places smooth, and the high places low, for our trembling feet; and when we have reached our home, we shall look back on all these months or years of pain and suffering, which seemed so fearful in the anticipation, as "steps unto heaven," — our only safe road, thorny though it were, to our Father's house.

M. P. D.

## THREE DISPENSATIONS IN HISTORY AND IN THE SOUL.

A SERMON BY THE EDITOR.

GAL III. 6: — "Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness." JOHN i. 17: — "The law was given by Moses; but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

THE spiritual growth of mankind has proceeded through three great stages. Each of these has been marked by the evolution of one predominating element, or salient principle of religious action. On examination, we shall be able to discover an impressive correspondence between these successive epochs in the history of humanity at large, and the process of life in a well-disciplined, Christianized individual. This analogy is so thickly set with points of interest, as well as so fruitful of practical suggestions touching right religious ideas, and right living, that I shall let it fix the form, and be the subject of the discourse. That subject is, *The threefold discipline of our spiritual experience, as compared with the threefold order in the expanding nurture of the human family.*

The three Biblical dispensations are types of three great principles of conduct, or rather three schools of religious culture, under which we must pass as persons, just as the race has passed in history, before we can be built up into the symmetrical stature of a Christian maturity.

I First was the dispensation of natural religious feeling. The race was in childhood. It acted from impulse. It obeyed no written code of moral regulations, but, so far as its life was right, it either followed some free religious instincts, or else depended on direct intimations from the Deity, directing or forbidding each specific deed. The man chosen as the representative of this period was Abraham. The record of it is the book of Genesis. That writing is the first grand chapter in the biography of man; and its very literary structure — so dramatic in contents, and so lyrical

in expression, so careless of the rules of art, so abounding in personal details and graphic groupings of incident, so like a child's story in its sublime simplicity — answers to the spontaneous period it pictures. "The patriarchal age" we call it. The term itself intimates rude, unorganized politics ; the head of each family being the legislator for his tribe. But, in the absence of systematic statutes, every man, by a liberty so large as to burst often into license, was likely to do very much what was right in his own eyes. If he had strong passions, he would be a sensualist, like Shechem, or a petty tyrant, like Laban. If he were constitutionally gentle, he would be an inoffensive shepherd, like Lot. Such were the first two brothers. Cain's jealousy made him a murderer ; Abel was peaceable, kept sheep, and the only voice he lifted up against outrage was when his blood cried from the ground. Some of these nomadic people, having devout temperaments, "called upon the name of the Lord," we are told, like Enoch and Noah. Others were bloated giants, mighty men in animal propensities, gross and licentious, given to promiscuous marriages ; so that presently God saw that the wickedness was so great, and the imaginations of men's hearts were so evil, that he must wash the unclean earth with a deluge. But there was no permanent restraining power ; no fixed standard of judicial command ; and so, when the flood dried, the tide of sin set in again, streaked only with some veins of nobleness. On the plains of Shinar, pride fancied it could build a tower that should overtop the All-seeing Providence ; and it had to be humbled by a confusion of tongues, scattering the builders. Even Noah, a just man for his times, so pure in *that* comparison that he was carried over on the waves, from a drowned generation, to install a new one, had scarcely seen the many-colored splendors of the promise in the rainbow, before he was drunken of over-much wine. Abraham himself, so full of trust that his trust finally saved him, — strong enough in the power of it to lay his son on an altar, — at an earlier age stained his tongue with a cowardly falsehood,

calling his wife his sister for safety's sake,—first pattern of the politicians of mere expediency,—and was rebuked for it by a Pharaoh who had seen less of the heavenly visions than he. Sodom, with its indescribable pollutions, was not far from Beth-el,—house of God. Jacob received a revelation from opened heavens; yet he overreached his brother to appropriate the family blessing, and defrauded his father-in-law. Throughout the whole of this patriarchal era, reaching from Adam to Joseph, and covering, by the common computation, twenty-three hundred years, there were beautiful virtues, flowering into the light by the spontaneous energy of nature, but poisoned in many spots by the slime of sensuality. The human stock threw out its forms of life with a certain negligence, as the prodigal force of Nature does her forests,—as a boy swings his limbs in the open air. There were heroic acts; but they were dispersed over intervals, with dismal contrasts of meanness and cowardice between. There were ardent prayers; but foul passions often met and put to flight the descending hosts of the angels of God. Character needed a stanch vertebral column to secure its uprightness. No permanent sanction lent impregnability to good impulses. Even the saint, whose spirit rose nearest to heaven, walked on the verge of some abyss of shame. For though Abraham believed, Moses had not yet legislated, nor Christ died.

Corresponding, now, to this impulsive religious age of the race, is the natural state of the individual. It is the condition we are born into, and multitudes never pass beyond it, because they are never renewed, or made Christian. Morally they are children all their lives. Bad dispositions mix with good; one moment holy aspirations, the next a flagrant immorality. What is wanting is a second birth of spiritual conviction. Conduct is not brought to the bar of a governmental examination, and judged by an unbending principle. Temptation is too much for this feeble, capricious piety. Nature, true enough, is always interesting;

and spontaneous products may be beautiful. But man, with his free agency, beset before and behind by evil, is not like a lily growing under God's sun and dew, with no sin to deform its grace or stain its coloring ; he is not like the innocent architecture of a cloud, shaped by the fantastic caprices of the summer wind ; nor yet like the aimless statuary of the sea-shore, sculptured by the pliant chisel of the wave. He has to contend, struggle, resist. He is tried, enticed, besieged. Satan creeps anew with every new-born child into the Eden of the heart, and flaming swords are presently planted on its gates, proclaiming, No return *that way* to innocence. The natural religion, of which modern mystics are so fond, and modern peripatetics prattle, is not enough for him. It might possibly answer in the woods, unless this feeble pantheism would substitute artistic ecstasy for worship, and moonlight for the sun that flashes down the glories of revelation ; or in some solitary cell, though even there monk and hermit have often found the snare of impure imaginations spread too cunningly for it. But let the boy go to the shop, and the girl to school ; let the young man travel to the city, and the young woman lend her ears to the flatteries of that silver-tongued sorceress, Society ; and all this natural piety is like a silken thread held over a blazing furnace. We may put ourselves at ease, fancy we shall fare well enough under so kind a Father,—come out comfortably at last,—there is such tender pity in the skies. But the dispelling of that delusion will be the sharp word out of the throne of judgment, "Depart from me, I never knew you." No Babel of refuge will be built to the top. No friendly intervention will avert the perdition of the Sodom in the heart. No Tamar of custom will cajole with her coquetry the ancient and everlasting justice. No thrifty leagues of a low commercial instinct, postponing conscience to the arithmetic of traffic,—no corrupt political majorities, subscribing patriotic manifestoes as stock for party or private dividends, though they be as eleven against one, and

though they piously profess to be sons of Israel by church subscriptions, shall buy national prosperity by their brother Joseph's blood.

There is often a vague assumption that certain principles of natural right, evolved and compacted by ethical science, might save our social state. But remember that society, without Christ in its philosophy, its literature, its art, its morals, obeyed a law of deterioration and decay. Without him, it would have been sinking still. Instead of the Christian justice that hangs its balances over our seats of lawful trade to-day, we should have not even Punic faith, but something more treacherous than that,—not even the hesitating Roman honesty, but a zone of restraint more dissolute than the Corinthian, and principles looser than the Spartan's. Instead of a respected merchant, or steady mechanic, going out to his business to-morrow, amid a public order that Christ has organized, might have been seen a barbarian with the concentrated falsity of a hundred Arabs, waking into a world convulsed with perpetual anarchy, or skulking away to transact his base affairs in a worse than Circassian mart. We may baptize the interesting displays of our intermittent virtue with a Christian name; but they may yet contain no quality of Christ's peculiar sanctity. They may leave human life quite untouched by that unrivalled glory, however bright their transient beam. They are not redolent of the New Testament. Their uprightness does not bear the sanction of the Sermon on the Mount. Their slender rectitude is not the principle that treats men justly because they are God's children, which was the law of Christ's great honesty. Their kindness is not the sweet charity of the beatitudes. Their moderation is not guarded by those majestic warders, reverence for God, and a Saviour's love. Nor is their worship, if they adore at all, fervent with the prayers of Olivet and Gethsemane.

And as the first dispensation ended in a slavery in Egypt, or broods darkly over Pagan nations waiting to be brought

nigh by the blood of Christ to this hour, so the lawless motions of every self-guided will end in a servitude to some Pharaoh in the members that cries aloud for emancipation, — a settled alienation from the household of the good.

II. Next after this impulsive or spontaneous period, which is the period of Childhood, comes the legal or judicial, — a second stage in the history of the religious consciousness. Moses, the lawgiver, is its representative. From this crisis, the chief significance of the world's religious experience is concentrated, for some sixteen hundred years, in Judæa, and human progress runs on through the channel of Hebrew nationality. Other families have wandered off into hopeless idolatries. The religion of instinct has found its appropriate termination in a degraded Egyptian priesthood, mixing civil despotism with the incantations of an impure mythology.

And now, God calls up Moses *out* of this miserable oppression into the summit of Sinai, and appoints him the head of the second august human epoch. A period of laws, after instinct, begins. Instinct must be curbed, for it has done mischief enough. Impulse must be subjected to principle, for it has proved itself insufficient alone. There must be positive command, controlling wayward inclinations. "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," are the watchwords. It is an age of obedience. Ceremonies and ordinances are set up to bring the wild will under discipline. And the better to secure exact obedience, a visible system of formal observances is announced, — so many sacrifices every day, and so many meat-offerings, drink-offerings, cattle, doves, fruits, cakes, for every sacrifice. To withstand the surrounding seductions of nations still steeped in the vices of their natural propensities, a scheme of coercive restraints comes in. The people must have multiplied festivals, jubilees, national gatherings, regularly kept, and by divine appointment. To draw them, there is a gorgeous temple with an imposing altar, a tabernacle, a covenant, a shekinah

lighted from heaven, a priesthood clad in splendid garments, and all the superb apparatus of a magnificent ritual. Even the daily habits, materials of common dress, qualities of food and kinds of flesh, are all to be regulated in detail by specific statutes. Law reaches down to determine the most minute particulars,—the cleansing of houses, the shape of the beard, the sowing of the field,—all having reference to the neighboring idolatrous usages, of which these twelve tribes must, by all means, be kept clear. And for the breach of every law, from greatest to least, there must be penalty. That part of human nature that terror and dread appeal to, is addressed. On the transgressor woe is denounced. There is a Mount Ebal, full of menacing curses, as well as a Gerizim pledged to blessings. Smoke, earthquakes, thunders and lightnings, marshalling their awful pageant about Sinai when the Law was given, only prefigured punishments that should always torment the disobedient. And accordingly, down through all the Hebrew fortunes, while prophets were set to admonish and call back the rebellious, the great staple of Israelitish history was the divine chastisement that followed violations of law, and the prosperity that rewarded its observance. Sieges and campaigns, conquests and captivities, judges and kings, Joshua, Gideon, and Ezra, David, Saul, and Rehoboam,—all were of less consequence, as events, or as individuals, than as instruments of that mighty, organized power *lying behind them*,—*Moses and the Law*.

So with all of *us*; there comes a time, when we feel that we cannot act by inclination, but must follow law. The principle of duty is that law. Babyhood is past, and its instincts suffice us no longer. To do as we like, would still be pleasant; but it is dangerous and false. We become stewards, and *must* give account of our stewardship. Life has put its harness upon us, and we must work in it. Passions have sprung up, and conflicts have commenced within us, that make impulse an unsafe guide. We find a

meaning in that hard word, *must*. We are free to do as we will, and yet we feel somehow bound under God's necessity. It begins to be evident that, as sure as a stone falls or fire burns, sin will bring trouble ; indulgence, pain ; impiety, remorse ; dissipation, disease ; dishonesty, infamy. The spendthrift *must* be pinched, the fraudulent bargainer lose his soul though he gain the world, and the false professor be spiritually damned. Here are laws, — laws of the Almighty's ordaining, — laws that bring retribution. If we would live peaceably, we must come under them and obey.

Very often it happens that, by obeying a law, we acquire superiority to it. Voluntarily submitting to certain rules for a time, our virtue is strengthened and finally becomes independent of them, so that it can go alone. The inebriate binds himself by a pledge, and thus regains his freedom. The disciple appoints specific hours for praying, and by that means gains the devout spirit which breathes a perpetual aspiration, at last inaugurating a silent converse of the soul with heaven, as natural as the pulse in the veins. The methodical division of time for business is only a form of law, coercing industry and efficiency. Many a man has to spur his sluggishness by definite tasks ; and many more would bring nothing to pass, but for fixed methods and seasons. Without a morning and evening sacrifice, forgetful worldliness would render poor service to God ; and memories, like Martha, so careful and troubled about many things, would fail of Mary's one thing needful. The laying apart of exact sums for charity has been all that stood between some men and the doom of avarice ; benevolence had to be put out to school, and philanthropy be drilled into promptitude like a cadet. Let us not despise law, for every day practical proofs are scattered before us, that it is a schoolmaster to lead us to Christ.

Even fear, though fastidious nerves are apt to discredit it as a lower sentiment, has its office in disciplining thoughtless and stubborn wills, breaking down pride, and prompting

insensibility, till it is ready to hand us over to motives of a nobler order. There is a meaning in a tradition of an ancient German prince, who, in early life, was bidden by an oracle to search out an inscription on a ruined wall which should prefigure his mortal fate. He found the Latin words signifying *after six*. Supposing they revealed the number of days he was to live, he gave himself for the six days following to his hitherto neglected soul, preparing himself to die. But finding death did not come, he was still held to his sober resolutions by supposing six weeks were the interpretation; and then he prolonged his holy life to six months, and six years. On the first day of the seventh year, by reason of the excellent manhood into which he had thus formed his character, he had gained the confidence of the people, and he found the fulfilment of the ambiguous prophecy, by being chosen Emperor of Germany. Here is a figure of common experience. We may conceive it to have been a more "spiritual" process, that the prince should have been drawn to piety by loving goodness for its own sake. But it was the timid dread of dying that drew him, and the royal benefactions of a truly Christian monarch justified the agent. Have you never known a fever, or an accident, or the incipient symptoms of a consumption, to be the determining cause that bent the whole current of a life from earthward to heavenward? Have you never known that a mere dread of punishment or pain, of hell or disgrace, has stopped the erring feet of lust, silenced profanity, driven back the Sabbath-breaker? God is not ashamed to take into the sublime economy of his purposes these stimulants to virtue; and let not us, in our puerile conceit, venture to pronounce them unworthy. Outgrow them if you will, and can; but take care that you are not found, after all, *below*, instead of *above* the plane of their influence.

For be assured, though we have read the New Testament, named the name of Jesus, and quite looked down on the Jews, some of us have not yet climbed up so far as to

Moses and his Jewish law. In the Bible's older Testament there are needed examples for us yet. Not all of us have learned that majestic, unchangeable fact, that God is Sovereign ; nor those related facts, that, if we *will* perpetrate *the wrong*, we must suffer the penalty ; that we cannot dodge the consequences of what we do ; that indolence must sap our strength ; that selfishness must end in wretchedness ; that falsehood is a mint, coining counterfeits that must return upon our hands ; that hypocrisy to-day is disgrace to-morrow. This is law, everlasting, unrepealable law ; and our poor attempts to resist or nullify it avail not so much as a puff of mortal breath against the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic. Blessed will it be for our peace, when we accept it, and bow to it, turning it into a law of liberty.

Remember that the grandest examples of sainthood, or spiritual life, that the ages have seen, have been souls that recognized this truth,—the firm, Puritanical element in all valiant piety ; and without it mere amiable religious feeling will be quite sure to degenerate into sentimentality. We need to stand compassed about with the terrible splendors of the Mount, and with something of the sombre apparatus of Hebrew commandments, to keep us from falling off into some impious, Gentile idolatries of the senses. Holy places, and holy days, and solemn assemblies, still dispense sanctity. Our appetites have to be hedged about with almost as many scruples of regimen for Christian moderation's sake, as the Jew's for his monotheism. “We wish,” says some one, “that it was not so difficult to be good. We wish that we could be self-indulgent, and yet be good for all that ; that we could idle off our time, and yet be wise for all that.” The worldling wishes he could combine his worldliness now with a heaven hereafter ; the voluptuary, that he could have “the clear eye and steady hand of the temperate” ; the vain, ambitious, capricious woman, that she could exhibit the serenity that comes of prayer. But Sinai stands unmoved, at the outset of every life-journey through the wil-

derness ; and at the further end, beyond the river, Ebal with its curses, and Gerizim with its blessings. " Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

III. But there is a Third Dispensation, profounder and richer than that of statutes ; and, at the head of it, one greater than Moses. The period of literal commandments was insufficient ; humanity outgrew it. It became a dead profession, a school of foolish questions, a shelter of hideous hypocrisies. Lo ! the enlarging soul of the race asks a freer, more sincere, more vital nurture, and it comes. If the simple religious instincts of Abraham were accepted for righteousness, if the law was given by Moses, grace and truth enter in by Jesus Christ, — grace for the heart, truth for the understanding, — favor for man's stumbling feet, and light for his eyes. Christ does not abrogate law, but by his own life and sacrifice first satisfies its conditions. He says expressly, " Think not that I came to destroy Moses; but to fulfil." The cross does not unbind the cords of accountability, but tightens and strengthens them rather. The Gospel affords no solvent to disintegrate the commandments ; it only lets " the violated law speak out its thunders " in the tones of pity. Divine laws never looked so sacred as when they took sanctity from the redemption of the Crucified.

Witness now a new light, " lighting every man that cometh into the world." It is the deliverance of the heart. It is the purifying of the life. It is the sanctification of the spirit. The law, by which no man living can be justified, because no man ever yet kept it inviolate, — which makes no allowance for imperfect obedience, and yet never was perfectly obeyed, — which, therefore, is a rule of universal condemnation when standing alone, — this stern, unrelenting law gives place to a Gospel, — gladder tidings, — a voice that comes, not to condemn, but to save, a ministry of mercy, asking only a penitent spirit that it may offer forgiveness,

and only an inward faith changing the motives that it may confer eternal life.

Law and Prophets, then, are not annulled; what they lacked is supplied. They are absorbed by Evangelists. The Gospel takes up all their contents, recasts them, and quickens them with the vitality of a fresh inspiration. Moses remains, but only as a servant to Christ. The decalogue still stands; but the cross stands on a higher pedestal, invested with a purer glory. Humble Calvary is the seat of a loftier power than towering Horeb. We must still be under discipline; but the Lawgiver is lost in the Redeemer. What *was* a task is transfigured into a choice. The drudgery of obedience is beautified into the privilege of reconciliation. Love has cast out fear. Man no longer cowers before his Sovereign with terror, but pours out his praises to a Father. The soul is released from the bondage of a thrall into the liberty of a child. Out of the plodding routine of mechanical sacrifice, it ascends into spiritual joy, where the handwriting of ordinances is done away; the Great High-Priest has ascended once for all into the heavens, and suffering is willingly borne because it makes the disciple like the Lord.

Thus the word spoken by the third epoch of religious culture is not, "Act thy nature out, and follow thy lawless impulses,"—nor yet, "Do this circle of outward works, and then come and claim salvation for thy merits,"—but, Believe, first, and then out of thy faith do the righteous works which thou then canst not but do. Repent of thy shortcomings, and be forgiven. Lean on Christ, thy Saviour. Love God, thy father. Help men, thy brethren. And come, inherit thine immortal kingdom!

Now, at last, if it only keeps on in the path divinely marked for it, the soul emerges into that wide fellowship of Christ, that open hospitality of spiritual freedom, where the impulse of nature is only guided, not stifled, by law; where law is ripened and fulfilled into faith. The highest

victory of goodness is union with God. That union comes only by a Mediator. For reconciliation between finite and infinite, there must be a Reconciler combining both. The way to peace lies by Calvary. Humanity realizes its complete proportions, only by inward membership with Him who fills all the veins of his living body with his blood, and the chambers of his Church with the glory of his presence to-day. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

For observe, by all means, this striking condition pertaining to the doctrine,— that neither of these three stages, whether of the general or the personal progress, denies, or cuts off, its predecessor. Nature prepares the way for law,— making the heart *restless*, by an unsatisfying experiment, without it. Abraham saw more glorious ages coming than his own, and the promise given to him and his seed, Emmanuel accomplished. The law disciplined wayward, uncultured man, making him ready for the Church that was to descend "like a bride out of heaven." Every ordinance in its ritual was a type; every statute was a prophecy.

All Judaism was prospective. Moses looked forward to the Messiah. So, in the heart of childhood, there are expectations, vague and yet brilliant, of the responsible second stage of manhood; it is too thoughtless yet to look beyond to the age of mature Christian holiness. But see, again, when that second age of stern command and strict obedience comes, it grows sober and reflective. It feels heavily that it is not sufficient to itself. It must look longingly forward for the consolations of the cross. Nature does not comprehend law, nor law gospel; Abraham Moses, nor Moses Messiah; but the Son of God understands all, and the Gospel, in its majestic orbit, while embracing law and nature, transcends them both.

Remember, also, for its practical fruit's sake, this fact, that each stage requires fidelity in the preceding. You must have been true to the better impulses of youth, that you may be, to the best advantage, a servant of the law of ma-

turity. You must be faithfully obedient to duty, before you are fit to be a subject of grace. Do not imagine you can glide over into the favor of heaven, without first keeping the commandment. It is a strait gate and a narrow way that leads to life. I must be a cheerful servant, before I can know the joy of adoption, and cry, "Abba, Father." Willing to be constrained by the positive precept, I may hope by and by for the freedom of a child and heir. Many things that I would rather not do — irksome to the sluggish will, hard to the love of ease, offensive to pride, bitter to selfish pleasure — I must do, before I can ascend to that sublime self-mastery with Christ, where I shall *desire* to do only what I ought. You have seen a sea-bird, which in rising from the waves has to run some way with difficulty upon the water, striking the surface laboriously with its pinions ; but when it has once lifted itself into the upper air, it balances its flight with a calm motion, and, enfranchised into the freedom of the sky, the slow beat of its wings is imperceptible. It is by pain and toil *under* the commandments, that the soul gets the liberty of its faculties ; but when it has been taken up out of itself by love and trust, it moves in harmony with God. The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might "be justified by faith." But "after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster." "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "No longer at Gerizim, nor yet at Jerusalem, but everywhere, we may worship the Father!"

You have seen the religionist of mere passion. That impulsive temperament is doubtless capable of good services to the Master. But, to that end, the Master must have the reforming of it. That unsteady purpose must be made steadfast through a thoughtful imitation of the constancy that said, "Behold, I go up to Jerusalem to be crucified." That fluctuating wing of worship must be poised by some influence from those hills, where whole nights were not too long for a Redeemer's prayers. That inexpert swimmer in the sea of life, now rising, now sinking, and now noisily

splashing the waters, must be schooled by sober experience to glide onward with a firmer and stiller stroke. Ardor must be matched with consistency. You are not to be carried to heaven by a fitful religion, periodically raised from the dead at seasons of social exhilaration ; not by a religion alive at church, but stagnant in the streets and in the market-places ; not by a religion kindling at some favored hour of sentimental meditation, only to sink and flicker in the drudgery of common work. It is to little purpose that we read, and circulate, and preach the Bible, except all our reading and all our living gain thereby a more Biblical tone. And it is quite futile that our breasts glow with some fugitive feeling in the house of God, unless that feeling dedicates our common dwellings to be all houses of God.

So have you seen the religious legalist. In business, in the street, in sanctuaries, at home, you have seen him. In business, measuring off his righteousness by some sealed measure of public usage, as mechanically as his merchandise, and making a label or a dye-stuff his cunning proxy to tell the lie that some judicial penalty had frightened from his tongue ; disowning no patent obligation, but cheating the customer, or oppressing the weak, in secret. In the street, wearing an outside of genial manners, with a frosty temper under it, or a cloak of propriety with a heart of sin ; in the sanctuary, purchasing, with formal professions, one day, the privilege of an untroubled self-seeking the other six, or possibly opening the pew door and the prayer-book here to-day, with the same hand that will wrong a neighbor to-morrow ; and at home, practising that reluctant virtue that would hardly give conjugal affection but for the marriage bond, and that, by being exported to another continent, would find a Parisian atmosphere a solvent of all its scruples. Not descending, at present, to the depth of depravity, he certainly never rises to a pure piety. Whatever respectable or admirable traits you see in him, you miss that distinctive mark which every eye takes knowledge of as a spiritual consecration.

Engraft, now, on that "wild olive" stock, the sweet juices of Christian love, drawn from their original stock in Bethlehem, "of the seed of David and the root of Jesse"; soften that hard integrity by Christian charity; in place of duty done from sheer compulsion, put duty done from a willing, eager, and believing heart. Do this, and thou shalt live.

Abraham, Moses, Christ; impulse, discipline, faith; nature, law, Gospel; instinct, obedience, grace; Mamre, Sinai, Calvary; this is that divine order—not bound by rigid rules of chronological succession, but having the free play and various intershadings of a moral growth—to which we are to conform our lives. When the "*Thus saith the Lord*" shall have controlled our impatient will, our hearts will be ready to say, "Our Father who art in heaven!" Seek, first, after that indwelling goodness that has its fountain in the centre of the soul, and good works will be the constant stream. Be children of light. Live by the spirit, not the letter; by faith, not by fear. For you are called to be disciples of Jesus. Henceforth the Christian is to be known, and to be saved, not by the hand so much as by the heart; not by a righteousness that is legal, but spiritual. Let not your piety be the occasional piety of Rabbinical Sabbaths, with ghastly intervals of worldliness between, like isolated springs in a desert of sand; but a piety whose perennial influence, like the river that keeps the meadows always green, shall penetrate and fertilize the whole soil and open field of your being, and thus make glad the city of your God. No rich, or beautiful, or accepted life can be had by us, except Christ be its inspiration. Hope will not reach up to immortality, except it climb by the cross. Let not your lives be dead shapes of outward decency,—the carved and gilded wood of an ark and a tabernacle deserted by the Spirit,—but vital branches, filled with leaping and vigorous currents of holy feeling, on the living vine! "For if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

LETTER FROM REV. B. F. BARRETT ON THE ALLEGED "HARMONY OF THE NEW CHURCH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE:—

IN the July number of your valuable Journal I notice a communication from Professor Parsons of Cambridge, on the "Harmony of the New Church," which it seems proper that I should notice for other reasons than because I am therein mentioned by name. It is with much reluctance, however, that I ask the use of your columns for the purpose of saying what I fear will give pain to some of my New-Church brethren, and am sure can afford yourself no pleasure. But if it be a matter of the least importance or interest to your readers to know "how things and persons stand in this New Church," it is certainly important that they be *correctly* informed on this subject. And it is because I think the communication referred to cannot fail greatly to mislead them on some points, that I feel prompted to say a few words in reply.

First, let me say, that the intercourse between Professor Parsons and myself has ever been of the most amicable kind, since my first acquaintance with him and the New Church; and I doubt not that all the kind feelings which I entertain for him personally are cordially reciprocated. It is a matter of deep regret, therefore, that I am constrained to make some statements touching the "alleged harmony of the New Church," entirely at variance with those of Professor Parsons,—statements not less painful than they are humiliating to me as a professed New-Churchman. Professor Parsons thinks that he has "been so circumstanced as to know, as well as almost any one, how things and persons stand in this New Church." Herein I think he is mistaken; for I am sure he is too upright and estimable a gentleman to make such statements as he has, if he *had* known how things stand in our communion. His mistakes

can be accounted for, I think, only by supposing that he has so seldom gone from home within the last twenty years,—has enjoyed so little opportunity of intercourse with New-Churchmen outside of Massachusetts or New England,—has so rarely read any other New-Church books, pamphlets, or periodicals published in our country, except those authorized by the General Convention, and therefore regarded by its members as *orthodox*,—that he *does not* know “how things and persons stand” among us, as well as many others. This is not said disparagingly, by any means, but with the kindest intent. It is the only way that I can account satisfactorily for the singular statements in his communication.

Now I have been a believer of spiritual Christianity, as taught by Swedenborg, for about twenty years,—most of that time have been a public teacher of the New Theology. And during that period I have resided in four of the principal cities of the Union,—Boston, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago,—in each of which there is a respectable New-Church society. I have mingled freely with New-Churchmen of all parties,—have had a pretty large correspondence most of the time, and within the last six months have received about four hundred letters from members of the New Church in different parts of our country. With all due deference, therefore, to Professor Parsons, and without boasting, I think I may say that my opportunities for knowing how the matters to which he has referred really stand in our communion have been considerably greater than his own. And I am free to confess—humiliating though the confession be—that I have witnessed in our “fold” not only “the same discords and vexing sectarianism which damage and deform the rest of the Christian world,” as stated by yourself in your June number, but even *greater* discords and more *offensive* sectarianism than I have ever witnessed elsewhere. True, my previous ecclesiastical connections were with Unitarians; and

there I suppose I saw comparatively little of the discords or sectarianism which abound in some of the sects. But let none of these disagreeable and damaging things be laid to the charge of Swedenborg. His writings breathe nothing of a narrow or sectarian spirit. They are not only all aglow with heavenly charity, but are the most truly catholic and unsectarian writings of which I have any knowledge. Our discords and "vexing sectarianism" have arisen, I think, from certain mistaken, partial, and narrow views of his teachings, which were adopted and confirmed by the students of his writings some thirty years ago, and which have since been fostered by a stringent ecclesiastical polity, by no means in agreement with the spirit of this New Age, or with the teachings of the Heavenly Doctrines as understood and interpreted by free and liberal minds. Professor Parsons thinks there has been, during the last thirty years, "a gradual strengthening of the bonds of brotherhood among us"; and is "perfectly sure that at this moment there is more of peace and more of unity, and less of disturbance and disunion, than ever before." I am really amazed at this assertion, in view of facts which I had supposed were patent to all New-Churchmen,—which are almost universally known outside of Massachusetts. One of these facts is, that there have been, during the period above mentioned, two parties in the American New Church, though not always clearly and distinctly defined,—a Liberal party, and a Sectarian or High-Church party; and latterly, the chasm between these two parties has been widening and deepening, and the dividing line becoming more distinctly drawn. Another of these facts is, that the High-Church party has, from the outset, been represented by the General Convention; and less than a year ago the "American New-Church Association" was organized, in which the Liberal party is now represented. And in an article published in a New-Church periodical of last July, and written by one of the Liberal party, and a strong personal friend of Professor

Parsons, the writer says: “Now it is a fact which cannot be concealed,—and if it could, we do not know why it should be,—that there are two distinctly defined parties among the New-Churchmen of this country”;—one of which he calls “the Ecclesiastical party,” and which he says is “fully represented by the General Convention”; and the other he calls “the Liberal party,” which did not then exist in any organic form. And speaking of the “Liberals,” and of the need of their organizing themselves into a distinct body, the same writer continues: “Shall their dislike of the principles of the Ecclesiastical party, as embodied in the Convention, for ever prevent them from uniting in *any* organization for the carrying out of common plans and purposes, which lie near their hearts?..... We cannot imagine any good reason why honest New-Churchmen, who are hostile to the Ecclesiastical tendencies of the Convention, should refuse to join with the proposed American New-Church Association.” (See “The Revelator” for July, 1858, pp. 99, 101.) And within about two months after this article was written, “The American New-Church Association” was duly organized in New York. But I am not aware that the fact of this organization of the Liberal party has ever been chronicled in the Boston New Jerusalem Magazine (a Convention organ), or received the slightest notice from it, any more than if it had been an organization of Mormons or of “Free-lovers.” This American New-Church Association established an organ of their own (*The Swedenborgian*) last January, of which I have the honor to be the editor. This is avowedly the organ of the Liberal party. The *Prospectus* declares, among other things intended to reveal the *animus* and intent of the work:—

“ Though positive in its affirmation of the doctrines of the New Church, it will nevertheless seek to exalt *charity* above faith,—*life* above doctrine. It will show itself hostile to all bigotry, intolerance, sectarianism, and religious exclusiveness. It will acknowledge as Christians all who *live like* Christians, whatever their name or creed

— in imitation of the spirit of the ancient churches; ‘for they acknowledged all those as members of the Church, who lived in the good of charity, and called them brethren, however they might differ in respect to truths which at this day are called matters of faith.’ (Swedenborg’s N. J. D., 9.) ”

And in the “Advertisement” of the first number the Association say:—

“ We are decidedly opposed to the idea that the New Church is to be a single great ecclesiastical organization like the Church of Rome. We shall assert, without qualification, the complete independence of individual congregations in the regulation of their own private affairs; and therefore we shall strenuously resist every attempt to establish the subordination of such congregations, or their ministers, to the control of any extraneous human authority whatever. We believe in the co-operation and mutual assistance of such societies; but it must be free and voluntary, and no stigma or condemnation must be laid on those who, for reasons of their own, do not choose to engage in it.”

And although it is only six months since this organ of the Liberal party was established, it already has as many subscribers within one hundred and sixty as the Boston *New Jerusalem Magazine*, which was established thirty years ago. But up to this time our periodical has not even been recognized by either of the organs of the Convention or High-Church party. No word of welcome or encouragement has been spoken,— no token of friendship or brotherly kindness been extended. Its very existence has been ignored by them. Its name has not been mentioned, except in a *paid advertisement* in one of them. The Liberal party have never complained of this; it is precisely the course which they were prepared to expect. And I only speak of it here as illustrating the state of feeling which exists in the High-Church towards the Liberal party, and as showing how utterly mistaken Professor Parsons is, (O, how I wish he were *not* mistaken!) when he talks of the “gradual strengthening of the bonds of brotherhood” among us, and virtually denies

the existing “discords.” And while *The Swedenborgian* has been cordially and *universally* approved by the Liberal party,—having already between six and seven hundred subscribers,—the following letter from an active member of the Convention well known to Professor Parsons, and which, I have reason to believe, expresses the sentiments of the influential men in the Convention, shows how our periodical is regarded by the High-Church party:—

“BOSTON, March 12, 1858.

“Mr. —— returns by this mail No. 2, Vol. I. of the *Swedenborgian*, to Rev. Mr. Barrett; and does not wish to receive any further numbers of it, as he thinks its views very erroneous in many important respects, and very detrimental to the true progress of the New Church.”

Surely our Cambridge brother must be quite ignorant of these things, else he could hardly have spoken of the growing “peace” and “unity” within our borders, or the “strengthening of the bonds of brotherhood” among us. I do not so read these signs.

Professor Parsons would have your readers believe that all the disturbance there is, or has been, within our walls, has grown out of personal considerations, and has been caused by “a very few individuals,” who, he “supposes, *call themselves* New-Churchmen, and who feel more or less personal discontent because some things are done, or are not done, as they would have them.” Here, again, my brother labors under a great mistake, as what I have already said will show. It is true, and sad as it is true, that individuals have repeatedly suffered from the unjust and oppressive acts of the High-Church party. So it has always been, and so I suppose it will be for a long time to come, whenever the voice of *dissent* is heard, and a *protestant party* is seen springing up. But I have no reference to any of these things in what I am now saying; neither do they have weight with the Liberal party. They flow

legitimately from the stringent ecclesiastical polity of the Convention. They are themselves *effects*, and not the causes of our "discords." Important principles are involved, which I am surprised that Professor Parsons should overlook, or seem not to know. Let me state what some of these principles are.

1. The High-Church party among us believe that the New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, is the only true Church on earth, and that this is a visible body of people, confined *exclusively* to Swedenborgians;—that, outside of our own communion, there is *no true church*. The Liberal party, on the contrary, believe that the Apocalyptic New Jerusalem, or the Lord's true Church on earth, is *not* a visible body, known and distinguished by any particular name;—that its members are not confined to any one ecclesiastical organization or sect, but are scattered throughout the various communions, consisting of *all* who believe in the Lord, and religiously obey his commandments. Yet they are not opposed to an *institutional* New Church, that is, to the organization of religious societies avowedly upon a New-Church platform.

2. The High-Church party believe, that, one hundred years ago, after the Last Judgment, the Lord *left* all the then existing religious organizations in Christendom, commonly understood among us as "the Old Church," and *came* to that particular organization or body of people commonly known as "the New Church"; and since he has left all the other sects or churches in Christendom, and now dwells exclusively or in a peculiar sense with us Swedenborgians, therefore "the Old Church" "has no authority or power to baptize, or to perform any other church duty,"—this authority having been transferred to us who claim to be of the New Church; and the Christian ordinances, therefore, when administered in other communions than our own, have no efficacy and no validity, not being duly authorized. (See "Report of the Ordaining Ministers

on Baptism,” in the Boston *New Jerusalem Magazine* for July, 1839, the substance of which is repeated in another report to the Convention on the same subject, published in the Magazine for August, 1855.) The Liberal party, on the contrary, utterly repudiate this idea, regarding it as a singular misapprehension of the teachings of Swedenborg, as well as irrational in itself. They believe that the Lord, so far from having *left* the various sects or churches in Christendom in the sense alleged by the other party, is *more intimately present* with them now than he was previous to the Last Judgment;—that these churches, though *externally* the same, are *internally* very different from what they were previously to that event, being now in greater light and liberty. (See Swedenborg’s Last Judgment, n. 73.) Accordingly they believe that these churches, by virtue of the Lord’s presence with them, (for some good people, we think, may be found among them all,) *have authority* to administer the Christian ordinances; and that these ordinances, when administered by them, are alike efficacious and valid as when administered by professed New-Churchmen.

3. The High-Church party entertain views in regard to the “*authority*” of the Church as an outward and visible institution, which the Liberal party regard as closely allied to, if they be not identically the same with, the views on this subject long entertained by the Romish hierarchy, and which they therefore reject as false and pernicious. (See a pamphlet on “Binding and Loosing,” published a year ago, in which this question of “Church authority” is fully discussed, and the views of both parties presented.)

4. The High-Church party hold to a kind of ecclesiastical polity which subordinates and subjects Societies to Associations, and Associations to a still larger body, a Convention. They also hold to a similar subordination and subjection of the ministers or pastors of Societies to the pastor of an Association, or to the “superintendent district minister,” and the subjection of these district ministers again to

a “mitred prelate,” or a “consecrated first,” who is to supervise and counsel all the other ministers. Thus they hold to “a consecrated, ordained, or acknowledged first or head, superintendent district ministers, and local ministers under them,” — three grades in the ministry, and hence three distinct ordinations of the candidate who reaches the third grade. (See a Report on the order of the Church, published in the *New Jerusalem Magazine* for July, 1843.) The Liberal party, on the other hand, hold to that kind of church polity commonly known as *Congregationalism*, which secures the ecclesiastical independence of ministers and societies, and subjects them and their acts to no superior ecclesiastical tribunal. Hence they hold to but *one* ordination, and *one* grade or rank in the ministry.

5. Agreeably to their theory of order, the High-Church party deny to societies the right to institute or organize themselves in their own way, regarding the exercise of such right as “disorderly and liable to abuses.” (See *New Jerusalem Messenger* — a Convention organ — for July 3, 1858, p. 11.) The Liberal party, on the other hand, maintain that the right of societies to organize and govern themselves in their own way, — to appoint their own minister, and induct him into the office in the manner they think proper and best, — is an inherent and fundamental right, and one which ought never to be surrendered.

These are *some* of the principles involved, or some of the chief points of difference (of course there are minor points growing out of these) between the two parties in the New Church of which I have spoken. And as some evidence of the great importance which the High-Church party attach to these differences, and of the utter impossibility of anything like “harmony,” or “unity,” or “the blessing of brotherhood,” among us, so long as the views of the two parties respectively remain what they are, I may mention the fact that a society in organic connection with the General Convention, having no minister and less than a dozen members,

will send a hundred miles or more for a minister of their own party to administer the ordinances and preach for a single Sabbath, and at an expense of from twenty to thirty dollars, when they could at any time for the asking obtain the services of New-Church ministers in their immediate neighborhood, as worthy, intelligent, and every way acceptable, *except* that they are known to belong to the Liberal party. This has been done repeatedly,—done within the last six months. And I could mention a score of facts of a similar character, which, I confess, seem to me far more indicative of the “discords and vexing sectarianism” among us, of which my good Cambridge brother confesses himself “utterly ignorant,” than of the growing “peace and unity” which he discerns, or the “strengthening of the bonds of brotherhood.”

It is true, there has not been much “controversy” among us, as Professor Parsons intimates. One reason is, that the views of the Liberal party, upon any subjects kindred to those above referred to, are never allowed to appear in the organs of the High-Church party; and whenever publicity has been given them through other channels, however clearly, ably, temperately, and kindly they may have been stated, they have uniformly been treated by the organs aforesaid with that dignified silence, which is not commonly regarded as evidence of any marked respect or strong brotherly love,—which is rather considered, I believe, among people of good-breeding, as the most emphatic mode of expressing unmixed contempt. The pamphlet on “Binding and Loosing,” herewith sent you, which discusses calmly and thoroughly the question of church “authority,” and which also, I believe, contains all the notice which those who differ from us have ever designed to bestow upon our argument or our position, furnishes a fair sample of the respectful (?) and brotherly (?) manner in which the ablest and best papers from men in the Liberal party have uniformly been treated by those on the other side. Professor Parsons may approve of this “expressive silence” on the part of the High-Church party; he may take pleasure

in the reflection, that the earnest and truth-loving men among the Liberals “do not find any who are willing to enter into controversy with them” upon the grave questions at issue, but *do* find *many* who are willing to misstate their positions, and to judge and condemn them unheard. If so, I can only express my surprise and sorrow. To a man of charitable and Christian feeling, as I have always taken my Cambridge brother to be, I should certainly think the fact, of which he speaks so complacently, would be a cause of grief far more than of gratification.

Nor is this all, or the worst. Not only is a deaf ear turned to us, not only is an answer and even a *hearing* of our views declined in the very significant way I have mentioned, but whenever our views are misstated or caricatured, or the men of the Liberal party otherwise misrepresented in the organs of the Convention, as has repeatedly happened, we are not able to get even a correction of the misstatement or caricature into the same columns. I speak on this point from positive knowledge and personal experience, having made several unsuccessful attempts to get corrections of misstatements inserted in the organs of the High-Church party, but never yet a *successful* one. Professor Parsons says, “that Mr. Barrett is said to hold that the New Church is to be an invisible one only.” It is certainly no fault of mine if he or others in the Convention believe this. But more and worse than this has been “said.” Not two months ago I saw my view on this very subject strangely misrepresented in the columns of one of the organs of the High-Church party (*The New Jerusalem Messenger*), and declared by said organ to be contrary to Scripture, contrary to Swedenborg, and contrary to the view of Christians generally, both within and without the New Church. I knew that, if the readers of that paper could see just what my view on this subject is, they would see that I had therein been grossly misrepresented. I accordingly sat down and wrote a simple statement of my view on this subject, in language as clear, calm, tem-

perate, and kind as it is in my power to use. I uttered no word of reproach against any one; I was even so charitable as to attribute the misrepresentation to a *misapprehension* on the part of that paper. And after exhausting every effort in my power to procure the insertion of this simple statement of my view in my own language, sending it successively to the office of the *Messenger* in New York, to the General Convention at Boston, to the senior editor in North Bridgewater, and to a junior editor in Cincinnati, writing some half-dozen letters and waiting *fifty-one days* for my communication to travel the rounds of this “Circumlocution Office,” I was at last told, as I expected at the outset I should be, that it could not be admitted. I will send you the communication, Mr. Editor, that you may know the tenor of it, and judge for yourself of the spirit that prompted its rejection. And this is only *one* of the numerous cases of like kind which might be cited. It is, I am sorry to say, the manner in which the Liberal party among us have uniformly been treated. And instead of indicating the existence of that “harmony,” “unity,” and “brotherhood” which ought to exist, and which my Cambridge brother seems so anxious to have your readers believe *does* exist in our midst, such things seem to me to indicate very clearly the existence of “the same discords and vexing sectarianism which damage and deform the rest of the Christian world.”

In justice to the Liberal party, I think I can say, that, considering the many and great provocations they have suffered, they have ever manifested a commendable degree of Christian forbearance, as I trust for truth and goodness’ sake they ever may. They have never, to my knowledge, expressed themselves “angrily,” though they may often have expressed themselves “strongly.” They have never, under their hardest trials, charged their brethren of the opposite party with “transforming goods into evils, truths into falsities,” nor spoken of them as “deluded, infatuated, infuriated,” or as “persecuting and destroying God’s children.”

Yet this language was used by the highest officer of the General Convention,—an ordaining minister,—in a public address before that body two years ago, and in reference to some of the men of the Liberal party, whose only offence had been that they had publicly, but calmly and courteously, criticised some of the views and proceedings of the Convention. And this language, instead of receiving the rebuke which might have been expected from Christian men, and which it so richly merited, was virtually indorsed by the Convention, as appears from their voting to print the President's address, without suggesting the alteration of a single word. If any feelings have ever been as "strongly and angrily" expressed by men of the Liberal party as were the feelings of the President in this public address, I can only say that the expressions have never fallen under my notice.

But enough, perhaps too much. I deeply regret that the necessity should have been laid on me of making these few disclosures. But knowing as well as I do "how things and persons stand in this New Church," I felt that I ought not to permit Professor Parsons's communication to pass unnoticed. Besides, humiliating as are the facts here revealed, I, for one, would much prefer that they should be known to your readers, and our jarring discords laid open to the world, than to have it believed by the liberal men outside of our communion that all the wretched and "vexing sectarianism" that exists among us meets no indignant protest from men within our own walls. And if here, as sometimes elsewhere, I have spoken "strongly," I beg my Cambridge brother to believe that I have *not* spoken "angrily."

B. F. BARRETT.

ORANGE, N. J., July 22, 1858.

## THE CHURCH VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.\*

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of May 29th is an article entitled “The End of Controversy,” in which my views concerning the Church *visible* and *invisible* are referred to and spoken of as I think they would not have been, if I had not been greatly misapprehended on that subject. You not only characterize my view of the Church as “a fallacy,”—“opposed to the teachings of the Scriptures and the writings of the New Church,”—but state it to be this: “that the true Church is only an invisible something.” Now the readers of your paper could not fail to be greatly misled by this language. They would naturally infer from it that I deny the very existence of the Lord’s true Church as a real entity;—that I hold it to be an imaginary thing, a chimera,—“only an invisible something.”

Now I do not love to believe that you, or others professing the same religious faith with myself, *wish* to misrepresent me on this or on any subject. But the manner in which my views are often referred to in some New-Church periodicals convinces me, either that I have been particularly unfortunate in stating them, or that some of my brethren have been particularly unfortunate in interpreting my statements. With your kind permission, therefore, I will endeavor to state, with all possible clearness and brevity, my view concerning the Church *visible* and *invisible*; and I do it in the hope of correcting the misapprehension under which some of my brethren appear to be laboring. Observe, I do not ask the use of your columns for the purpose of *arguing* this question, but simply to state my own position, and so to set myself right on this subject before your readers. This privilege, I trust, you will not deny me; as such denial would inevitably force me to a very unpleasant conclusion.

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\* The following is the article referred to in the preceding paper, as having been sent to the *New Jerusalem Messenger*.

My view of the *true* Church, then, is this: That it is *not* an abstraction, not an imaginary thing, but that it consists, in Christian countries, of *all those persons* who are in a state of love to the Lord, and charity towards the neighbor; or, of all those (to cite the explicit language of Swedenborg) "who believe in the Lord and live according to his commandments in the Word." (A. R. 925.) I believe that *none* others, whatever doctrines they may profess, or however many or interior truths they may know, "form any part of the [true] Church whatever." (Ap. Ex. 388; see also A. C. 6637.) I believe that these people are not all in any *one* Christian communion or religious organization, but that they are scattered throughout the various communions; or, as Swedenborg says, "dispersed throughout the whole world." (T. C. R. 307.) Thus they are not distinguished by the *name* they bear, or the *doctrines* they profess, since these are various; for doctrinals "do not serve to distinguish churches before the Lord." (A. C. 1799.) I believe that the Lord *alone* is able with certainty to distinguish these people from others, and that no man and no number of men can possibly do this; for to be in or out of this Church depends upon a person's spiritual quality, or the state of his heart, and this is known only to the Lord (A. R. 364); for he says, "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." He *alone*, therefore, is able to separate the goats from the sheep, — the tares from the wheat, — because he *alone* can fully discern the quality of either; and even *he* does not make this separation during man's abode in this world, — not until the time of the harvest, not until the judgment day, — much less has he authorized men to make it. His Church, therefore, I call the *true* and *invisible* Church; *true*, because it embraces all those who are spiritually and truly conjoined to the Lord, and *known to him* as living members; and *invisible*, because *unseen of men*, that is, *unknown* to them as members of the Lord's true Church.

I also believe in the Church as a visible institution, and in its

great importance and use. And when I speak of the Christian Church as an *institution*, I mean the aggregate of all those societies in Christendom, instituted or organized for worship and the observance of Christian rites and ordinances. I believe that these societies generally are of a mixed character, embracing some saints and some sinners, some wheat and some tares, some sheep and some goats. I believe that the members of no single religious organization in Christendom are either all sheep or all goats. But as they all *appear* to be *sheep*, as they have all sheep's clothing, because they all profess to be worshippers and followers of Him who is "the Good Shepherd," therefore, from this appearance or profession, they are all *called the Church*; though they are not the *true Church*, since this contains none but the Lord's genuine disciples,—his own sheep. And inasmuch as it is *known to men* who are the members of this Church,—for every religious society is supposed to know who really belong to it, however little it may sometimes know of the interior quality of its members,—therefore I call this the *visible Church*. To *see* is to understand or *know*; as when a person says, "I *see* how it is," he means, "I understand or *know* how it is." Therefore, to be seen or *visible*, is to be understood or *known*. Consequently the Christian Church *visible* is the aggregate of those Christian assemblies or societies commonly understood, or *known to men*, as the Church. But because it is really a mixed multitude, containing, as I believe, many persons who are not in conjunction with the Lord, therefore this is *not* the *true Church*; for the true Church contains nothing "that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," but *only* those who are "written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. xxi.)

But as some may not understand what I have just been saying,—though to me it all seems exceedingly plain,—and as I wish, if possible, to save my brethren "the expense of much wreatheing and wrinkling of brows," (see a late pamphlet on "The Priesthood," p. 21,) I will, with your per-

mission, endeavor to make my thought plainer by a simple illustration.

Suppose, then, there were five hundred sheep and three hundred goats together in the same pasture, and in one flock,—which we will call flock No. 1. Suppose that the goats looked and acted so like sheep, that no one but *the shepherd himself* could possibly distinguish them; therefore, from the outward appearance, they would all be *called sheep*. But suppose the shepherd comes to-morrow and separates the sheep from the goats, and puts them in a pasture by themselves;—which flock we will call No. 2,—all pure sheep. Now it seems as if it required but little discernment to perceive, that, although both flocks (Nos. 1 and 2) are *called sheep*, the flocks are by no means identical. No. 1 is made up of five hundred sheep *plus* three hundred goats; while No. 2 consists of eight hundred animals (all *called sheep* from their appearance) *minus* three hundred goats,—which our arithmetic makes *equal* five hundred sheep. There is, then, a broad distinction between these two flocks,—a distinction which I should suppose any one might understand, without any “wreathing or wrinkling of brows.” Now if you let flock No. 1 represent the *visible Church* (a *mixed multitude*), and flock No. 2 the *invisible Church* (the Lord’s own sheep, and none others), you will have my idea of the distinction between these two churches, and their relation to each other.

You also say, in your paper of the 29th ultimo, that my position on this question is “in opposition to the views and sentiments . . . . of nearly all professing Christians.” So far from this being true, I find, upon a careful examination, that my view is the very one which has been maintained by the most intelligent Christian writers, who have written upon this subject at all, from the days of Augustine to the present time. Permit me to cite one or two paragraphs, to show that the view I have expressed is no novelty, and by no means “*peculiar*” to myself.

Thus Bishop Taylor, in his eloquent "Dissuasive from Popery," says:—

"The Church of God are the body of Christ; but the mere *profession* of Christianity makes no man a member of Christ,—nothing but a new creature, nothing but 'a faith working by love'; and keeping the commandments of God. Now they that do this are not known to be such *by men*, but they are known only to God; and therefore it is [they are] in a true sense *the invisible Church*; not that there are two churches, or two societies, in separation from each other. . . . . No, these two churches are but one society; the one is within the other;—but yet though the men be visible, yet that quality and excellency by which they are constituted Christ's members, and distinguished from mere professors and outsides of Christians, this, I say, *is not visible*. . . . . The invisible Church is ordinarily and regularly part of the visible, but yet that only part *that is the true one*; and the rest, but by denomination of law, and in *common speaking*, are the Church,—not in mystical union, not in proper relation to Christ; they are not the house of God, not the temple of the Holy Ghost, not the members of Christ; and *no man can deny this*. . . . . If by a church we mean that society which is really joined to Christ, which hath received the Holy Ghost, which is heir of the promises and of the good things of God, which is the body of which Christ is the head, then the *invisible* part of the visible Church, that is, *the true servants of Christ only, are the Church.*"

And Bishop McIlvaine, who may be considered a fair representative of the views of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country on that subject, says, in his excellent discourse on "the Holy Catholic Church": "The *visible* Church is the Church *as seen of men*, in the mixed mass of the true and the false, the genuine and the counterfeit, people of God. The *invisible* Church is the same Church as seen only of God, in the unmixed company of all his faith-

ful people. The one is that great flock gathered together by the call of the Gospel, from all parts of the earth, to the *professed* following of the Good Shepherd, in which the sheep of his pasture are mingled with the goats that know him not, and are none of his ; all, however, *visibly*, that is, *professedly*, his flock. The other is simply so much of that mixed multitude as do truly hear the voice of the Shepherd, and follow him, and unto whom he giveth eternal life."

And *The Independent*, a weekly paper published in New York, which may be regarded as a fair exponent of the views of the Trinitarian Congregationalists of our country on this subject, speaking of "the Church of Christ," says : "By the Church here we mean the aggregate of all *real* Christians ; all branches of the true Vine ; all who are united to Christ by a living faith, and who are joint heirs with him to the heavenly inheritance. It is the Church *invisible*, and includes all true Christians, of whatever denomination, age, or country ; and it *includes no others*. Vital union with Christ is absolutely necessary in order to membership. Profession here avails nothing ; union with Christ, everything. . . . . By a *visible* Church we mean any society of professed believers in Christ, associated together for the worship of God, and the observance of Christian ordinances. If all were *really* Christians, then the Holy Catholic Church, and the local, visible churches, would be substantially one." (For October 25, 1855.)

And the same view has been expressed by Augustine, Archbishops Cranmer and Usher, Bishops Ridley and Hall, Drs. Barrow, Perkins, Jackson, and Channing, and numerous others. And if the view of these distinguished writers has ever been refuted, or opposed with anything like a *show* of solid argument, I have never chanced to meet with it, and should be greatly obliged if you would point it out to me. So, if I believe, as you allege, "that the true Church is only an invisible something," I have the satisfaction of knowing that men much wiser than myself have believed the very same.

You further declare my view on this subject to be "opposed to the teachings of the Scriptures and the writings of the New Church." Were it not through fear of encroaching upon your columns to an extent beyond what I have a right to do, I might easily show that precisely the distinction which I make between the *visible* and the *invisible* Church, is made by Swedenborg in scores of instances. Indeed, the view I have expressed was first arrived at through a careful study of his writings, and before I was aware of what many other distinguished writers had said upon the same subject. We all know how often Swedenborg speaks of the Church as consisting *only* of those who are in charity and faith, or who learn truths from the Word and *do* them. "No others," says he, "*form any part of the Church whatever*" (Ap. Ex. 388); that is, evidently, no part of the *true* Church. We also know how often he speaks of the *evil* quality of the Christian Church in his day (see A. C. 3480, where he closes the paragraph thus: "Whence it appears what is the quality of *the Church*"). In all such passages is it not obvious that he is speaking of the Church as a visible institution, or of the collective body of those in Christian countries? Certainly he is not here using the word *church* in that exalted sense in which he oftentimes uses it, and in which it signifies *only* those who are "written in the Lamb's book of life." So when speaking of those "who know truths, which are called articles of belief, and do not live in charity," he remarks, "Although they are *in* the Church as being born there, still they are not *of* the Church, inasmuch as they have nothing of the truth in them." (A. C. 3267.) *In what Church?* I would ask. Evidently in the *visible* Church,—in that outward institution which embraces all the professed disciples of the Lord,—the goats and the sheep. It cannot be the *true* Church that is here meant, since those are said to be *in* it who "*do not live in charity*," and so "*are not of the Church*,"—that is, evidently, not of the *true* Church.

But I have already extended this communication beyond the limits I had prescribed for myself. I have not aimed here to argue the question, though I feel that weighty and unanswerable arguments in support of my view might be drawn from reason, observation, the Holy Scriptures, and the writings of our illumined author. I have aimed at little more than simply to *state* my view, and to show that it is by no means a novel one, or "*peculiar*" to myself, as I have seen it recently characterized; and I will add, that I have never anywhere advocated a view of the Church at variance with the one here presented. You think it a "fallacy" which has been "fully dissipated" in a recent pamphlet, which regards the idea of a priesthood or clergy under the Christian dispensation as a fallacy, or something worse, and aims to dissipate that also. And if I may be allowed to express my private opinion, I should say that one is just about as great a fallacy as the other, and has been just as "fully dissipated" in the pamphlet referred to.

Yours respectfully,

B. F. BARRETT.

ORANGE, N. J., June 1, 1858.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIOUS MONTHLY:—

With my thanks for the opportunity of looking at these articles in proof, I can place on this half-page, while the press is stopped for me, only,—First, my opinion and acknowledgment, that Mr. Barrett believes he does the Convention and its friends (and they are, I suppose, the very great majority of New-Church men in this country) justice in what he says of them. Secondly, my own most positive declaration, that, in my belief and judgment, he does them extreme injustice. What he presents as a fair statement of their principles and purposes is, in my belief and judgment, erroneous and distorted and ungrounded. I do not know, and I never did know, any person on the face of the earth, who, as I believe, holds or ever did hold the doctrines imputed by Mr. Barrett to what he calls "the High-Church Party" of the New Jerusalem; and I have been a member of the Convention more than thirty years. I cannot pursue this controversy here or elsewhere, and wish you to regard what I now say as only my protest and denial.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 2, 1858.

## THE EAGLE ROCK.\*

ON its bald front he stands,— a strong old man  
 Alone has gained the height, to meet the call  
 Of the glad evening wind. Soft doth it fan  
 His furrowed cheek,— the gray hairs lift and fall :  
 For thee the summer forest hath a voice ;  
 These are thy native hills,— stand, to rejoice !

Not weary yet of that slow swelling sound,  
 Nor yet of gazing fixedly afar,  
 Still nearer drawing to that dizzy bound,  
 As if to overleap life's prison-bar,  
 One foot there lies betwixt thee and the grave.  
 How patient stands that old man, meek and brave !

Afar his eye hath caught the ocean broad,  
 With all its wealth of nations,— fair to see ;  
 He marks one goodly ship within the road,  
 Straining for port,— a precious argosy !  
 Her white sails glisten in the setting sun :  
 Grapple thy staff, old man,— a voyage is just done !

Now looks he nearer,— on a peopled town,  
 With all its buzz and sickly rivalry ;  
 Low lies a thick smoke-cloud, to shut them down,  
 With not an eyelet to the sunny sky.  
 “ Be wise ! ” the old man cries ; “ my hairs are white :  
 Leave the broad battle-field for mountain height.”

Now gazing, breathless, follows he along  
 The valley rift one cloud of smoke and spray,—  
 He catches now the shrill steam-whistle song,  
 He marks the iron horse speed on its way :  
 Near, and now nearer,— lo ! the gorge is past,  
 The village gained,— he murmurs soft, “ Too fast ! ”

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\* A bold mountain-peak, near Orange, in the State of New Jersey, from which is seen a distant view of New York Bay; and, nearer, the spires and smoke of the great commercial city.

“Pass on, thou proud usurper of the road !

My wishes travel not as doth thy train :  
Within this valley shouldered I life’s load,

Here may I lay my burden off again.

Pass on, by bridge and tunnel, hill and sea ;  
Leave but our village as it used to be.

“The brown church standeth as it stood of yore,

Its gable to the street : my sire old  
Bowed his tall frame beneath that humble door :

Those stalwart limbs lie, gathered ‘neath the mould,  
In the old graveyard,— near, a gentle wife :  
One headstone telleth of their well-spent life.”

Within a stone-cast, see ! his eye hath found

The village schoolhouse with its rusty vane ;  
He hears the whoop upon the old play-ground,

He strikes his staff, — he is a boy again :

So young, old man, — so young, with hairs so white !  
Bright sets thy sun upon the mountain height !

But stay, — a cloud doth dim the old man’s eye ;

It stealeth like a shadow, and doth come  
To blur the beauty of a sunny sky.

Low falls his gaze, — he kens a lowly home,  
Snug nestled near some gray old orchard-trees,  
And one gnarled willow’swaying in the breeze.

A babbling brook goes by the grassy door ;

Unbalked it has its windings, glad and free,  
Telling its story, as it did of yore,

And bringing many a sunny memory  
Of early love. “ My good, my gentle bride,  
Fair were the flowers gathered at thy side.”

See ! the old man has dropped his staff, and now

He throws his old arms wide, now clasps the air,  
As if to gather on the mountain brow

The early loved and lost. ‘ T is wild despair :  
Though paralyzed the arm, the heart will yearn  
For what it loved in youth ! O grief will burn !

Seated at length, still from the rock to gaze,  
 Uplifted o'er his brow one trembling hand,  
 As if to penetrate life's evening haze,  
 And in his mind's eye count his little band,  
 As some good shepherd, on the mountain rock,  
 Ere nightfall darkens, telleth o'er his flock,—

How his mind peereth ! Now, a sunny streak  
 Pictures the fairest of a folded flock ;  
 Adown the channels of his rugged cheek  
 “ Course the big tears,” like rain-drops in the rock.  
 “ She was the gentlest growing at my side,—  
 Like a fair, fragile flower, she drooped and died.

“ See the green wicket, swinging to and fro :  
 Through its wee gap they bore her coffin small ;  
 Father and mother followed, bowed by woe,  
 And, two by two, her young companions all.  
 Clasped were her mother's hands, and firm her look,  
 But her lip quivered when the coffin shook.

“ Beneath that hoary beech, a glassy pool  
 Lies overshadowed, like a child in rest.  
 Thither, my idle Ben would steal from school,  
 To launch whole navies on its quiet breast.  
 My sailor-boy, if serves my memory,  
 'T is twenty years since you went o'er the sea.

“ 'T was on that bridge, beyond the wicket-gate,  
 We parted,— he was hopeful to the last.  
 ‘ Good bye ! ’ he stoutly said. ‘ Whate'er his fate,  
 Remember idle Ben.’ The bridge was past,—  
 Lingering he turned,— no word,— a long, last look  
 At the old homestead, and the quiet brook.

“ 'T is twenty years, I said,— mayhap 't is more.  
 Stay, let me count,— my sailor-boy was ten,—  
 Then I am drawing slowly to fourscore.  
 Isaac was elder by five years than Ben,—  
 Ik, now my staff, was then the father's joy,  
 But Ruth loved best her little vagrant boy.

“ ‘T was on that bridge Ik called me : ‘Hurry back,  
 Mother has a sharp turn !’ — for she lay ill.  
 I stayed till Ben, with his snug seaman’s pack,  
 Had gained the summit of that distant hill.  
 It was the last ! I felt, I know not why, —  
 That pretty print against the morning sky.

“ Ik called again : ‘ Dear father, tarry not !  
 Mother is dying !’ They were words of fear.  
 I ran with speed, and found Ruth on her cot,  
 With her hands clasped, as if in fervent prayer.  
 I stooped to catch her words, — low did she pray, —  
 ‘ God bless my boy !’ ‘ T was all that she could say !

“ Death gently came upon her. I alone  
 Watched it steal on, as steals the shadow’s length ;  
 She spoke before it struck our threshold stone, —  
 ‘ As thy days, Jacob, so shall be thy strength ;  
 One lamb is left of all our little flock ;  
 When falls the shadow, lean upon the *Rock*.’

“ We laid her in the grave on Monday morn.  
 My Ruth had ever led a suffering life ;  
 With what sweet patience all her pangs were borne  
 I never may forget : it was a strife  
 To live, she often said, — to die were gain, —  
 And once she prayed for death, when strong the pain.

“ ‘ For every bitter wound there is a balm,’ —  
 This Isaac spake, on the dark funeral day.  
 ‘ Be of good courage, father, keep the farm,  
 And let us toil together, come what may.’  
 God bless the lad ! — I see him in his might  
 Now shut the heavy barn-door for the night.”

Hold ! — now the old man’s mutterings do stop, —  
 Imagination may no longer play, —  
 Heavy and cold, the palsied arm doth drop, —  
 His sun doth set, — in beauty dies the day,  
 Gently the old man’s spirit fades away.  
 Muttering again he counts his little flock, —  
 “ Ruth, Isaac, Ben,” — slow steals the shadow’s length :  
 “ As thy days, Jacob, so shall be thy strength ;  
 When falls the shadow, lean upon the *Rock*.”

E. W.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*A Farewell Discourse, delivered at the Thirteenth Congregational Church in Boston, July 4, 1858, by REV. J. I. T. COOLIDGE.* James Munroe & Co.—The separation of a minister, after an acceptable service of sixteen years in one place, not only from his parish, but from his denomination, must always be an event of interest and importance. In the present instance it is made peculiarly so by several conditions and circumstances.

1. The doctrinal change that has brought it about is seen to be singularly free from all unworthy mixtures of motive or feeling. It has been — as this Farewell Discourse and all the other facts show — a direct and simple step, having apparently no other than internal causes and directors. A minister acknowledged on all hands to be eminently single-minded, devoted, and conscientious, an excellent scholar, one of the most thorough students of the Scriptures among us, an able and persuasive preacher, trusted and beloved in a desirable metropolitan congregation, with no foreign influence or entanglement whatever, has passed deliberately away from the body of Christians in which he was reared and educated, and has thereby severed the official tie that connected him with his church, throwing himself and his family, without promise or prospect or plan, upon all those uncertainties which have an untraceable Providence for their only clew.

2. The whole process has been an eminently honest and open one. Through a series of years, while certain modifications of religious opinion were going on, Mr. Coolidge has kept his people fully apprised of all his views, and even of his questionings, in a candid, kind, considerate spirit. He has referred to them — as this Sermon and the quoted documents show — the question whether he ought to be continued as their minister, and, up to this recent action, they have decided it in the affirmative: so that Mr. Coolidge is not chargeable with any moral ambiguity in holding his position.

3. The parish have uniformly acted, with very few exceptions, in the same honorable, frank, and generous way. They appear not to have been generally given to slander, sedition, private misrepresentation, or unreasonable suspicion. If ever there has seemed to be any narrowness or injustice, the responsible action of the majority has presently put matters upon a fair footing again. In acquiescing in their pastor's withdrawal, according to the evident wishes of some of their number, they did not exceed their ecclesiastical rights.

4. The separation has not been occasioned by any excess of technical language or any dogmatical character in the preaching, any exclusive policy or temper, any attempt to foist in measures peculiar to other sects, nor by an offensive presentation of extreme views of any sort; but by the simple and not unnatural fact, that doctrines

and views of a religious administration not belonging to the general system known as Unitarian,—such as are mentioned in the Sermon,—though preached in a liberal spirit, out of a conviction that clearly required their utterance, were not welcome to a considerable and respectable portion of the proprietors of a Unitarian Church. Mr. Coolidge would have been glad, he says, to continue in an undenominational and independent ministry. To very many of the proprietors and of the congregation, the preaching, as a whole, does seem to have been entirely welcome, effective, and precious, yielding a satisfaction they had not found before. This was intimated in a notice, in our June number, of a sermon entitled "The Choice and the Cross," which has since received the most cordial praise for its unction and power from the leading journals of all denominations, in all parts of the country, and has had the unqualified approbation of many of the Unitarian name. Indeed, names are so much losing their descriptive significance, and such changes are going on in denominational classifications, that it is not unlikely some nominally Unitarian parishes, in the same circumstances, would have refused to accept the minister's resignation.

5. Such a withdrawal as this from the Unitarian ministry is a test of the liberality of the Unitarian body. If true to their often repeated and eminent professions, the men of that denomination will not endeavor to disparage the differing brother, nor to dismiss him with a slur, nor to put forward conjectural or unreal explanations of his course. Their language, one would say, will rather be: "So men of clear heads and vigorous understanding may sincerely and religiously disagree; we regret this secession; it seems to us an error; but this brother evidently walks with God, loves the Lord Jesus Christ, lives by the Spirit; this is the *all in all*; we will love him and honor him still; all truth is not ours; perhaps he has found truth we have overlooked or rejected; let us look carefully again and see. God's grace and goodness go with him wherever he goes!" This would be a worthy magnanimity. Large-minded and large-hearted men will show it. Meaner natures will fret, and misrepresent, and have their peevish insinuations, and let their meanness out in sight of all men, and only prove, what was more than suspected before, that charity is not always most abundant where the pretence of it is loudest.

The sentence of this sermon most trying to Unitarian patience, already much quoted, affirms that, to the speaker, Unitarianism, as a system, seems to tend to "irreverence and disbelief." Of course many will feel that he ought to be shown to be mistaken in this opinion. But even by these it will perhaps be considered that Mr. Coolidge believed what he said; and it may easily be conceived that he felt himself constrained by the highest and holiest of obligations to say so, on such an occasion, in fidelity to his conviction, or, at least, as explanatory of his own action. Besides, this form of words adds nothing of severity to the whole movement that the words accompany. A step so momentous, and responsible, and self-sacrificing

to him, would not be likely to have been brought about by a less radical discontent than that. And if the sentence was to be spoken, we cannot see how it could be spoken with more careful and kindly qualifications, with less bitterness, or with a more evident anxiety not to give unnecessary offence.

Time enough has already passed, since the separation, to put these principles to the proof. In private quarters, and by many individuals, we know, and rejoice to know, that the liberal professions of twenty or thirty years have not been belied. If some persons of the sect have borne the loss less gracefully, it has only illustrated the common rule that a partisan career is subject to a law of deterioration, clouding both the judgment and the conscience.

It has been conspicuously and repeatedly affirmed, that this change of views is to be accounted for by a tendency to emotional measures and excitement, and a defect of the logical faculty,—a line of defence not very original, and not very difficult to be seen through. If it should turn out, as we have heard it predicted, that Mr. Coolidge, instead of joining the Methodists, should conclude, after a deliberate survey of the field, to seek the fellowship of the Episcopal Church, we suppose the theory of a love of emotional measures and excitement would have to be modified. As to the "logical" necessities of the case, criticism should be politic and cautious, even if it will not be generous. If we draw up a list of the great names in the history of dialectic thought from Plato down; or if we confine the inquiry to Christendom; if we look to antiquity, to the Middle Ages, to France, to Protestant Germany and Switzerland, to England and Scotland, at the present day;—and then go over this catalogue of eminent logicians and mark the names of Unitarians among them,—the result will be far from satisfactory to this lively Unitarian confidence in the syllogism. All this does not prove Orthodoxy to be true, nor Unitarianism false; but it does forcibly suggest the extreme inexpediency of trying to settle theological ideas by personal disengagement. According to this criterion of a sound theology, Unitarian literature ought to be remarkable for close categories and systematic processes. Above other preachers, the Liberal clergy should be addicted to hard reasoning, and their already admirable sermons should be specimens of compact, consecutive argumentation. Their congregations should be accustomed to this strong diet. The persuasive pigeon-holes of the Association should bristle with *chevaux-de-frise* of subject, predicate, and copula, or at least show a breastwork of scientific theologic demonstration. The playful critic himself will not be able to think of the "logical" issue of his own statement without a smile. Besides, we have a further illustration of this esteem for logic, when we see it maintained one week that Mr. Coolidge's departure from Unitarianism is to be explained by his illogical propensities, and the next, that he has not departed from Unitarianism at all, and has grossly wronged it in thinking that he has, but remains a good enough Unitarian still, illogical propensities and all. The fact is, Mr. Coolidge is quite as much given to consecutive and consistent

thinking, and as little to disconnected epigrams and figures of rhetoric, as the majority of ministers, and is not particularly fond of exciting measures in a religious ministration. We cannot discover that this makes his present belief one particle more erroneous or more true.

A great many people, of excellent abilities and education, in the full possession of their rational powers, think about this matter just as Mr. Coolidge does, and always have thought so; they probably constitute at least six sevenths of the Christian world. Neither does this make them or him correct; majorities are frequently wrong. But it does exhibit, again, the extreme imbecility of undertaking to affect an opinion by raising a cry of presumption, or to put a man into intellectual contempt for uttering his honest mind about theological or ecclesiastical "systems."

The interest of the subject will justify us in copying so much of the sermon as we can find space for. There is no list of elaborately defined articles of belief; but, what is far better, there is a living disclosure of the great foundation and outlines of the preacher's faith. We cannot see how the message could have been delivered with more manliness and elevation of spirit, with more fairness and gentleness, with less egotism or ill-temper, at every point. And in that grand and all-important distinction, not of titles but of things, which is drawn at the close of these extracts, the preacher marks the point of real divergence, from which — irrespective of the old names — the two principal parties of the future are to move. One will be a Church; the other will not. Probably some members of all the existing sects will be found in each of these divisions.

"I must now resign to you whatever you have committed to my hands. I know not how I can better meet the expectations and proprieties of the hour, than by a calm and full review of my ministry at this post. You will pardon the appearance of egotism. The occasion is so personal in all its aspects, that I must need talk of myself. I hope to speak the exact truth. I shall certainly set down naught in malice. I wish to deal fairly with all. In any criticism I may be led to make, I desire to be understood as speaking only of matters as I comprehend them. I shall try to wound no one's feelings, and be unjust to no one's faith. I cannot expect to satisfy every one. And my criticism I must allow to be criticised; nor shall I complain, if only the friendly feeling be reciprocated.

"I shall divide what I have to say into these parts, — my personal experience; the spirit of this ministry; and its results.

"I. My personal experience. I should much prefer to pass over this entirely. But the peculiarities of my position demand that it should, in part at least, be related. It is known among you, and it has been widely spread abroad, that my faith has undergone great and essential changes since I commenced my labors among you, and that it is on this account alone that our relation is now dissolved. It is proper that I should speak to that point. It will be seen in the narrative, what I desire to have distinctly understood, that these changes have been neither sudden nor recent. They are the result of a long and constant process of thought and experience. To myself they appear not so much changes as increasing light from the first faint ray of earliest dawn, — light which I have ever prayed for, and been ready to follow, guide whither it would.

"I was educated a Unitarian of the straitest sect. As such I passed my earliest youth, and as such made choice of my profession in life, and became a student in the Theological School at Cambridge. It was during the preparatory studies of the ministry in that place that the original movement which has led to this issue commenced. And this was the occasion. A theme was assigned to me, entitled 'What is the meaning and efficacy of the death of Christ?' With easy rapidity, I wrote down the views I had received from my early training. But instantly the question arose in my mind, awakened by no previous doubt or former disputation, and independent of all human suggestion,—wholly, as I believe, by the action of the Holy Spirit,—'Do you explain the language of the Apostles concerning that wonderful death?' I answered the rising doubt quickly and easily by saying they magnified the event; they stood too near to see it in its true proportions; they naturally and honestly misconceived its meaning; they confused it through their Jewish training. But when the question struck deeper; when it asked, 'Do you explain the language Christ himself uses concerning his death and its efficacy? do you fill up his words with a meaning at all commensurate with their apparent force? and, if he intended no more than you say, why did he clothe such simple truths in such perplexing forms?' —then I saw the brink on which I stood; then I saw that the question really involved the whole subject of faith. I saw that it struck at the very root of Christianity as a system of authoritative truth. I saw that it carried with it the very Bible itself. I could yield up easily the authority of Paul and Peter and James and John; but I could not resign without sharp anguish my repose in Christ as an infallible Teacher. I could not allow the fatal thought, that he might have been deceived himself, or that he might have overstrained the purpose of his own death. I had learned to rest on his infallibility through divine inspiration, and my reverence for his character was most profound. The bare suspicion of the least exaggeration or mistake, or of his meaning aught but precisely what his words appeared to convey, was acute distress. Yet the withering thought did come, and remained, and my soul grew dark; and, without exaggeration, I can say, 'The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon my house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it.' My faith lay in ruins. I was full of doubt, and yet not in despair. I could not lose my reverence for Jesus Christ,—a reverence which had grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, and which held me to him in the midst of my darkness. Long days, and even months, so passed. At last I was led by the Spirit, as I thankfully believe, to see this much with perfect clearness,—that Jesus Christ, whatever his nature might be, man, archangel, Firstborn of the creation, or Son equal with and one with the Father, was far above me; that my place was not at his side, certainly not above him to criticise him, but at his feet meekly to hear and believe. Many sayings of his I did not comprehend; but the darkness was in me, and not in him. He was Light, and in his light should I see light. I humbly and rejoicingly acknowledged him as my Master and Lord. And in due time I went forth to preach in his name, and according to his word. I felt justified in so doing. There appeared nothing in the body to which I belonged to forbid it, but everything in its spirit and profession to allow it. If in this I judged wrongly, my plea must be a sincere and honest purpose.

"So it was that you found me a preacher, and called me to your pulpit, and to the office of pastor among you. In this spirit I accepted the trust, and commenced my labors. I came to preach in the name of Christ, to preach whatever I should learn from him, and to preach on his authority alone. I was a Unitarian by education, by social relations, and so far as my faith concerning Christ had taken form. But, even then, it was not

Unitarianism which was dear to me. I held it lightly, ready to part with it, if so Christ should require, though never dreaming that he would. It was therefore no chance selection of a text, when, on the Sunday following my ordination, I preached from these words: 'So thou, O son of man ! I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me.' My most frequent themes of discourse and exhortation were repentance, regeneration, newness of life, renewal of spirit; these more than the moralities and respectabilities of life, because I saw that the fountain must be pure before the stream could run clear; that the tree sound at the core alone brought its fruit to perfection; and because it seemed the way of the Lord.

" Still there were many words of Jesus that were hard and dark, opening depths of meaning I could sound with no plummet of my own making. The Gospel of St. John especially was a sealed book. I loved to read it, for the same reason, as I suppose, that the Apostles loved to listen while the Master spake, even though they turned one to another, saying, ' We cannot tell what he saith.' At last, you must allow me to say, the first really revealing light broke upon me, when I was enabled to discern the meaning in these two texts, which had before appeared to stand in direct opposition: ' No man can come to me, except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him'; 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me.' The office of the Holy Ghost, in its wakening power arousing the soul to a consciousness of its deepest wants, and guiding it to the Son, the only satisfaction; and that of the Son, by his own incarnation, manifesting the Father, — were distinctly opened upon my mind. My frequent theme became ' Christ, the image of God'; ' Whosoever hath seen me hath seen the Father.' Christ, the manifestation of the Father, — this I never wearied of unfolding to you in every possible and attractive form in which it appeared to my own soul; and many among you welcomed it as a bright and blessed truth, shedding new light upon the relations of the Father and the Son, and of the soul of man to each.

" My mind continued to pursue the opening way. I was called to minister to very deep experiences. I was invited to holiest confidences. Secrets of the inmost soul were revealed to me. Troubled hearts sought to be soothed; conscience-beaten souls to be relieved; the mourner to be consoled; the dying to be ministered unto, as those close to the threshold of eternity. As a pastor I was made familiar with the deep workings of the soul; and, from my conferences, I went back to the study of the Bible. More and more, I found the experience of the human heart answered back to the Bible, as deep calleth unto deep. I saw that all men needed a *gospel*, — needed more than a righteous and holy and perfect law; that the law could not deliver, but only increase the consciousness of condemnation. I saw it was not Paul alone who called, ' Who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?' but the inmost soul of every man; and that it was only when every man could exclaim with Paul, ' I thank God through Jesus Christ,' that he found the peace and joy of believing, according to the Scripture, ' Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' And therefore it was, when we assembled to dedicate this temple to the most high God, and to his Son the Saviour of the world, I endeavored in my discourse to set forth, with what clearness of faith I had, Jesus Christ man's needed Saviour.

" But not yet was my faith complete. Steadily it advanced, until, by the constant study of the Bible in our various readings and lectures, the marvellous unity of that book stood signally forth, — a unity in the midst of its manifold diversity. It is, then, *one* book from Genesis to the Revelation, from the creation to the consummation of all things; the history of the

mighty movement on the part of our God for the redemption of a fallen race ; of the knitting anew the broken relations between the Lord God and his alienated children on the earth ; of that mystery of God's will which was working from the first to the end, that, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ. It is therefore God's own word to the human family, clear, authoritative, final. Then it was that the meaning of these and similar words began to be revealed : 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself' ; 'There is no other name given under heaven whereby man can be saved' ; 'When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.' I saw this to be the burden of Scripture, its key-note, melting into one glorious, subduing harmony its thousand various voices. I saw with increasing light and joy how sacrifice, psalm, prophecy, agreed with history, biography, epistle ; how the Old Testament pointed as a finger continually on to the New, and the New fulfilled the Old ; how that in Adam we die, and in Christ are made alive ; that the spiritual Rock the fathers drank of in the wilderness was Christ ; that the Word of the old dispensation, who in the beginning was with God and was God, was in the new dispensation made flesh, and dwelt among us ; that He appeared in the end of the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, that God might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus. All was clear ; my faith was established. The Lord had led me about, but at last had placed my feet upon the rock. My faith stands on the Bible, the whole Bible ; in Him to whom the Scriptures give witness ; in his life, as my inspiration ; in his death, as my reconciliation ; in his resurrection, as my hope of eternal gloy ; in his ascension and coronation, as my all-powerful Advocate with the Father, and as Head over all things to his Church. To Him I trust the everlasting interests of my undying soul ; blessing God that I can say, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him.' 'I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' The life I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.'

"Such, my friends, as accurately as can be briefly stated, is the history of those changes in my Christian faith which have removed me so far from the form of doctrine in which I was early instructed. You now easily perceive why, as I have said, they appear to me not so much *changes*, as increasing light from the first faint break of day.

"Are you not, then, a Unitarian ?" does any one inquire ? I answer, I am not. "Wherein do you differ ?" I answer, In my entire conception of the whole system of salvation, as I read it in the Scriptures and the necessities of the human heart. It is difficult, I know, to criticise the views of a body which, in its original dogmatical position, seems fast passing away. It is too evident to be denied or longer concealed, that, in the denomination called Unitarian, there are at present two very opposite and determined movements, both of which will compel the absolute abandonment of the form of faith which in the religious world is known by that name. The one is leading with great force and attractiveness to the extreme of Rationalism ; the other, to greater nearness to and closer sympathy with the broad Evangelical body of the Christian Church. Yet there is that which is understood as Unitarianism in the community ; and from that I differ with strong dissent. I dissent from it because it does not recognize and express the unity of the Bible, by which alone 'the spiritual identity of the religion of the Bible, from Genesis to the Revelation,' can be discerned and accepted ; because, therefore, it does not recognize the universal alienation of the human race from God, through the disorder and disarrangement which our nature, regarded as a whole, has derived from sin ; and because, therefore, it does not recognize

the great central fact of Christianity,— the Incarnation of the Eternal Son, whom, when the fulness of time had come, God sent forth, made of a woman, made under the law, that through union with this Son of God, and by his life and death reconciling God and man, we might receive the adoption of sons, and regain the image of the Creator, which in Adam we had lost. ‘The first man is of the earth, earthly: the second man is the Lord from heaven.’ ‘In him was life; and the life was the light of men.’ And again I dissent from Unitarianism, thus understood, because I am compelled, with deep regret for its seeming harshness, to declare, after long and careful observation, that, left to itself, to its own tendencies unrestrained, to its own natural proclivities, it leads to irreverence and unbelief.\* In fine, the distinction between the system of Unitarianism on the one hand, and the system of the Evangelical Church on the other, seems to be accurately stated in these words, which, in quoting, I have taken the liberty to slightly alter: ‘The one makes the individual the starting-point for all improvement; whereas the starting-point of the other is Christ. The first is for dealing with nature as it finds it. It takes man such as he is, with the powers and faculties which he possesses, and supposes that their cultivation may enable him to shake off the evils and infirmities which all deplore. The man himself, therefore, is the commencement of all renewal. He may use God’s grace, indeed; he may invoke the name of Christ: but in himself is the ultimate principle of renovation. The second, on the other hand, makes Christ alone the starting-point of all improvement. It attributes the first renewal of man’s race to the entrance into its ranks of a higher Being, whose quickening influence is the principle of regeneration to all believers. In Him, and not in them, is the original principle of movement; and it is only by union with Him — the Word incarnate — that the restoration of man is possible.’ ‘For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself’; and he ‘quickeneth whom he will.’

“This is a very broad distinction; and, not for a moment doubting which is the Scripture doctrine, I am compelled to leave the former, and, with my whole heart throbbing with gratitude that I can, cleave to the latter.”

*Rev. Mr. Alger's Edition of Martineau.*—It has been privately intimated to the editor, that a remark in his recent notice of the above-mentioned volume,—to the effect that Mr. Alger, in his Introduction, appeared to discover a similarity between the writings of Mr. Martineau and the teachings of Christ which does not exist,—might

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\* “I am painfully aware that this will seem a hard saying. It will appear, to many faithful hearts among the Unitarians, most false and ungenerous. But it should be remembered, I speak, not of individuals, but of a system. I speak of the tendencies of that system as they are made manifest in the generation educated under its influence. I cannot disguise from myself, and I should be untrue to my convictions of duty, if, in the position in which I am placed, I refused to affirm, that the spirit of the system, as such, did not lead to the disbelief of the Scriptures, as a final authority in matters of faith; to lax ideas of the sovereignty of God, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin as against that sovereignty; and of the offered salvation by Christ, holding that salvation rather as by the faith of Christ, the faith he brought and taught, than by faith in Christ as himself the Reconciler and Saviour. If I judge wrongly, it is not intentionally, or with unkindness and hardness of heart. I am united with too many Unitarians in the bonds of Christian love to wish, in parting with the body, to cast an ill-natured censure. In that body, I would bear testimony, if it were of any account or need, that there are very many as pure and devout spirits as can be counted in any household of faith.”

bear an invidious construction as towards Mr. Alger. Such a construction certainly ought not to be applied; and the notice ought to have given no just occasion for it. We did take the impression,—which, on a closer observation, we believe was unfounded,—that Mr. Alger was disposed to press the affirmation of such a similarity beyond what it will properly bear; and that was all that we meant to convey.

*Sermons of the late REV. FREDERIC W. ROBERTSON.* Third Series. From the Second London Edition. Ticknor and Fields.—In every quarter, we hear that Mr. Robertson's sermons are gaining a wider influence, and accomplishing a deep and beneficent ministry. The introduction of any one of the three volumes into a new place or circle of readers is very sure to lead to a call for the rest, and for several copies. They are read aloud and in private. They are passed from hand to hand, and furnish the topic of earnest conversation, and of secret thanksgiving to God for this his gifted and faithful servant. They interpret experiences that had no clear interpreter before. They dispel doubts that had brooded long, comfort sorrows that no commonplace insight or ordinary faith could reach, and confirm the best aspirations of the most devout minds. One of these most delightful results is the common welcome they obtain from really thoughtful and spiritual persons of different forms of belief,—thus becoming efficient promoters of reconciliation and unity among the true friends of Christ. It would be easy to specify sermons in this volume which have rare and pre-eminent power; but not easy to mention one which is not remarkable. With the exception of that on "The Illusiveness of Life," they all exemplify the perfect healthiness of sentiment and thought which we have formerly noticed as a distinguishing quality of Mr. Robertson's intellect and heart. His seasons of sadness — a chastened and Christian sadness — are more, however, than his hours of joy. His feeling of the solemnity of life is too weighty to allow of much light-heartedness. Yet there is not (with the single exception of a passage or two in the sermon just referred to) a trace of morbid depression.

A Memoir is printed in this volume, containing some interesting particulars not included in the former biographical notice.

*Timothy Titcomb's Letters.* Charles Scribner.—As the public generally knows, these Letters are written by Dr. J. G. Holland, of the "Springfield Republican." They were first printed in that spirited newspaper, where we read many of them with admiration. They are addressed to three classes of the young,—young men, young women, and young married people. They discover a real knowledge of the subjects treated, a sincere sympathy with the life of youth, a lofty Christian purpose, a quick insight into human nature generally, uncommon intellectual activity, and a plainness and directness of dealing which often has the effect of wit. Their special ad-

vantage over most books of advice designed for the same classes is that they grasp the living experiences as they are, while others talk *about* them as it is supposed they may be. Timothy Titcomb, instead of saying the thing which he considers ought to be said, says the thing he feels, and the thing that the nature of the case requires him to say. There is the most complete avoidance of nonsense, a refreshing moral health, a conscientious desire to take matters as they are, and make them what they ought to be. We understand that the author *deliberately* dispenses, sometimes, with dignity, and the rules of classical composition, to gain a shorter access to all grades of society, and make a more vivid impression. If the end demands the means, we have no doubt he is right. And even in point of style, his bright, energetic Saxon is a good compensation for the absence of a more fastidious rhetoric. As to sentiment, there is never the slightest deviation from the purest delicacy; indeed, there is, in that respect, the rare blamelessness of a genuine and righteous heart. Were the principles and spirit of these generous and brotherly counsels fairly diffused through the homes of New England, how wholesome, genial, peaceable, and holy our domestic life would be! It is not often that we read a writer touching so many of those topics of society, manners, every-day morals, about which tastes as well as consciences are apt to differ, of whom we are able to say so often, with emphatic affirmation, Yes, his view of this is *exactly right*. It is to be hoped that the popular cast of the book will not hinder its reception among those whose careful literary training has not exempted them from the mischiefs and miseries of the passions and foibles that are here exposed, and has still less lifted them above the noble and generous remedies here eloquently recommended.

*Men and Things.* By JAMES L. BAKER. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—A gentleman combining thoughtful and reflective habits with a busy and constant contact with affairs, of shrewd observation and a careful culture of his powers, has here placed together a series of lively and well-written papers on a wide variety of subjects. They are grouped, however, not unnaturally, by the individuality of a writer who lives in the midst of a commercial world, lives by the sea, reads the newspapers and such books as he has time for, thinks over what he reads, hears, and sees, and forms independent opinions. The articles in which he seems to feel the most confidence, but which we are least competent to criticise, are those on Money, Currency, Free Trade, and some related financial questions. In the brief discussion of "Honesty in Trade," the author might have risen to a more cordial appreciation of "Ideal Morality."

*Coming Home.* James Munroe & Co.—To a large number of readers it will be a sufficient recommendation of this pleasant little book, that it was written by the author of the "Sunbeam Stories." The contrasts of opulent and simple life, the discontents bred by officious interference, the miseries of selfishness, the reconciliation wrought

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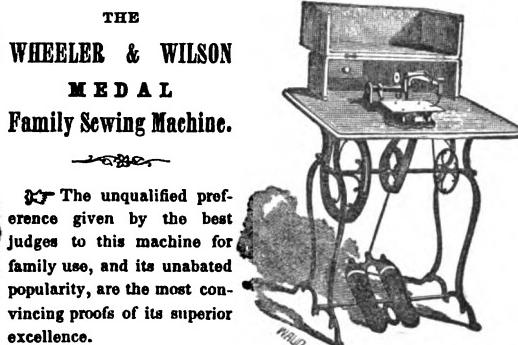
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THE CHRISTIAN CHOICE.

"I WANT to be a Christian, but I don't know how to begin," said a friend not long since, with every apparent mark of sincerity and earnestness. The remark betrayed a state of mind not altogether strange or individual, but which, we believe, would be the honest utterance of many seemingly indifferent to religious truths, even among those of education and discernment, who might readily be supposed to be acquainted with the fundamental realities of faith.

How many such confessions of yearning and want, and of ignorance of the simplest truths of a really practical faith, might be heard in many of our congregations, were there the open revelation of the heart's deep secrets, as from Sabbath to Sabbath we meet for worship and communion! How many restless longings and unsatisfied desires, how many surgings of remorse and throbings of conscience, how many glimpses of a purer, better inward life, and longings for a truer peace and reconciliation! O, were the deep yearnings and struggles and aspirations of one single immortal soul, awakened to a consciousness of its own individual being, clearly opened to view, what fiction of poet or

novelist, what delineation of painter or artist, could compare with *that* revelation in intensity of interest? The conflicts of nations would seem like mere child's play, in comparison with the battles of conscience and will and inclination, and all the glories and honors of the outward world, that so attract and win, would quickly fade into utter nothingness as the clear light of the Divine Holiness shone into the deepest recesses of the spirit, revealing all its secret windings and needs!

"*I want* to be a Christian." There is, then, a consciousness of need in your soul,— that you are not all that you ought to be,— that there is something higher and holier to which you can aspire and reach. There is a hunger of the spirit that craves satisfaction, a restlessness that asks for peace, a dim but never-ceasing yearning for something not yet attained. "*I want*";— have you realized the deep significance of these words? Have you, in the secret chamber of your soul, uttered them unto God alone? Are you sure that it is no worldly longing, no mere discouragement as to the attainment of outward possession, no momentary excitement of feeling alone, no desire of ambition, that prompts the utterance? Or is it, in truth, the cry of the soul's immortal nature, seeking after God, if haply it may find him?

But your own words give the answer, "*I want to be a Christian*";— yet you "*know not how to begin*." You feel as if some mysterious influence must come over you, as if some mighty change must be wrought upon you, ere you take the first steps in the Christian life. You are waiting for something,— you hardly know for what. You expect some sudden light to shine into your soul, that will at once make all clear and bright within; and until this comes, you feel as if you had nothing to do,— as if there were no accountability on your part for any amount of indifference or self-indulgence.

But we would ask, Does not this very self-indulgence render you more and more uneasy? You *know* you are not

right, and is not every day of indifference rendering you colder and more selfish? Are you gaining aught in the course you are now pursuing? Are you taking any resolute steps to satisfy the want you feel and acknowledge? "Work out your *own* salvation with fear and trembling," saith the Apostle, adding the blessed promise, "for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure." The very consciousness of your need shows that His Spirit has been and is pleading with you, and now it is yours to *work*, — no easy, holiday task, — but to labor, to strive, to agonize, with the whole energy and resolution of your soul, for the satisfying of your soul's wants.

Begin, then, *just where you are*. Wait for nothing, but begin this very hour to act as Jesus bids you, and begin to pray, and thus you will begin to be a Christian. Read the Saviour's own words, and trait by trait compare your character with his life and teachings.

Before going forth to the active duties of the day, let the morning hour be consecrated by sincere prayer and the study of God's word, and the influence of that hour will sanctify the busy scenes of daily life. Are you tempted to impatience and anger? Remember Him who endured all reproach meekly and patiently, who when reviled reviled not again, and check the hasty utterance.

Do sloth and indolence lay their iron grasp upon your energies? "Be diligent in business," *because* "fervent in spirit." Think of the great work of life to be accomplished, — how little has been done, and of the heights of attainment yet possible for you to reach; and so meditate on these themes until the soul is fully aroused to put forth its energies, and to seek and strive with diligence and earnestness.

Are you tempted by the cunning whispers of pride and the vain insinuations of human praise and flattery? Ask yourself truthfully the one question, How do I stand in *God's* sight, — before Him who alone really knows me? — and the tempter will depart. Are you inclined to restless-

ness and discontent? Think of Him who, though rich, yet for our sakes became poor, and your peevishness will be stilled. Are you rash, quick, impulsive in word or deed? Look up to that calm eye fixed steadfastly upon you, and pause and consider your ways.

Does one whom you thought a friend betray your confidence, or utter the poisonous word of slander against you,—or have you to endure the bitter trial of injustice and wrong? In Christ you have the assured sympathy of one who has been tried by sorrow and desertion, and every form of human suffering; and with his hand to guide you, you need fear no ill, nor shrink from any loneliness on the pathway of life. Carry the consciousness of his presence and sympathy with you through the day, into all its minute concerns and petty occurrences, and so its every duty will become ennobled, and its every joy sanctified.

Begin just where you are, with just the light you now possess, and you will not fail to be quickened and enlightened. Here is no mystery. *Act* according to what you do know, even though your faith be but as the grain of mustard-seed, and it will surely grow; for action and prayer are to the soul what light and air are to the tiny seed, quickening and expanding the secret germ of life.

To rest in the consciousness of want, without using the means of satisfying that want, would be as weak and foolish as the starving man refusing to reach forth his hand for the food lying within his very grasp. But in each case the act must be the man's own,—the determination of his own will. He must choose whether he will put forth his hand and take the food,—he must *choose* whether he will follow Christ or not. Of his own free will must he resolutely decide whether to act as God commands, or to follow his own inclinations and selfish purposes.

To say, "I want to be a Christian," and there to rest, as if the whole work were to be wrought by some external process, is the sure and certain way to extirpate the very

*capacity* for religion from the soul, to bury this talent beneath the earthly clods of indifference and sloth. You cannot pray, you cannot begin to pray, without a deeper sense of your relationship to God and to Christ. You cannot act one day in reference to God's will and not your own, without feeling a quickened sense of obligation to Him ; you cannot look to Christ as the manifestation of the Father, without a growing consciousness of your nearness to Him as his child, and a longing desire for assured pardon and reconciliation.

If the "want" is truly felt, and not the result of a mere transient excitement,—if it is indeed the want "to be a Christian,"—then you will not fail in the solemn and resolute choice of Christ as your only Master, of him as the soul's only Saviour. In him you have the only being who can and will meet your deepest needs,—one who unites the Divine Holiness with the tenderest human sympathies, and in whom you can know and draw near to the Father. All things else, all other judgments, all other plans, are to be held subservient to God's will in him with regard to you,—worldly success, ambition, expediency, the love of human praise, pride, selfishness, all lower motives, are to be merged in this one supreme desire.

And here we find the cause of the halting steps, and the low aims, and the feeble endeavors of so many who have begun the Christian life, but who often despairingly and even bitterly exclaim : "I make no true progress ; I often seem to lose in a single day the ground that I have gained through months of toil, and I am weary of striving; there is no use for me to expect to be a true Christian ; that attainment is for those differently and more happily constituted."

Now the difficulty of such desponding ones lay at the very outset. Too much was expected, while yet there was no solemn, fixed purpose, no resolute, decided choice in the soul. Whether sooner or later the question forces itself upon the soul, "What is to be my aim and end in life ? —

what master shall I serve?" — there must be the solemn, determined answer and decision, or the whole of life will be a mere restless beating against the tide of inclination, passion, and circumstance. You may not be able precisely to state the time when you first felt an interest in religious truths ; perchance it may date back to your childhood's days, and you may have no distinct remembrance of a time when your heart was not open to religious influences. But as you have advanced to maturer years, you feel the need of a more distinct, definite, open purpose ; and if indifference has cast its iron fetters about your soul in past years, then only the more do you need to say definitely to yourself before God : "Henceforth I consecrate myself to Christ and to his service. He is my Master, I am his servant, and am to seek his will, and his only. I am not to seek my own pleasure and amusement, or the gratification of selfish ambition, but I am pledged to him as my soul's only guide. Let him work within me freely and fully, both strengthening me to will, and aiding me to perform his good pleasure."

No human friend — nay, reverently would we add, not even Omnipotence itself — can *constrain* the human will to choose the right. Here, in this one fearful, noble prerogative, you are your own master. On you, and you alone, and on you only, as an immortal, accountable being, does it depend whether to choose the path of life, or the way of death. Every motive is given you, every inducement is held out to you, every promise pledged to you, that Infinite Love can offer, to lead you in the right and heavenly way ; but in this one power through which you may be akin to God in his infinite realm of being, you must take the solemn prerogative into your own hands, either to blast and ruin, or, by uniting it with, or rather merging it in, the Divine Will, to become your only freedom and strength.

Is such your choice when you say, "I want to be a Christian"? Do you really desire to have God and Christ *abide* in you? O, begin thoroughly and earnestly the work!

No half-way consecration will ever satisfy you, no superficial purposes! For a time they may seem sufficient, and some progress will be made; but the hour of self-revelation *will* come, the consciousness of being weighed in the balance and found wanting, the goading sense of superficiality in the inner life, and of the want of a firm anchor and an abiding hope, when the waves of adversity beat against the soul; or when the inward cloud casts over the spirit the heavy shades of darkness, through which faith in vain seeks to pierce, unless it has learned to "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Deep in the recesses of your soul must you penetrate, and far through them all,—through the flattering delusions of pride and vanity, through the deceitful windings of ambition, through the deadening power of self-sufficiency, must peal the solemn consecration, "I am Thine: abide Thou in me, and I in Thee."

Yes, it is no metaphor, no figurative words, which we use. It is a glorious possibility to every seeking soul. It is a simple *fact* of the inward life. The soul is literally "born again," created anew in Christ Jesus, and the life is hid with him in God. The bitterness of the earlier conflict is passed, for the love of God has changed the seeming evil to a nobler good. The restless tide of passion is stilled, for the spirit of God moves over the troubled waters, and all is peace. There is no sad loneliness on the pathway of life, for the Father is ever near, and in the Saviour's indwelling presence there can only be a chastened joy.

Who can tell the holy peace of thus abiding in Christ, and he in us! Who would not long and strive and pray for this promised and holy companionship! Not afar off are we to seek, but here, in our own souls, will the Comforter dwell, if we will but seek his presence! And then there will be no conflict as to the path of duty, for the Christ within will direct and guide us. The will, though free, will be placed within his holy keeping, to turn, to guide, and to direct it, and the spirit's only question will be,

“ What wilt *Thou* have me to do ? ” Over the oft discordant notes of the soul the spirit of God will breathe in strains of purest harmony, and the daily life will be but the reflection of the spirit of the Christ within. Say not that these aspirations are too high, this standard too lofty, for you to recognize at the very outset of your Christian course. Nay, it is all implied in the very act of the choice incumbent upon you ; for if you turn to God with the thorough, solemn purpose of self-consecration to him through Christ, will you not trust his promise and his power, to work with and in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure ?

“ One man, glowing with holy zeal, is able to change a whole city,” exclaimed the eloquent and earnest preacher of Antioch, as the anxious thousands thronged around him, and hung breathless upon his words, as if the fate of their noble city rested solely upon his intercession and influence with the Emperor.

“ I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me,” wrote a yet nobler apostle of the faith, as from his prison home in the Imperial City he calmly and joyfully looked forward to the martyr’s death and the martyr’s crown.

And this is to be your spirit,—the spirit of earnestness and of faith, of Christian confidence and trust. With the solemn choice of Christ as your guide and Saviour, after years of comparative indifference, or marked at least by no distinct, resolute purpose, you have felt the soul’s want, and now desire to begin the Christian life. Fear not because of the heights yet before you, narrow and steep as the path may often seem, for the Good Shepherd has trodden it before you, and will gently lead you on.

Take up the cross he may lay upon you, and bear it cheerfully and faithfully, and in the power of the Crucified shall you be made strong. Think not vainly and weakly of resting at ease, but let the Master’s spirit breathe in and through you, and then shall a new vigor and a new power animate your whole being, and the pathway of life, that now

seems so toilsome and dim to your circumscribed and feeble vision, will daily grow wider and clearer to your quickened sight, stretching on and up, through all the mists and shades and storms of earth, until it leads you to your home and to your God.

Earnestness and courage, penitence and faith,—seek these, and go forth resolutely, calmly, fearlessly, in the way you have chosen. Omnipotence itself is with you, and you cannot and will not fail, if you do but cling in heart to your soul's only Saviour.

What is now the solemn, resolute answer of your whole spirit, to his earnest, entreating words, "Come unto me"?

H. M.

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#### SOCIETY AND WOMAN.

IT is now almost eight years since the first Woman's Rights Convention in New England was held at Worcester, October 23 and 24, 1850. It seems to us fitting at this time to look at the subjects which were brought up then and there, and to examine briefly as to what, if any, progress has been made in their organization into institutions or life. We are the more ready to look upon this subject at this time, because there seems to be a slight reaction in regard to the movement. Some of its most zealous defenders have been led to other views, while the pressing exigencies of the Kansas question last year and of the financial difficulties this have absorbed the attention of those whose sympathy is usually given to all reforms. It is therefore a calm and quiet moment, when we may count up the gains and see where the balance lies.

Perhaps, rather, we should apologize for presenting a subject so hackneyed and so vulgar at all. Nothing is so

ridiculous, nothing so unpopular. The word calls up to most minds only the most absurd associations. A strong-minded woman, in men's clothes, smoking cigars, and swearing, with her house in disorder, her children unwashed and unkempt, and crying for the bread she scorns to make,—while she is engaged in preparing her speech for Congress or the Convention,—represents the idea to their minds. They have not learned to think of it as furnishing rest for the poor seamstress's fingers, hope to the degraded prostitute's worn-out heart, life and occupation to the weary and spiritless old maid. They have not thought of it as making women better mothers, daughters, sisters, wives, because nobler and truer women.

Some wise men ignore the question; convinced of the entire subordination of woman, they do not recognize her existence as a part of the body politic or social. They are connected with individuals in relations of ornament or convenience to themselves, but have no idea that the condition or culture of the mass of women has anything to do with the destiny of the race. It has been said of a distinguished lecturer on history, whose clear and masculine understanding penetrates deeply into political causes, that from his lectures one could never infer the existence of woman at all. And yet it seems as if that must be a shallow view of history where the influence and destiny of one half of the human race has no place. Is it not like those old chronicles which record with loving detail the adventures of princes, nobles, and knights, but have no perception of the life of the working classes, out of which yet come the seeds of revolution and political changes? And we need not look far into history to find the influence of woman, if not for good, at least for evil. If we ignore the existence of Zenobia and Hypatia, we must recognize the mischief done by Aspasia. If Joan of Arc was a fanatic girl, whose story is half a myth or fable, at least Pompadour and Du Barry are fearful realities, whose influence has not ceased in its poisonous

effect upon France to this day. And in proportion as woman is denied free and varied exercise of her faculties, and restricted to one solitary method of gaining power, will she abuse that. There is much analogy in the case of ecclesiastical tyranny. Monks and priests, cut off from a natural and fair share of the pursuits and pleasures of society, have always been among its most dangerous foes.

To others it seems a strange perversion of taste to seek any change for woman. According to them, the life of woman is a beautiful poem, to mar whose symmetry and perfection by contact with the rough world were as unwise as to set the Venus de Medicis to hewing stones, or to turn the Psyche into a common sailor. According to them, you would suppose this to be the average life of woman. Reared by devoted and affectionate parents, she is the pet and idol of a home, where dolls and sugar-candy are provided to an unlimited extent. In girlhood, at school, where no whipping is allowed, she is pleasantly floated over the surface of the sea of learning, sails a little way up the creeks of all the accomplishments, and is well fitted to *talk* upon all literary branches. She takes her part in society at an early age. Here she finds adoring manhood at her feet, proud to obey her slightest wish, anxious to shield her from every danger. She neither feels the cold winds of life nor stumbles in its rugged ways. Soon a wife, she is the centre of a beautiful home; her husband toils and plans and provides all material goods; she has only to be always nicely dressed, to receive him with a sweet smile when he returns home. Her little rosy children gather by degrees about her, and look up to her with reverence and love. Intuitive knowledge makes her an admirable nurse,—though she is ignorant of physiology,—and custom demands of her to be a good housekeeper, though she has never used her hands in work. As she grows old, her children rise up and call her blessed; she is the ideal of womanhood to her grown-up sons, who are stanch in defence of the superiority of mother's pies and

puddings. She celebrates her golden marriage among a circle of loving grandchildren, and goes to her grave honored by a sermon from her pastor, who calls her a mother in Israel. Is not this a true picture of the life of woman, as it is represented in novels and stories, in sermons and treatises on woman's mission, and in satires on woman's rights? Now were this so, although even this would seem to us a very dangerous kind of hot-house life, not altogether good for the soul, still we should hesitate to disturb it, as we would scruple to rob a friend of his money, although we believed poverty better fitted to develop his energies. But whom in real life does this picture correspond to? Is it the wife, the daughter, of the drunkard? Is it the hundreds of shop-girls, seamstresses, servant-girls, washerwomen, primary-school teachers, boarding-house keepers, who are found everywhere? Is it the young girls whose dying or failing fathers leave them suddenly penniless on the world, with habits of luxury and expense which they have no longer the means to gratify,—who cannot work and are ashamed to beg? "God knows what they do." Is it the bereaved widow, who has been taught to lean upon her husband as upon her God, and now finds herself, with her heart full of anguish, left to struggle with life for herself and her little ones? Is it the solitary old maid, who has outlived her youth and her beauty, and has nothing to take their place? And still more, is it the abused or deserted wife, or the betrayed and ruined girl, who will recognize this picture as anything but a dream of unripe fancy? It is for these classes that we would consider the possibility of an improvement in woman's position and means of development,—for these that we would seek a larger sphere and better organized lives.

But it is not worth while to exaggerate. We shall not compare the condition of women in our New England States to that of the serfs of Russia or the slaves of Carolina. Theoretically the differences may not be very great, but practically things are not so bad as that. We do not think

there is any call for a violent revolution in their favor. Revolutions are only justifiable when classes groan under an intolerable tyranny. Such is not the case now; it is not a question of tyrant and victim, but of false ideas and relations misunderstood. And even under the worst of human laws there is a law of God binding man and woman together, which overrides them all, and gives to her through affection some portion of what is denied by law. The case is one requiring thought, investigation, careful consideration, quite as much as immediate and decisive action. What we ask in the beginning is that false barriers may be taken away, and the waters suffered to find their true level. We are sure that neither man nor woman can long be forced out of their nature, or revolve in orbits other than what their Creator has designed for them.

If this be true, much of the excited and violent declamation on both sides falls to the ground as worthless. Too much has been claimed for woman by her defenders. Partly from her constitution, and partly from those very circumstances which have dwarfed her in other directions, woman seems to have a larger preponderance of the religious and moral sentiments than man. But it seems to us this is a very slight, and possibly a merely circumstantial difference. That there are nice shades of variety in action between male and female, in this as in all other departments, we do not doubt, but we fail to see that there is any sex in goodness. Virtue does not seem to us a thing of temperament and physical constitution, but of fidelity of heart and soul. For a Louis XV. on the throne of France, we have an Empress Catharine in Russia. The advantage may be a little on the side of the woman's intellect, but very little in favor of her morals. The same temptation of absolute power is equally fatal to both. Some tell us that the presence of woman in our legislative halls would maintain a beautiful decorum and peace there; but late scenes in a small society of women in our own city, if correctly reported, almost rival the be-

havior of honorable Senators in Congress. We see no ground to hope any results so speedy, but we do hope, from a larger and freer career for woman, that she will rise out of much of the littleness and petty faults which now deform her character, that the cultivation of her intellect will supersede the tendency to foolish and malicious gossip, and that, if she does not conquer ambition, it will at least displace vanity. We make too much account of differences. There is one common human nature in all ages, climates, sexes ; this is the largest part of our life. The variations are like the mountains of our globe, very large when seen from the level of the ground, but very small in comparison to its whole bulk. So man and woman in their relation to God and nature are the same ; in their relation to each other there is a beautiful diversity, which, left to its free development, would become an element of harmony, and not of strife. The more we realize in our hearts the unity of the race, the more likely shall we be to become tolerant and generous in our relation to individuals.

With thus much of preface and justification for our subject, let us look briefly at those topics which received the attention of the earliest Woman's Convention, and see if we can recognize any progress in regard to them.

All defence of the present position of woman rests primarily and mainly on her physical constitution. From her bodily weakness and diminutive size it is argued that she cannot be the equal of man either in labor or intellectual effort, while from the peculiarity of her structure she is fitted to one special function mainly or entirely. Without seeking to dispute this view of the subject, two or three important questions are yet to be asked. First, if woman's physical constitution be not equal to man's, still is it equal to herself ? Do our present views and modes of life give her a development of body at all commensurate with the capacity and the demands of her nature ? An affirmative answer to this question would be given by no sane mind. The feeble and

sickly condition of our women is matter of constant and daily remark. A healthy woman is the rarest phenomenon, and the ordinary female constitution breaks down entirely under its peculiar functions of maternity and the rearing of children. It is hardly worth while to ask that married women should do more than this, when so few are entirely adequate to this inevitable and natural draft upon their strength. "What does this mean?" asked a physician; "why are women so sickly?" "Why should they not be?" we replied; "it is the ideal of womanhood in America to be delicate." Robust, vigorous health, which can only be obtained by exercise of the muscles and bracing of the nerves in the open air, is considered decidedly unfeminine. To be "slim" is as necessary to female beauty in New England, as to have small feet in China. Such a fully developed bust, such hands and feet, such rich and ruddy color as belong to the fully developed woman, as we see her represented in Greek sculpture or Venetian painting, would have no chance of admiration or attention from American admirers. It would not be interesting. The pale, delicate contour of face, the languid step, the spiritual expression, which belong to the neuralgic or consumptive patient, is the ideal of loveliness. It is true, we would be glad to have all this without the suffering, the doctor's bill, and the early death; but after all, it is this which we admire and ask for, and we get it. When we learn the beauty of a healthy and fully developed woman, we shall be on the way to obtain it. And something has been done in this direction. Physiology is taught in schools, summers are spent among the mountains, or in quiet retreats on the sea-shore, instead of at Saratoga or Newport. The hoops are so very large that the waists need not be infinitesimally small. Some of the girl's schools have regular gymnastic exercises. But what we need is, not exercises which will develop the body, but a life which will use it and so keep it healthy; and we have done very little towards procuring this either for man or woman.

Again, is not woman's physical nature equal to accomplishing all that we demand from her? May she not have physique enough to engage in more varied labor and in more active life? The answer is one, not of theory, but of fact. In other countries women are employed in every department of farm work,—in every kind of industry; not upon fair and equal terms, but in a manner quite as exhausting to the physical nature. They sustain it without injury to the special functions of womanhood. But the labor there is too great for the production of beauty in woman, as it is for man. Neither were made for constant, severe toil of the hands alone; both become hard, ugly, stupid, under its influence. It may be a question whether woman has sufficient physical strength for political life, when we recall the possibilities of life in Congress; but when we remember that we have had a very successful Governor who could not ride horseback, we think that she might be able to hold at least some of the subordinate offices.

If there is any truth in the teachings of physiology, of what immense importance is this subject. What can we expect of a race sprung from sickly and feeble mothers? This most sublime and holy function, which should be healthy and natural, is looked upon with dread and horror by many, so much are its sufferings aggravated by the folly and ignorance in regard to woman. Still we have accomplished something in the most important step towards reform. Ideas are changing. Health has been accepted as a blessing and a charm by a portion of the community. Children are kept more in the open air, and there is hope that the next generation may witness still further improvements.

But closely connected with this subject is that of dress,—a vexed topic, which it is difficult to handle. The earliest efforts of the friends of woman's rights were directed to a reform in woman's costume. It is faulty in every respect. It is unpicturesque and ungraceful; it is unsuited to the exigencies of the seasons; and it so impedes freedom of the

limbs that any thorough physical development is impossible. Bonnets which neither shade the face in summer nor protect it from the wind in winter, sleeves which expose the arm to draughts of cold, skirts so wide as to impede the motion in walking, or else stretched upon a hoop so as to destroy all harmony of life and flow of drapery, and so long as to sweep the sidewalks at every step, have neither the recommendation of beauty or convenience. The "Bloomer" costume was proposed and adopted by many women. In many respects it obviated the objections to the fashionable costume, but in general it was neither dignified nor becoming; it was so entirely distinct from every recognized dress, that it exposed its wearers to remark and insult, and it has been very generally abandoned. We cannot see that seven or eight years have brought us any improvement in this respect. The abundance and cheapness of imported fabrics have led to greater display in dress, and the fashions were never more showy or more absurd. We do not look upon this as a matter of slight importance, even on its æsthetic side. Dress is or should be one of the fine arts. If the painter is careful of his draperies, why should not all engaged in the art of life pay due heed to theirs? The nice adaptation of the form of the dress to the wearer's figure, of its color to her complexion, of its style to her character, position, and means, is a matter demanding and deserving thought, study, and care. Here, again, we want a reforming idea,—a perception of meaning in everything, a sense of true beauty and grace,—not a slavish devotion to fashion. And we may as well here make a remark which fits also our whole theme,—that the true method of introducing reforms is not by doing anything in a spirit of bravado, or as an assertion of independence, but in a simple and unaffected effort to meet the demands of life. If "Bloomers" were less willing to parade in Washington Street, and only wore a working-dress when at work, and because they worked, we think they would have discovered some happier invention in

dress, and have met a more gracious reception from the community.

But the extravagant display in dress has a very sad aspect to our eyes. It were foolish to place it as the main cause of our pecuniary difficulties, but it certainly is one of the many forms of extravagance which have helped to produce this embarrassment. It is one of the main causes of that greater evil which is not occasional, but perpetual. It is that which too often leads woman to her ruin. "What brought you to this?" was asked of a wretched prostitute in Philadelphia. "Love of fine clothes," was the answer, which seemed to turn all the brilliant display of the gay streets into a fearful, ghastly spectacle. In our society, where there is no recognized distinction of classes, the shop-girl and the servant-girl must ape the fine lady. They wear silks and velvets instead of calicoes and merinoes, and so spend their money as fast as they earn it. When they are thrown out of employment,—in a time of sickness or of money pressure,—they have the expensive taste formed, with nothing left to gratify it. The tempter finds them an easy prey. The world over, the depraved class of women are known by their gay dresses; and we are mortified to add, it is a common remark in Paris, that no one walks on the Champs Elysées in showy attire but "*les femmes entre tenues*" and American ladies. But this fondness for finery is not confined to grown-up women; it is sedulously implanted in children from the very cradle. One need only walk up Beacon Street any fine sunny day for an illustration of this remark. Little cherubs are buried under such a mass of embroidery, ribbon, and lace, that all trace of their original proportions is lost; it is one part baby to at least three of haberdashery. Children who should be running races and driving hoop,—in stout shoes, good thick coats, and plain hats,—have to bear about a weight of silk, velvet, furs, and feathers that would befit a Russian princess. We almost lose sight of the physical and moral evil of this custom in

the violence it does to our æsthetic sense. We cannot afford to lose the grace and beauty, the freshness and simplicity of childhood, which sometimes seem the only things to remind us of a possible Eden and an angelic existence. The artist must go to the Irish quarters if he would get models for his pictures of children; in higher regions he finds only diminutive dandies and fine ladies. Can we not improve the necessities of the present crisis, which force all to retrenchment and economy, by introducing a chaste and beautiful style of dress, which shall not drain the means of the humble, nor oppress the consciences of the rich?

If we now turn to the subject of Education, the prospect is more cheering. The literary culture of women is steadily on the advance. High schools in our towns and our cities are opened at last for girls as well as for boys. Colleges are not unknown which admit them to the opportunities of more advanced study. Teachers of girls' schools in our cities make large profits, so that superior talent is devoted to this work. The most important advance is the idea now becoming general,—that the two sexes should be united in the same school; that, as they mingle in the family and in their sports, so their studies should be the same. The plan works well. A mutual emulation is excited, which extends to behavior as well as to study. An experienced teacher remarked to us, that she could see no decided difference between the capacity of boys and girls. Sometimes she had classes in which one had the superiority, sometimes the other. But the great difficulty in woman's education is still to be overcome, and that not in the school, but in life. She is not yet educated to a purpose. She finds no difficulty in mastering the problems of algebra and geometry, but to what use will she ever put them? It is not enough to tell her of their value as mental discipline. She sees plainly that the true discipline of mind is to be gained only in life and earnest labor. Physiologists tell us that it is impossible to put forth as much strength in an action of the

originality, and may challenge a comparison with the works of any living sculptor. Other less public names might be given of women who have attained a high degree of excellence in painting, and who devote themselves to it with single-hearted earnestness as a life pursuit.

The field of literature we consider as won. In the departments of criticism, poetry, biography, and fiction, a class which may number such names as Elizabeth B. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, George Sand, Frederika Bremer, Charlotte Bronte, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Margaret Fuller, may safely be left to speak for itself. It needs neither apologists nor defenders. Female literature now receives the best of all compliments,—thorough and severe criticism. We see nothing to prevent any woman whose genius lies in the direction of belles-lettres from developing it freely and fully.

In another direction, perhaps even more beneficial attempts are making to introduce woman to new spheres of labor. The idea has occurred to some benevolent minds, to bring woman back to Eve's original employment, the garden. This offers a healthy occupation, giving that physical exercise in the open air which she finds in no other mode of life. It is proposed to open a kind of Horticultural College, where the theory and practice of gardening may both be taught, and where the labor of the pupils may contribute towards their support. The plan is yet in its infancy, although a lot of land has been given by a lady of New York for this purpose. We wish it all success, and that many a lovely Eve may go forth into it,—

“ Among her fruits and flowers  
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,  
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung  
And touched by her fair tendance gladlier grew.”

An occupation for woman sanctioned by so devoted an advocate of her inferiority as John Milton must find favor with even the most conservative.

The early efforts of reformers were directed to introducing

women into the learned professions. These have met with only partial success. The Church is itself in such a transitional state that we do not esteem it a very important or practical measure to urge the introduction of women into the clergy. That women must bear a very important part in the coming Church seems to us inevitable, and we would prefer to wait for the new bottles, rather than to enter into a contest for the half-worn skins of the old vintage.

Legal knowledge is a very important advantage to woman, and it seems highly desirable that, in those cases where she comes into contest with man, as in suits for divorce and alimony, the guardianship of children, &c., she should have the advice of one of her own sex learned in the law. How dependent is she, when left guardian of orphan children, upon the advice of those very persons who may be interested against her! We have heard of women who proposed devoting themselves to the legal profession, but are not aware that any have yet entered on its exercise.

In medicine there has been more success. In spite of the uncertain state of this science, where sects contend with almost as much fury as in theology, this is yet a most important field for woman; and she has a natural adaptation for it. In all times the female leech has been consulted, and she has worked intuitively, and often ignorantly. The people have decided that they will have female physicians; the question is now, Shall they be thoroughly and scientifically educated, or shall they rely upon natural insight and a miscellaneous half-knowledge alone? The establishment of the Hospital for Women and Children, in New York, last year, under the care of Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, is a most important step, giving an opportunity for professional study and practice such as has never before been afforded to woman. But we must say one word in regard to the professional life of woman. It is only by entering into it with the single purpose of accomplishing its work, and securing its aims, that any good is accomplished. It is of very

little consequence whether the title of Esquire, Dr., or Rev. be accorded to woman or not,—whether she rides about in a gig to visit her patients, or sees them in her own house; the important thing is to understand her business, and perform it thoroughly, and recognition will come in due time.

Something also has been accomplished in regard to woman's equality in the marriage relation. In our own State, laws have been recently passed securing to her the use of her own property and her own earnings, and we have heard of no evil resulting from the measure. We shall not enter into the questions of marriage and divorce, which would need a volume instead of a short paragraph to do them justice.

Many advocates of woman's rights place the question of her equal political recognition in the front rank, as the most important. To us it does not seem so. Political life does not occupy the large proportion of human existence which sometimes appears. We do not question the entire right of every mature and sane member of the community to a share in the government, nor do we doubt the propriety and capability of woman for taking a part in political affairs. But considering the present state of our own country, we esteem the questions of education and employment more important, and easier of practical solution, than this. Still efforts have been made to introduce the feminine element into the body politic with some prospect of final success. Petitions have been presented to various legislatures asking for a consideration of this subject,—and the arguments of the petitioners have been listened to with respect. In some of the Western States, the motion has been rejected by a very small majority. We think it would be well to approach the subject in another way, to demand for women those offices which confer neither great profit nor much honor, and which she might therefore receive without exciting the wrath of parties. There would seem to be a natural propriety in making women the managers of primary and grammar

schools, overseers of the poor, judges of probate to look after the interests of widows and orphans, inspectors of female prisons and almshouses, and the like. Let them commence, like young physicians, by working for the poor gratis, and their good success may induce the rich to place themselves in their hands. Why should not women, who have clear ideas of business, attend railroad, bank, and manufacturing-company meetings, and vote intelligently in regard to their own interests? We may well defy them to make such matters worse than they are at present, and possibly, where the masculine understanding has so miserably failed, feminine intuition may find out the way.

In thus looking back over the last few years, we see very little of brilliant success or of magnificent accomplishment, but we do see much awakening to life and thought, many efforts after the practical realization of important ideas. Many attempts seem to have failed; but they have failed as the plant fails when it deposits its seed in the earth and then dies. Many have been made unwisely, and ought to fail; but still something has been at least learned from mistake.

Soon after the period of the Convention, a paper was started to be especially devoted to the advocacy of woman's rights. It has ceased to exist. It was conducted in a very temperate spirit, and was free from all those faults against taste which are apt to prevail in reform papers, but it lacked variety and interest.

“ What boots it thy virtue,  
What profit thy parts,  
While one thing thou lackest,  
The art of all arts.”

Our recent financial distress offers some new chances for women. The numbers suddenly impoverished and obliged to resort to work for a living must warn some, at least, of the importance of educating daughters as well as sons to a calling which will win them bread. That simplicity in dress which economy made necessary, good taste may find to be

desirable, and the pressure of misfortune may be found to be a gentle leading into truer and happier paths in life. The next seven years ought to show still greater results than the last. Many a bud should blossom and bear fruit. Let us not be discouraged if many fall withered. Out of a thousand acorns one only may produce an oak, yet oaks are grown to supply all the needs of the world.

E. D. C.

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## HINDRANCES TO A SUCCESSFUL MINISTRY.

A SERMON BY E. H. SEARS.\*

**2 Cor. iv. 5 : — "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."**

If there be a special revelation of truth from God for the salvation of mankind, there must be minds prepared for its reception and transmission. And if there be minds prepared to receive and transmit it, they must act in such concert and harmony as to form a body and organism; and if they be a body and organism, they must have the various functions and offices of an organization. Therefore a *revelation*, a *church*, and a *ministry* whose work shall be special and distinctive, are things each of which necessitates the others. And it has always been found, and it always must be, that each one determines the other two, and they rise and fall together. If there be no distinctive divine revelation, then there need be no church as its steward, for the common light of nature falls into the minds of all. And if no church, then no ministry, for the common sentiment and the common literature are the universal utterance of what comes to all men alike, and they are its only authorized priesthood.

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The occasion which brings us together presupposes our faith in a ministry whose office is special and sacred ; which is in the world and yet apart from it, as a heavenly persuasive to holiness. What more sacred, what more beautiful, than to bear the message of heaven to earth, for the lack of which the multitudes perish and die ? And yet I need not say to you, that the Christian ministry has lost nearly all its adventitious honors and rewards ; and some men are debating whether it had better not be abolished altogether. I do not regret this. I rather rejoice that this is so, for it will bring back the ministry to its ancient simplicity, when it asked nothing of the world and borrowed nothing of human glory, but spake only as the Holy Ghost laid upon it the great necessity of utterance.

As yet, however, we have not quite come to that. Society is in one of those periods of transition where the new is struggling with the old. And there are portents at which many are troubled and turning pale. The statistics tell us that, while the population increases, and crime and worldliness too, the numbers of the ministry are rapidly waning ; and the churches, which once included nearly all the people, are only isolated communions among the heedless and busy multitudes. Without stopping to ask the meaning of this, or what it may portend to society, I deem it a question of exceeding interest and moment, — **WHAT, IN THE PRESENT STATE OF THINGS, ARE THE CHIEF HINDRANCES TO A SUCCESSFUL MINISTRY ?** And I do not think there could be a question more becoming the place and the hour.

Let it not be said that the chief hindrance is a want of earnestness,—that earnestness will do anything and succeed anywhere. There is a great deal of this cant. And there is a great deal of earnestness which is nothing but the lurid blaze of self-love. The ministry of Christ in these times offers no lure to formalism, or the love of ease or self-seeking of any kind, and many of us break down under more earnestness than we can well carry ; for unless it be wielded aright

and discharged clean to the mark, so far from being a means of success, it may be the occasion of signal defeat and disaster.

Let me restrict myself to the range of thought which is offered in the text. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." The occasion was this. A church had been founded at Corinth through the simple delivery of the great message, Jesus Christ the resurrection. It was good news,—a future life and a Saviour! The believers came together for prayer and prophesying, and the Holy Ghost fell upon them, and the risen Christ was felt to be among them. Everything promised well. By and by, however, the native peculiarities of the Greek mind began to come out and be manifest. Several teachers appeared among them, and it began to be a dispute with them who preached the best, or most according to the Greek notion of æsthetic training. Some preferred Apollos, some Cephas, and some Paul, and the whole matter resolved itself into one of personal preference between this man and that, while God and eternal things were becoming secondary. Hence you see how Paul labors through whole chapters to sink the preacher in the theme; as in the text, "we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." This suggests to my mind two dangers that always beset the Church,—the substitution of preaching for worship, and the substitution of human discussions and theories about Christ for the living Christ himself.

Foremost among the hindrances to success in our religious communions I cannot hesitate to place *the substitution of preaching for worship*. Professor Park makes the computation, that, if the sermons preached in our land during a single year were all printed, they would fill a hundred and twenty million octavo pages. That is to say, 2,400,000 pages are poured forth every Sabbath of a year! Enough, one would suppose, to submerge the highest peaks of thought so deep that they never could be seen again. In the better days of the Church, preaching was a secondary matter, and

worship and communion and the melting of heart into heart were all in all. In fact, preaching, in the modern sense of the word, was not known at all in the primitive Church. Its form rather was that of prophesying ; — that is, when the affections were aglow, and the intellect was fused in the fires of the heart, it poured out all its treasures spontaneously, and every meeting was a feast of love, and every motion of the heart was praise. No beating of the brain to make it yield up two sermons for the Sunday ; no hammering out of creed-articles on theological anvils ; no coming together of the church to look at a minister's performances ! The risen and glorified Christ was among them, and they felt his presence as a sphere of the Divine Love, and needed no theories about the atonement, for they had the atonement itself. Immortality had just opened upon them its giant wonders and glories, and they did not need any sermons to *prove* the future life. Some of their hymns and chants are still preserved. They are addressed to the Saviour with whom they held personal communion, and that communion kept all the rills of tenderness trickling down the heart. Worship and communion were everything, and preaching, I repeat it, in the modern sense of the word, was the invention of later times.

Nor, let me add, did it ever become primary in the service of the Church till the wranglings of Protestantism had made it so. In the Catholic, and indeed all the mediæval Churches that preserve the primitive idea, prayer is placed before preaching, and the consequence is, that the mind even from infancy up is held in more reverent attitude towards sacred things, and a more subduing stillness in the presence of God. The old cathedral was itself a form of worship, — “a hymn to God sung in obedient stone,” — not built for Sunday alone, but open every day of the week, where the worshipper may come in from the noise of the world and dissolve his heart in the presence of God. The groves were the temples of heathen sacrifice, and after the

heathen became converted, and worshipped the true God, he turned his grove into a cathedral; and so the Gothic arch aspired with its lofty windows, its clustered columns, its rows of turrets and its leaves of tracery, as if his native forest had been turned to stone by the splendid magic of an enchanter.

I remember once hearing the younger Ware relate an incident of his travels in illustration of this very point. "I was passing," said he, "one of those old cathedrals, which are open every day of the week for those who wish to turn aside from the world and kneel and pray. My curiosity led me in. Nobody was there but an old soldier, who had laid by his sword and his helmet, and was kneeling before the Saviour upon the cross, and his hard features were relaxed and quivering, and the big tears were rolling over them like drops of rain. So absorbed was he, that he did not even know of my presence." The associations of the place, though they hovered in that awful silence and seclusion, were the most impressive sermon on the greatness of God and pardon, as the deepest need of man. And so, in every church where the idea of worship is primary, the first feeling when you enter it would be that of want, and the first movement of the soul upward a cry of penitence.

The worship of God and the communion of saints was the grand idea of the Sabbath ritual, and it so continued until doubtings and disputings displaced the Church idea for that of sect, and in fact turned the Church itself into a Babel. Then preaching becomes everything, and worship becomes almost nothing. The notion about church-going is to hear a sermon, and our whole Sunday edification is made to hinge upon that. With that notion you come up hither as hearers and lookers-on. Then everything centres about the person of the preacher, and you are chiefly concerned to see with what skill he can exhibit his talents, or defend the dogmas of his sect, or entertain you with his elocution, or play off the rockets of his imagination. And see

the consequences that must follow. The growth and prosperity, yea, the very being, of a religious society are made to depend on the personal, intellectual qualities of a single man,—a weak, frail mortal like yourselves. What a responsibility! And what a fatal inversion of the true order of things! And see the disastrous influence both on minister and people. He must preach,—preach twice every Sabbath; and he must make all the attractiveness and edification of Divine service depend upon that. The first question, before going to church, is, "Who is to preach?" And the first question coming home is, "How did you like *him*?" Prayer, in its large and vital sense, is forgotten. Probably during that service, while *God* was invoked, the audience were sitting about in lazy attitudes; but when the sermon comes where the preacher is to exhibit *himself*, the attention is awake and the ear is open wide. And if he have the rare gift of playing skilfully upon the minds of an audience,—in short, the rare gift of eloquence, the attention will continue to the close. But if it be a plain treatment of commonplace themes,—and all the themes of the Gospel ought by this time to be commonplace,—the hearer will probably droop as under the perfume of poppies, rather than under the spirit of the Lord. If it be one of those churches, however, in which truth is placed before life, somebody will probably keep awake to see whether he twangs properly upon the right phrases, or trips anywhere in the theological arithmetic which he learned at the seminary. If it be one of those congregations among whom faith in anything has become of no consequence, and the Bible has become rather obsolete, they will amuse themselves, probably, with the ingenuity of the preacher, as he spins out of his own brain his gossamer fancies, and sets them afloat above their heads in pretty balloon-bubbles,—that wretched substitute for the Gospel which is sometimes called originality.

Again, where preaching is substituted for worship, there is the besetting temptation to come together mainly for the

purpose of exposing other people's sins,—what are termed the sins of the age. It is our duty to expose in a right spirit the sins of the age; but if a congregation undertakes to *feed* on that, as its Sabbath-day nourishment, its food will assuredly turn to poison. What state of mind is so utterly hopeless and unchristian, as that which is produced by the constant *habit* of going to church to hear the evils of others exposed who are outside the Church, while ours have never been probed and laid bare? Uncharitableness, bigotry, self-righteousness, arrogance, conceit, censoriousness, spring up under such preaching and hearing as this, and when they think themselves rich and in need of nothing, they are inwardly the most poor and blind and naked of all men.

To sink the idea of worship in that of preaching, is to turn the Church into a school of criticism, or, worse yet, into a school of theological pugilism, fostering both in preachers and hearers a conceited intellectualism quite inconsistent with a humble reception of Jesus Christ. Hence all our divisions and subdivisions have sprung. Let prayer and fellowship be held primary, let a people keep close to the living Saviour in those heart-relations which diffuse his life through all the members, and no schism can ever take place; but let the idea of worship and fellowship be merged in that of preaching, and you will have schism without end. Hence those churches in which worship and fellowship are the supreme idea multiply and grow strong, mainly through their liturgical influence and devotional life; whereas the other sects protest, and protest, first against Rome, and then against each other, until their wretched Protestantism has broken them into fragments or crumbled them into atoms.

But this is not all. When a society depends mainly on preaching for its life and growth, it never can have a healthful and permanent ministry. Preachers at the best are finite; the well may be deep, but keep pumping and you will drain it before long. In plain language, and without figure, to furnish two sermons a Sabbath from year to year, which

shall of themselves keep fresh and living a people's interest in their place of worship, transcends the power of any but those of eccentric genius and endowments. Hence the ministry loses its permanence and its health of tone. The history of some parishes consists mainly of successive trials of all the preachers in rotation which are available, each one being emptied in turn of his freshness and originality, and left stranded by the way, that some new candidate may come forward and satisfy the awakened hunger after novelty and change. How different would be the state of things if the minister, instead of being a preacher on a platform, were a priest at the altar, a medium between the living Christ and the people; his first and highest work being this,—to have his own soul flooded with all of a Saviour's tenderness, mercy, and goodness, that thence it might flow down upon his people and diffuse itself through all their hearts and homes like the oil of gladness, insphering every old man and every little child, guiding their prayers upward to the seat of mercy, and bringing down upon them the Divine grace, sweet and constant as the suffusions of the early rain! Then devotion would always come before preaching, and the afternoon service at least of every Sabbath would be something more than coming together to hear another sermon that shall crowd the morning's lesson out of the memory. You would come because Christ was there, and the fellowship of the saints was there, and because, like the old soldier in the cathedral, you wanted to get away from the harsh clangor of the world's affairs, and lie broken-hearted before Him who hung bleeding upon Calvary.

I heard the other day of a small society which had struggled for some time to support preaching, till finally they gave over and shut up their church in despair. And there the church stands silent and deserted, and the Sabbath never more wakes a footfall within its aisles. What a "sign of the times" is this! what an omen of disastrous

change and the coming shadows of death! and what a comment, if not on our faith, at least on our methods of administration! The churches of Christ shut up and deserted, because no person who has passed through a divinity school can be paid for preaching a sermon! The communion of saints, the presence and fellowship of Christ, the coming of the Holy Ghost in summer gales, where prayer has opened the door for it among two or three that have met together,—all this goes for nothing unless somebody can be hired to preach a sermon. Why, in the first days of the Church the doctrines of the Gospel were lodged so securely in the heart that they preached sermons of themselves, and kept the heart-strings in vibration every hour. The spiritual world was an open reality, and lay on their souls like a bright and haunting presence; the glorified Christ was ever near with his “Peace be unto you”; they prayed without ceasing, and therefore the breezes of God’s spirit were always rippling on the surface of the soul. Therefore they came together, because they could not help it; for the social gathering was the sphere of the Divine Love, where every beating of the heart was a prayer, and the spontaneous utterance of the lips was a hallelujah. So it would always be if worship and devotion were living and primary, and the Church, instead of being a place for the spectators of one man’s performances, were a place where every soul had such part in a living ritual as should bring it under the strokes of God’s subduing love. And what hinders? Why not turn at least half the Sabbath to its ancient purpose? Why not have half the day for prayer and conference, for communion on the highest themes, for the study of God’s Word by the congregation itself, and not for another sermon to crowd the last one out of the memory? And why in this way should there not be a knowledge of Christ that should be ever growing, and a revival in the Church which should never know decline?

I shall not leave any room for being misunderstood. I

would be the last one to disparage preaching. Yea, rather I magnify its office. I put in a plea to diminish the quantity in order to improve the quality. I ask that the minister, instead of being made a talker for the exhibition of personal qualities, shall be made a priest for the coming of Christ into the midst of the congregation. And this brings me to my second topic,—the substitution of theories about Christ for the living Christ himself. And this seems to me to connect itself very closely with the mistake of putting preaching before worship; for if preaching be made primary, it will lose the breath of devotion, and sink into mere intellection, and run off into theories about Christ, or about anything that can furnish the entertainment of the hour. I do not know that I shall bring out with sufficient fulness the distinction between preaching Christ and preaching about Christ, but I think it to be broad and plain.

There are two modes of thinking about the Saviour. One represents him as an historical person who lived a great while ago, introduced a new code of morals, told about God as a Father, set a good example, worked miracles, and went away; since which we only study his words, imitate him as we can, and celebrate his death on communion Sundays. The other regards him as the "God with us," the ever-present Mediator through whom God yields himself to our hearts and fills out all our rituals;—a present Saviour and Helper, who has taken up all human experience into his own.

Speculate as we may about Christ, let us leave him to the Church as that Divine Humanity through which God is always coming, and through which the heavens are always passing into our souls. If we have only the historical Christ away back at the morning of Christianity, who simply projected his Church into time, and then went away and left it, alas for us as we drift away from that bright past into the deepening night of the ages! But if we have the Christ who went away that he might come nearer again,

who ascended that he might descend and "fill all things," then the humblest disciple can always look up to a present Redeemer, who bears all his sufferings, forgives all his sins, cleanses away all his impurities, enriches and makes whole his broken and wasted nature, sheds the Comforter through his heart, to whom it turns like flowers that always drink the dew,— who is present at the most squalid death-bed of the truly penitent sinner, and spans it with his bow of peace.

I do not believe that any analysis in the power of man can ever reduce to scientific propositions the mystic union between Christ and the Father. Neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian, neither Arian, Sabellian, nor Socinian, can ever give you such a psychology of the Divine nature as to bring it all within the grasp of the finite understanding. But one thing I hold to be plain,— that man's first, last, and deepest need is to have the awful gulf bridged over between himself and God, so that God and man may be in conjunction and harmony again; so that God may pass over into humanity as its daily life, forgiveness, comfort, inspiration, and joy. And this cannot be except through the one Mediator, the man both human and divine, the God in Christ ever reconciling the world unto himself.

Herein lies the distinction between preaching Christ and preaching a religion concerning Christ. It is precisely the difference between the Christ of history and the Christ of experience and consciousness,— between a list of facts and propositions presented for my belief, and a living hand stretched out for me to grasp, and a living breast on which I can lean and weep my guilt away; the difference between God as the abstraction of the Stoics, and God so humanized that he takes up all my sufferings and wants into his divine experience, and thence sends back into my nature all the throbings of his tenderness. Hence the reason why the word God may be uttered without emotion, while the word Jesus opens the heart, and touches the place of tears. God out of Christ is a first principle, and gives no image to the

thought. God in Christ is humanized, and brought home to all my wants and necessities.

One truth stands out very plain on almost every page of the early Christian records,—the personal presence of the Saviour as a power in his Church, melting into all hearts, and making its ordinances alive; in fulfilment of his own promise, “Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.”

I do not disparage at all the historical Christ, or undervalue his work as a teacher. But is that enough? As well might a starving man say it was enough to be told that food was abundant across some chasm he has no means of crossing. What I need is, not to be told about the Father, but that the Father may impart of his nature to mine, and lift it up and glorify it; and unless he does this, no matter to me what his nature may be. What God is out of Christ and as an abstraction, I do not know. That word Father, taken from natural relations, themselves tainted with selfishness and sin, will not of itself reveal him; for the heathen before had applied it to the deity whom he made altogether such a being as himself. What God is in Christ, I know full well, for Christ is the image of all his attributes, and the resplendent expression of all his wisdom and love. “He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?” How are all the false notions of God corrected, when we see his attributes imaged forth in the Son, and thence beaming down upon us! Looking through nature, we may mistake him; but there is no mistake here. In studying the creeds, we may mistake him; but there is no mistake here. All the hideous doctrines that obscured his attributes,—infant damnation, unconditional decrees, material hell-fire,—vanish the moment you see Christ, not as a man, nor as some third part of God, but as the full expression of God himself; for before that truth those false doctrines disappear like ugly spectres that troop before the dawn. What God is in Christ, we know full well, and hither we can come and

hang all our hopes, and lavish all our loves. It has seemed to me that the old sentiment of the love of God, a love truly active and taking up the whole strength of our being and bearing us clean away, was quite in danger of being lost, because the great doctrine of Mediatorship was being lost too. An abstract principle you cannot love. A God divided you cannot love supremely, for the heart is distracted and cloven. A God revealed in one Divine Person, and humanized by living sympathies, you *can* love, and there you can come and cling as your final refuge and your central rest.

But Christ has set an example for us! O yes,—lived a perfect life in the flesh, and shown us how we ought to behave! I will not decide for others, but, speaking out of my own experience, I do not need these fine examples. I have altogether too many of them for my comfort and peace. They rather discourage and taunt me, than help me along. I know too well what I ought to be now; I do not need anybody to tell me that, and mock me by passing before my sight the model of a faultless life. I strive after it and sigh after it in vain. Christ, the perfect human pattern, is away up in the sky, and that full-orbed perfection was reached by steps that I cannot climb; and though

“Wings at my shoulder seem to play,  
Yet rooted here I stand and gaze  
On those bright steps that heavenward raise  
Their practicable way.”

No! I do not need a Saviour that shall come and set an example for me to follow, but to come within me and lay a quickening hand upon my nature, and put soul into my weak and palsied virtue, and clothe me from within outward in the robes of his own innocence and righteousness.

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.”

In this we have, not some theory of the atonement, but the atoning power itself always operating upon the hearts and

lives of men. It is simply both sides of Paul's grand composite doctrine, one God and one Mediator. With only the first, our theology is meagre and barren. The Jews had that, but it was powerless in making the heart soft and pliant, and their bigotry was infrangible as the flint beneath it. By the first, we preserve the doctrine that God is one. By the second, the one God turns his countenance upon us full of tenderness and grace. By the first, we preserve the Divine unity, and so far the intellect is satisfied. By the second, we apprehend the Divine humanity, and the heart is satisfied too. By the first, God dwells away in the eternal silences, and I cannot find him. By the second, he comes forth and meets the returning prodigal, and falls on his neck with the kiss of reconciling love. The first gives us one God, but he is unknown, and afar off. The second gives us one God again, and he is brought, O how marvellously near! By the first, I am told there is a sun beyond our firmament whose rays have never yet reached me, and I gaze through the empty spaces in vain. By the second, I take the glass, and the unknown luminary "swims into my ken," and I almost veil my senses before the grand and beautiful sight. With only the first, the Church must always look back,—back, with no hope of an ever-brightening future. With the second, she carries the living Christ into all her history, making all her ritual to glow with a sense of the Real Presence, and supplying the disciple with the Comforter every hour. With the first, the preacher may speculate on the Divine nature, and the unknown God, and the Christ of history, and preach himself and his ingenious philosophies, the Church meanwhile going to languishment and decay. With the second, the ever-present Mediator, its depleted and gasping theologies are raised up and filled with lifeblood, and because the Messiah is always coming, theology is always new.

Such is the Christ of the present hour,—Immanuel, God with us,—instead of one who died and has passed away. And

once believed in, how mighty would this truth be, and how would all other truths centre around it! What a meaning there would be in the Eucharist, if you knew and felt that Christ were present, and how much more sweet and tender would be its communings! How little should we preach ourselves, and how rather should we lose ourselves in him! How would all other topics take their tone and coloring from this, and be redolent of the spirit of Jesus! How would all reforms be pervaded by the spirit of the one great Reformer! How would the broken members of his Church gather again around the living centre, and speculations about the atonement be forgotten in the one atoning power that makes the believers at one with each other and with itself! And how would the growth of the churches depend, not mainly on the personal gifts of the preachers, but on Him who walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and keeps their lights burning with everlasting brilliancy!

Christian friends and brethren, may yours be such a church and such a ministry. May the living Christ be in each, and out of him may you have springs of prosperity and peace which shall never fail. The Church is dead, morality is dead, religion and worship are dead, truth itself is dead, being a dry abstraction, except so far as Christ comes within them, and by his personal presence makes them glow with the Comforter and live. So may he come and abide with you!

And you, my brother! May he come to you and make your work delightful. That done, it is its own exceeding great reward. More than all the glittering prizes of wealth and ambition are the satisfactions that await you, if only the living Christ be the soul of your endeavors; for that will make all your burdens light, and turn your work into song! I may not encroach upon another exercise of this occasion; but having known through what struggles, trials, and disappointments you have persevered unto the end, and finally brought your powers as a whole offering to this work, I may utter this word of hope and gratulation. May the as-

pirations of years, often baffled, be realized now! And may the blessing be yours, my brother, which always waits on singleness of purpose in the highest work which God has committed to man!

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## ODE.

## THE ASCENSION.

FROM FRAY LUIS DE LEON.\*

"We have great pleasure in giving insertion in the pages of the 'Revista' to this celebrated Ode of Fray Luis de Leon, now complete, and enriched by four stanzas more than are to be found in any of the Spanish collections, from that of Quevedo of                    to that of our contemporary, Aribau.

"We are indebted, for this valuable literary novelty, to the noble disinterestedness and love of letters of our friend and co-laborer, the accomplished jurist and distinguished Sevillian poet, D. Juan José Bueno, who has preserved this composition (as well as many others by Leon, hitherto unpublished, but which we intend hereafter to give) in a manuscript collection of works of the sixteenth century; all of which have been acquired by him by unwearyed toil, and costly sacrifices in getting together and examining all the works pertaining to this golden age of our classic literature." — *Extract from the "Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes," of February 1, 1858, published in Seville.*

ACTS I. 9. — "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight."

AND dost thou, Holy Shepherd, leave  
Thy flock in this deep vale obscure,  
In silent solitude to grieve,  
Whilst thou to thine abode secure  
Cleavest the air serene and pure?

\* ODA.

## A LA ASCENSION.

DE FRAY LUIS DE LEON.

LOS HECHOS DE LOS APOSTOLOS, Cap. I. v. 9. — "Y cuando esto hubo dicho, viéndolo ellos, se fué elevado; y le recibió una nube, que le ocultó á sus ojos."

¡Y dejas Pastor santo,	Y tú rompiendo el puro
Tu grey en este valle hondo, oscuro,	Aire, te vas al inmortal seguro ?
Con soledad y llanto.	

These, now so sad, dejected here,  
 But once so richly, deeply blessed,  
 Where shall they turn 'mid doubt and fear?—  
 They, of thy presence dispossessed,  
 Who to thy bosom once were pressed?

What can these eyes, that in thy face  
 A rich and peerless beauty found,  
 In all else now but sorrow trace?—  
 Of thy sweet voice, who heard the sound,  
 And finds aught else, but sadness round?

Who shall this troubled sea restrain?  
 Who o'er its billows calmly ride?  
 Who to the winds give peace again?  
 What star our bark to port shall guide,  
 If thou from us thy face dost hide?

And thou, O cloud, that this brief joy  
 Dost bear from us so quickly, say,  
Why dost thou thus our hopes destroy?—  
 How rich, thou goest on thy way!  
 How poor, how blind, alas! we stay!

With thee the treasure disappears,  
 The richest boon to us below;  
 Which banisheth all earthly tears,

Los ántes bien hadados,	Al viento fiero airado ?
Y los agora tristes y asfigidos,	¡Estando tú encubierto
A tus pechos criados,	Qué norte guiará la nave al puerto ?
De tí desposeidios,	
¡A do convertirán ya sus sentidos ?	Ay ! nube envidiosa
¡Qué mirarán los ojos	Aun de este breve gozo, qué te aquejas ?
Que viérón de tu rostro la hermosura,	¡Do vuelas presurosa ?
Que no les sea enojos ?	¡Cuan rica tú te alejas !
Quien oyó tu dulzura,	¡Cuan pobres, y cuan ciegos, ay, nos
¡Qué no tendrá por sordo y desventura ?	dejas !
¡A aqueste mar turbado	Tú llevas el tesoro,
Quien le pondrá ya freno ? ¡quién con-	Que solo á nuestra vida enriquecia,
cierto	Que desterrará el lloro,

And doth o'er life more lustre throw  
Than purest day could e'er bestow.

What diamond band, or jewelled stone,  
Can bind the spirit, or restrain  
From following thee, thou Loving One?  
O break, my soul, from that sad chain,  
And bathe thy wings in light again!

What! dost thou the departure fear? —  
Can loss of earth more than of Him  
Create a pang, or start a tear? —  
Of his fond gaze beneath the beam  
To dwell, can this a sorrow seem?

O Thou, most precious Lord and Friend!  
Father and Brother, Heavenly Spouse!  
On thee my eager steps attend;  
For, reft of thee, this vale of woes  
Is reft of joy, of hope, repose.

C. F. B.

Que nos resplandecia	De tu querer y vida ?
Mil veces mas que el puro y claro dia.	¡ Será acaso violencia Vivir siempre de Cristo en la presencia ?
Qué lazo de diamante	
¡ Ay ! alma, te detiene y encadena	Dulce Señor y Amigo,
A no seguir tu amante ?	Dulce Padre y Hermano, dulce Esposo,
¡ Ay ! rompe y sal de pena :	En pos de ti yo sigo ;
Colócate yá libre en luz serena.	Que en este lagrimoso
¡ Qué ! ¡ temes la salida ?	Destierro, no hay, sin tí, bien ni re-
¡ Podrá el terreno amor más que la au-	poso.
sencia	

**A MEMORIAL OF HELEN RUTHVEN WATERSTON.**

DIED at Naples in Italy, July 25th, aged seventeen years, Helen Ruthven, the daughter of the Rev. Robert C. Waterston of Boston.

She died far away from her native country, and far from the sight of nearly all of her many friends. They had been looking for her eagerly and hopefully, and expecting her arrival the very month of her death. But they were not to see her. On her leaving America, she was a child of a sweet temper, affectionate, and obedient. But during her absence she bloomed into a womanhood of much beauty and many graces, and into a character of great worth and high promise. Alas for her parents, whose only surviving child she was! and alas for those many friends, who had longed to behold her in the loveliness of that beauty of which they had seen only the buds, and for whom she died a lily in a distant land!

Helen was born in Boston, on the 6th of January, 1841. And she was reared under the best influences of a New England home. In April, 1856, she was taken by her parents to Europe. The whole of the following winter and spring was passed by her in Paris, where she cheerfully submitted herself to the discipline of a school, which, for its strictness, might almost have been called conventional, only that it was Protestant. She attended the class for religious instruction held at the Church of the Oratory by the Rev. Athanasius Coquerel, and profited so much, as to have attained, though a foreigner, the most honorable position among her associates. Last winter she was in Rome, where she occupied herself with those pleasures which resemble studies, and with those studies which are so like pleasures, visiting works of art, and learning the great lessons of antiquity, which there are illustrated by the Pantheon and the Coliseum, by the Arches of Titus and Constantine, and by

those ruins which bear the names of Nero, Caracalla, and Hadrian. She enjoyed and improved herself much during her stay in the Eternal City. And there she proved that there was in her character an excellence which is very rare; for she showed herself to be altogether unspoiled by the many attentions and the great admiration which were offered her there. So did last winter pass with her, a season of improvement and great happiness. In the middle of April, she accompanied her parents to Naples. And she reached that city apparently in perfect health. She enjoyed, in her quiet, earnest way, the wonderful neighborhood around her, so beautiful in itself, so rich in the remains of the past, and of such singular interest, as being liable on any day to be blighted from Vesuvius. Just a week she had been at Naples, when suddenly her health failed. For three or four days she coughed incessantly. Soon she was confined to her chamber, and very soon by her physician her disease was pronounced to be mortal.

O the anguish of her parents, and the grief of many hearts on her account, both in Europe and America! But herself she was not troubled. During the whole time while her last days were passing, and while the weary nights of sickness were wearing away, she was calm, patient, and resigned, full of faith and immortal hope. Simple and unaffected in her manners, of a sweet temper and disinterested conduct, pure in heart, well educated as to her mind, and altogether uninjured by the admiration of which she had become the object, evidently she was possessed of a character of great goodness. But it was only as her life was ending, that she was known, even to her nearest friends, in all her worth. In the great dark trial, which had wrapped them all round, she was tenderly and unceasingly thoughtful for her parents; and she sustained the spirits of her father and mother, being herself sustained from within.

The last Sunday before her health had begun to decline, being then at Naples, she joined with some friends, who

celebrated together the Lord's Supper. This was her first communion. Three days after this began her last illness. The last illness of this young believer,—the words of St. Paul are an exact comment on it,—“Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” Helen suffered much pain during the first part of her illness: and for several weeks, it was expected that every day would be her last. She did, as it were, die daily. But never for a moment or one word was she otherwise than patient in her sufferings and entirely submissive to the will of God.

At last came a day, which was the one before her last. On this day she heard or seemed to hear sweet music, and she asked, “Do you not hear the music?” And who knows but she did hear it? Indeed, is it a thing unreasonable to suppose that possibly a spirit may have some perception of the next world, just at that very time when it is departing from this? And why should it be a thing incredible, that a soul should grow more sensitive as the flesh wears away, and should even hear the music of that world which always is round us, and which perhaps we all of us might sometimes know of, only that we live so much in our human clay, and so little in the pure and everlasting spirit?

Helen breathed her last at half past eight o'clock, on the morning of Sunday, July 25th. She looked upwards, and then, as though she saw into heaven, she exclaimed, “How beautiful! how beautiful!” and these were her last words, “How beautiful! how beautiful!” And so her spirit passed away, and onwards and upwards.

This frail nature of ours, so mortal, — woe, woe for it, only that it is immortal too. A death like that which is here recorded is a renewal of our faith. And with knowing of a soul over which death has no dominion, our own souls quicken within us, and are made to feel themselves, their unearthly affinities and their immortal instincts. Remarkably was Helen both the victim and the conqueror of death.

But yet — but yet, so young, so fair, so good, so much

beloved, so full of promise, and so suddenly summoned! All cheerful and happy as it was, still there was in this death a something peculiarly sad, for those who were bereaved by it. A life so fair in its beginning, so hopeful in its future, and closed so suddenly! Still, when we think of the storms which often sweep this world after the brightest, clearest morning, can we be otherwise than thankful, when, safe from every peril, a soul has gained its entrance into our Father's house? And some of us, when we remember what in our younger days we had hoped to be, and what yet we have failed to show ourselves, cannot but feel that even in the earliness of the great summons there may be a high privilege, as well as some mystery of the Divine goodness. And indeed we may well suppose that among the angels almost it may be a subject of congratulation and great joy, when the heavens are entered by a soul which has lived long enough in this world to learn its lessons, and which has then been withdrawn from it, having known of sin almost only by the shadow which it makes.

The body of Helen was deposited in the Protestant cemetery at Naples.

She was born while it was winter in New England, and she died in the midst of summer, in the land of the olive, the orange, and the vine. And now alive again, she sees the tree of life with its various fruits, and she walks in light among the nations of the saved, in that city which has no need of sun or moon.

• And now let us trust that her surviving friends will be comforted in their bereavement, because they sorrow not as without hope. These lines have been inscribed on a stone in the cemetery. Let us join with the parents in their prayer:—

“ Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.”

W. M.

Bagni di Lucca, August, 1858.

## KNOWLEDGE OF CHARACTER.

It is impossible to have a knowledge of the character of others, without, in the first place, having a knowledge of our own character.

This is a common enough saying, and most likely true for that reason ; but, like many another common, true saying, its deepest truth is seldom appreciated, while, as a matter of fact, it is most generally employed by persons whose knowledge of human nature is both poor and partial.

It is proposed to inquire how best we can come at a knowledge of character, and the inquiry is, it is presumed, not less important to practical men, than to men of thought, so called ; for the basis of all business transactions is the qualities which we ascribe to those with whom we deal. Knowledge of men has come to mean the power which a man has to detect deception, or practise it, rather than the power which a man has for any purpose ; — the force of the man in the world, whether for good or evil.

Lowell has said :

“ Each man is some man’s servant ; every soul  
Is by some other’s presence quite disrowned.”

By showing the poet to be true in this saying, it will appear that knowledge of men is to be acquired, not as a convenience, but as a duty, and that the grasping, selfish kind of knowledge of men which goes under that name is not, in the long run, even a convenience ; that to acquire such knowledge is not a duty, will hardly be questioned.

The tendency of the mind to idealize is much stronger than is commonly supposed. The reason seems to lie in the fact, that there is a genius in every man, making him to differ from all other men. An entirely new combination of qualities necessarily results from the marriage of suitably opposed characters. The child partakes of the character of his parents, but has also a bent of his own, which the cir-

cumstances of his life, different in the case of every human soul, will, by the discipline which comes from opposition, develop into a decided genius.

The objection will be made, that, practically, a decided genius is rare ; so rare, indeed, that, in the popular phrase, nothing stamps a man as uncommon more effectually than to say of him, he is a genius.

An answer to this objection will serve to establish more firmly the truth of the thought against which the objection is brought. The answer is, that, practically, very few men are at the pains to develop their genius.

It is easy to determine some general features of a man's character from his occupation, and the chief changes of his career. The manner in which success and disappointment are met has always been a test of character. But by most men the changes through which the current of their life passes are not sufficiently taken under conscious control. Introspection, with a view to determining one's work in life, is too rare. An external standard, determined, not by what we are, but by what we think we are, gives the measure of our effort. Judging from this standard, the different departments of labor acquire a value in our eyes which they do not really possess ; we lose sight of their historical character, forgetting that they each had once a beginning in the necessities of man, and were erected into their present relations by the unhallowed ambition of men ; the stages by which the chief honor in each department is to be reached, become objects for the exercise of our faith and devotion.

Guided by this standard, the life of the man, when once he has chosen his profession, is that of more and more intense absorbment in his chosen department, its cant and its interests, and, instead of being his school, his profession becomes his master.

On the other hand, suppose a man to take conscious control of his own genius, and, while he is led by it in every choice, (as, indeed, he would be in any case,) still to

keep a restraint upon it by means of his understanding. He will always act from the highest motive, because he is doing what he can do, not what he thinks he can do. The monstrous false character which self had put upon him, and which he had formerly been laboriously wearing, will drop from his soul, and the man in his peculiar and proper manifestation will appear. He will find himself entering upon a congenial employment, if he is a young man, not as an occupation that he is "about as well fitted for as anything," nor, in the still more common expression of the same irreverent spirit, as a profession where "he thinks he can do the most good"; — which latter expression suggests, if not hypocrisy, at any rate wonderful discrimination on the part of the one who uses it; for there is an existing state of things, including the number and kinds of trades and occupations in the world, which we are all bound to defend as the only possible, and the best yet reached, in the light of which fact all discussion about the best field of labor is very idle.

No. The spirit in which he labors shall make his occupation the best for him, because he uses it as a help to the growth of his soul. When he has reached up to any of its grades of honor, he will have, not more honor, which, if received as honor, puffeth up, but more experience of the soul, which is an edification.

It is not difficult to come at one's genius, or spiritual life, if only we are simply willing and ready to enter upon the work. A period of doubt, perhaps, is entered upon at once, though this depends upon the mental constitution, during which the understanding seems to lose its office of correcting the vagaries of the religious sentiment, and time restores the harmony of the intellect and the affections, purified by the process, if Christ has been the purifier. But men are not commonly willing to be at such pains.

Every man, to return to the original proposition, idealizes life. I mean, that, whether he ever becomes conscious of it or not, every man's genius gives life its hue for him. Our

wishes, the world as we would have it,—that is what we ourselves are.

Children are continually showing their character by the expression of their wishes; and because men, as they grow older, cease to express so much, shall we, for that reason, cease to judge their characters by this simple test? If only you can possess yourself of a man's ideal of life, no amount of morality or immorality need alter the man's character to you; his course may be predicted. In fact, the morality of men is determined to a very great degree by their circumstances.

It is next to impossible, for example, that a descendant of one of the many adventurers who colonized Virginia, and who has always lived under the influences which a State thus colonized would inevitably throw around him,—that such a descendant should regard the gloomy observance of the Puritan Sabbath, which is still kept up in the country towns, as a duty, or as anything but an outgrowth of the atrabilious fanaticism that drove the Puritans hither.

Mackay has a poem called, I believe, "The Nine Bathers." Each bather would bathe in a differently tinted liquid, and, in like manner, each soul colors the medium in which it chooses to disport itself.

The biographer of Charlotte Brontë mentions the habit of "making out" in which Miss Brontë and her sisters used to indulge, and nothing is more common, if further proof is needed, than to speak of poetry which is Tennysonian or Holmes-y.

Mere respect for his breadth of character, it seems to me, would have secured Mr. Thackeray from all worthy criticism of his competency to be the satirist of the age; but since he has seen fit to defend himself publicly, by saying that he paints the world as he sees it, honestly, delicacy no longer enjoins silence, and the youngest admirer of his books can best tell him that the world needs no such painter to present her defects. If Mr. Thackeray finds Becky Sharps in Eng-

land, many of his readers find material for a better woman in *his* Becky Sharp; and if we believe him, as we cannot help doing, when he says that he writes down people as he finds them, we must put a still greater faith in him, and believe and trust that he will one day find himself.

Thackeray's power has never been seriously questioned. Many who have not an intellectual appreciation of his real strength, *his power of making things appear*, are nevertheless conscious that he makes things appear in a dark light, and this sort of criticism no protestations of sincerity can repel.

If now the tendency to idealize life is granted, and the incalculable advantages of the study of history adequately estimated as revealing the transmission of traits underneath that current of moral or immoral acts which commonly bears the name of history ; if, furthermore, such an estimate shall make race to be the important element, and government, education, various manifestations of that element in time ; and so, completing the analysis, if individualism shall be allowed a signification, — our knowledge of character becomes of transcendent importance. In the light of this theory, we shall see that the old Greek maxim, *Know thyself*, was the richest wisdom, which revelation made to be the deepest piety ; that knowledge of character in others is merely correlative to knowledge of self ; that a true view of life is possible only by a regenerative process, which shall break the husk of self-delusion, and reveal the germ of the genuine self.

I think this fact is easily established by observing the difference in the views taken by readers of books of the characters there portrayed.

As long as self-delusion lasts, all experience ministers to the growth of the false character with which self has endued us. Even if we do not read "what we most affect," self will permit us to draw only certain lessons from the books that we do read.

This will be found to hold true either of classes of books, or of particular books.

If we read poetry, we shall see rhythm, or pretty language, or noble sentiment, according to our intellectual character; but the meaning of verse, the logic of the heart, the comprehensiveness of the truths, and the certainty of the prophecies of true poetry, we shall scarcely be looking to find, unless our spiritual eyes have been opened.

Reading history, even after making allowance for the standpoint of the historian, we shall trace the progress, it may be, of religion, or traffic, or of agriculture, specially, and other departments of inquiry shall be subordinate to that special one; or, if the chronicle of events and the figures of the pageant be our study, we shall apply the scale of our individual experience to the narrative, and the ordinary men of history shall put on the countenances of our best and worst acquaintance, or else our common acquaintance shall become like dead heroes of history in our eyes.

Even the mathematics, which, as being based on exact and eternal laws, might be supposed to be superior to the laws of mind, will be found to have been variously formulated according to the genius of the races that have applied to them, and a common experience of men teaches us, that to some mathematics are merely discipline for the powers, while to others they are also food for thought.

But particular books reveal our moral character.

We read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the character of St. Clare seems truly generous and not reckless, or reckless and not truly generous, according as impulse or principle is the *rule* of the reader's life. In other words, if the faults of a book-character are our own, we magnify them and refuse to see the virtues; if they are not our own, we allow the virtues to overshadow them. Accordingly, we dislike or like such and such a character.

But the spiritual eye discerns the true lesson of every book. It pierces the delusion which self would throw

around us, and allows us to perceive not only the true proportions of the invented characters, but also those of the character of the inventor. Not that the world becomes any fairer to him who has found his own spiritual character, and thus the key to all others. On the contrary, I think that to most people the world would become fouler. But if more vice is seen, so is more virtue discovered. It is simply a deeper life into which the soul retreats,—a life which in its destiny opens toward God evermore, and in its progress continually convicts what was substance of being really show, and whose law of development is that self-sacrificing law which obtains universally throughout nature, the law of love.

If further proof is wanted of the microcosmic theory of mind, and previous to showing that, if we must idealize life, it is better to spiritualize it than to materialize it, we may observe the teachings of Political Economy on the subject of value.

Political economy teaches of no absolute value, only an ideal, ever-shifting value. The labor, or in other words the thought with which a thing is clothed, constitutes the value of that thing.

If man chooses to desire something pleasing as well as useful, the desire will produce the supply, and the sacrifice required of labor or thought to produce the article will measure the value of the article. Man has had for these thousand years many vain imaginings and foolish ideas, and consequently the world is full of foolish and vain values, which, in turn, are each the highest ideal to many who will not recognize their adventitious origin, and sure depreciation.

And here seems a proper place to state and urge the main result of our inquiry, namely, the necessity, considering the speciality which the soul can make every event and person to assume, of a personal regeneration of self to self, as a spiritual standpoint from which to judge of character, and, on the other hand, the necessity for the regenerated soul,

impressed with a sense of the ever-shifting law of spiritual unity, tending to merge all specialities into ever completer and completer generalizations, to rest never satisfied with any degree of self-knowledge, but to preserve unshaken a faith, which will grow with exercise, in the possibilities of the human soul.

In urging the harmony of these two laws of the soul (just stated) as the result of this argument, it may save the statement from whatever in it is transcendental and unintelligible, to take the very common topic of fashion as an illustration.

The adventitious origin of all fashions is well known, but it is not so well appreciated that the nature of their origin constitutes the true claim they have to our respect. If every man was true to himself, there would be no fashion, for fashion is imitative. If you are a laborer, your true fashion of dress will be coarseness and durability of material, rather than exactness of fit or grace of cut, and it is simply nothing to you that with the tailor, competing closely for custom, refinements in the style become a real necessity rather than durability in a material of dress. You know the value of your fashion, and is not the skill required to adapt the dress more perfectly to the symmetry of the human form worth anything? Let the laborer be thankful, that, through the infinite division of labor, the human mind has had the leisure to work out an ideal even of a well-fitting coat,—a coat without superfluity, and yet easy for every natural movement of the body,—and let him who wears such a coat put it on with a profounder sense of the dignity of human labor, and punctilioously pay his tailor's bills.

But men are continually mistaking the sign for the reality. If they can successfully imitate the appearance, they think they have attained the spiritual excellence of which the former is but an emblem.

The truth would seem to be, that all fashions have an origin in personal wants, which, if always peculiar, are also

real. A man's circumstances must, therefore, determine his fashion, and any man who is true to himself may set a good fashion, because he will do always what is best *for him*, and there will always be some who, not willing to do what is best for them, will imitate.

In this way the soul stamps its special image on the world, and thus it practises the only true economy of living. Character, not individual merely, but character in the aggregate, is thus created, for the nobleness in men will rise to meet us, if we are noble.

But fashion is, proverbially, fleeting, and if, in view of the law of the soul, which allows it to specialize, to create, we ought to set our own fashion, or, in other words, give *our* character to the world, so likewise, regarding reverently the progressive law of all souls, which is ceaselessly flowing through all special creations, and recreating more general types from the old special ones, ought we to remember, that there is one fashion of unchanging excellence never attainable, always by its very progressive nature to be attained; an ideal perfection which is made up of the ideals of all the persons in the world; a fountain of character, whence all human character is derived; which gives knowledge of character in infinite ration on the simple condition of willingness to receive.

In conclusion, it may be said that, if the mind must create, and by its nature give its character to the world, so, too, must it be constantly recreated; that, if we are desirous of knowledge of character, we can obtain it, not by widening our experience of men, but by changing our own ideas of them.

One more word, in closing, seems to be called for. If any one has reached the point of desiring to deepen his nature, and, as it were, expose a larger reflecting surface of character, he is ready, it may be presumed, to take a method in order to ~~win~~ his desire.

It is the invincible argument for the truth of Christ, that

to the soul inquiring at this point, willing for its own sake to learn of better and surer things than any mere business, or the knowledge of men upon which business is based, can give,—anxious to find a business which shall be work,—the only possible, the very possible method of progress is the way of self-sacrifice,—a doctrine revealed by Jesus Christ alone.

E. T. F.

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### “THEN AND NOW.”

Then I stood with eager longings  
 For the toil, and for the strife,  
 Foolish heart the meanwhile dreaming,  
 As it wove my web of life.  
 Had you whispered to the dreamer,  
 That, although the work was fair,  
 God, who is the Master Weaver,  
 Would put darker threads in there,—

Much I fear me, this the answer :  
 “ No there are not those for me ;  
 Love and faith make all threads golden,  
 Though to others gray they be.”  
 And the song that heart was singing  
 Was not trusting, sweet, and low,  
 But a war-cry stirring, ringing,  
 Like the knights of long ago.

O the words they told of conquest,  
 Told of laurels I should wear,  
 And how nobly I would labor,  
 How all great things I would dare !  
 Then the elders whispered, sadly,  
 Of the baptism God would will ;  
 But the heart said, “ In deep waters  
 I must do my life-work still.”

Now, I sit with tired hands folded  
 O'er a heart that is not sad :  
 Could you count its even beatings,  
 You'd as little call it glad.  
 It may be that you remember  
 Noble things I was to do ;  
 Strong words that I was to utter,  
 That should live the ages through.

Now, by my one lamp's faint glimmer,  
 Humbly write I, “God knew best,”  
 Though each brave hope faded, shrivelled,  
 Like a dead leaf fell to rest.  
 Yet think not I shrank from labor ;  
 Heart did keep its first vow true,  
 But the Master's words were ever,  
 “Waiting is my work for you.”

Oftentimes I murmured sadly,  
 I my lesson had not learned,  
 If I know it now; Christ only  
 Sees how hardly it was earned.  
 Every year my life grew darker,  
 Each new day told of new loss,  
 Till at last athwart my rough way  
 Fell the sharpest, heaviest cross.

So that, crushed the wayward spirit,  
 There it found its greatest gain ;  
 Then came love, and faith, and justice,  
 And we must not mind the pain.  
 By and by, I shall see clearly  
 Why my Master hedged the road ;  
 Till that day, will trust him simply  
 That he kindest wisdom showed.

Now my prayer is, that my lone life  
 May to some proud spirit tell,  
 That by waiting, as by working,  
 We may meet God's plan as well.

A. M. S.

## THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A SERMON BY A. P. PUTNAM.\*

LUKE ii. 14 :— “ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.”

As time goes on, man multiplies more and more rapidly his wonderful achievements. In all that illustrates his capabilities, his dignity, his greatness, no age in the past has been so remarkable as the present. The progress of his history has shown a continual progress in his development. Works which at one period were regarded as impossible to his power of accomplishment, he has at the next period completed, until now one is encouraged to believe that our race is yet to perform feats and miracles more stupendous than ever have seriously engaged the hopes or efforts of the world. What may we not indeed expect in the future, when we consider what has been done in the centuries that are gone? Survey the record of human triumphs, and see what a mighty power — power of mind, will, faith, courage, and execution — God wraps up in the human form. Behold man as the successful hero of many a well-fought battle-field, subduing whole nations beneath the sway of his own individual authority, and with a strong hand ruling their millions through laws which he himself has made and chosen! What complicated institutions and magnificent empires he has built! What vast and splendid temples he has erected, and decorated with every brilliant ornament which earth or sea could furnish, and with every grace and beauty of art! How glorious an object is the noble ship which he has constructed, and with which he sails the seas! Think how he pierces with it the regions of perpetual cold and ice, overides the gale, and visits every land. What a monument of his genius and toil are those languages which countless myriads have used as the means of communicating to each

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\* Delivered in the Mount Pleasant Church, Roxbury, September 5, 1858.

other their thoughts, sentiments, wishes, plans, and discoveries, and also as the sure repository of the great intellectual treasures of the world! Look at the printing-press he has invented, that wonderful intensifier of modern civilization and universal disseminator of intelligence, by which knowledge and ideas are made accessible, in abundant form and variety, to the masses of society. Call to mind that prodigy of his ingenious power, whose brief history has already changed the aspect of human affairs,—the steam-engine! What marvels it hath wrought in the whole industrial and commercial world! See how man has tunnelled the loftiest mountains, and through them made the highways of travel and traffic! He has changed the courses of the rivers, and spanned with bridges the wildest cataracts! How he has deciphered the mysterious hieroglyphics which God himself, in the long ages which have elapsed, has inscribed on every rock and stratum of the earth, and has read there a scripture older than Mosaic records, and eloquent, like them, of the might and majesty of the Creator! With what a subtle, searching analysis he has decomposed every substance and element of the physical universe, penetrated by chemical and microscopic power into the most hidden recesses of nature, and given names to every ultimate ingredient and every minutest form of matter! And then, as he has turned his gaze upwards, and with telescopic vision ranged the boundless fields of the firmament, lo! unnumbered stars, before unseen, marshal themselves in view, and tell him of worlds and realms which no unassisted eye hath ever seen. Of the vast planets and systems suspended by Almighty Power above us, how accurately he has measured the distances, described the orbits and appearances, and calculated the eclipses and aberrations! And how he hath made all that arithmetic of the skies guide him in his wanderings over the trackless main, and facilitate that widening intercourse that has been opened between the different nations and races of mankind! What a beautiful as well as aston-

ishing art is that by which he entraps the rays of sunshine, and by their aid transfers with unerring exactness, and with permanent impression, to glass or metal, the sacred lineaments of friendship! And how incredible that he has harmlessly brought down from the heavens the dreaded bolt, and sent the swift lightning to do his errands, until now—crowning achievement of the centuries — he has laid in the vast depths of ocean, from continent to continent, this Atlantic Cable, by which England and America, the Old World and the New, are united, I had almost said, into one, and friends on those opposite shores can converse, as it were, face to face.

Nor is this last a victory that stands by itself, simple and solitary. It is rather a grand summing up into one of a great series of noble inventions, discoveries, and achievements, which had gone before. Could we only know all that had to be done during the long, patient years and centuries which have passed away, the skill, labor, and study which had to be expended, the preparations and experiments which had to be made in almost every department of industry and science, the defeats and the difficulties which had to be met and overcome, before this cable could be laid, we should be more than ever amazed at the mind and power of man. It is not they *alone* who embarked on board the Agamemnon and the Niagara, nor those who were intimately associated with them in the enterprise, who are entitled to the honor of this success, however large may be their share of it. Thousands of the living and the dead, besides, have contributed to the triumph. To this sublime consummation how Philosophy has reasoned, Navigation explored, Science investigated, and Labor felled, mined, and forged! Not directors, engineers, electricians, and coilers of to-day only, but also seamen, mechanics, students, capitalists, and statesmen of other times, and of other circumstances, deserve remembrance. Verily they rest from their labors, but their works do follow them,— all of their attainments and victories

converging to this final fulfilment. In the manufacture of that mighty cable, in the construction of the steamers that conveyed it to mid-ocean, in the machinery employed to commit it securely to the deep, and to flash intelligent messages through its lengthened wires, what a combination may be seen of many of the most remarkable contrivances and conquests that other generations as well as our own were able to realize! How eloquent this whole triumph is of secrets that in the past have been wrested from nature, physical forces which have been harnessed into the service of man, and striking and innumerable applications of laws and principles to practical use! How marvellous that all these essential conditions should be thus fulfilled, all these operations and agencies be brought to such high perfection, and that then they should all be gathered up into one extraordinary result,—the wonder and the admiration of the world!

I do not know how such facts and considerations as these which I have mentioned may affect others; but to my own mind they reveal in the most powerful manner the splendid endowments and the transcendent dignity which belong to our humanity, and also point forward to a lofty destiny to which our race shall yet attain on earth. A being that is capable of such conceptions and achievements must indeed be possessed of an exalted and glorious nature. You may say, and say truly, that sin has marred, defiled, and enfeebled it. Yet is it the noblest work of God's creative power, and the dearest object of his constant love. And when we reflect upon what man *has* done, and from that survey think what he may yet accomplish; what dormant energies are still concealed within him, and wait to be unfolded; how intent all his faculties and powers are on solving every gigantic problem of the age; how through his activity and his success in every department of human endeavor he is constantly startling the world with fresh wonders, and lifting it up to higher elevations on the great scale of progress,—we

cannot fail to discover that as yet we have but feebly understood our own true worth, our real kinship to God, our immortal birthright. And it is in the light of this important truth, that we come to see also how necessary it is to the proper development and perfection of man and society, that every child of God should freely possess those rights and privileges which are his by nature, and without which true progress is impossible. A fair chance in this world is all that humanity asks. For his offspring God seems in every such event to demand this of all who would bind with fetters the mind, body, or soul of man. Every creed that represses free thought; every religion that is hostile to scientific inquiry; every custom that is at war with the just rights of personal judgment, opinion, and action; every institution that shuts from the mind the divine light of truth,—dooms man to the toil and the life of the brute, and by its cruel and relentless tyranny almost extinguishes the sacred spark heaven has kindled in every living soul,—is a foe to the advancement of mankind, and to the evident designs of the Almighty. So gifted a creature is man, and to such a bright, immortal career has his Maker plainly destined him, that it is undeniably one of the most fearful crimes to restrict the freedom or withhold the good that justly belongs to him. The powers and faculties of every human being were given him for the most exalted employment and the most thorough cultivation. It should be each one's aim to bring his own to the highest possible state of perfection, and to insure, so far as he can, the same blessings for his kind. This is manifestly the will of God. It is both our duty and our privilege. To what unimagined exploits would humanity this day be equal, were it released from every bondage to which it hath been subjected by unrighteous power!

While, however, we thus reverence human nature — not for *all* that it is and does, but for *much* that it does and is — for what it is capable of being and doing, for what it certainly will become and achieve, we must ever bear in mind that

man is but an instrument in the hand of God, from whom he derives his life, skill, and strength, on whom he is constantly dependent, and to whom he is eternally responsible. Man has nothing of which he can boast. God is the ultimate origin of all things. God is the creator, man is the creature. It is the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth to man understanding. Nothing that he seeks to perform can be successful without God's favoring providence. With God is the control of every mind, the sway of all the elements, and the direction of the whole current of things. Every great event and benefaction like this is therefore to be referred to him as the final author. Glory is to be given to God in the highest.

It is very interesting to consider how, by all the tendencies of the age, and the rulings of Providence, Heaven, for many decades of years, has been guiding man to this unequalled triumph. It has been through a long time that the way has been surely preparing for this crowning result. When God had permitted this fresh Western world to be discovered, he planted here a race capable of founding the highest order of civilization, and making the new continent the wide home of freedom, intelligence, law, and progress. While yet he was disciplining them by trial, multiplying their numbers, extending their dominion, and diffusing among them the blessings of knowledge and truth, he caused, one by one, those many disclosures, inventions, facts, hints, phenomena, and instrumentalities to appear, which now we behold forming a vast chain of providential arrangements, stretching through the centuries, of which, if one smallest link had failed, that cable had never been laid. Everything is here seen to be beautiful in its season. Every needed success was effected, and every required agency was at hand, when it was desired. Whenever one step was taken, God opened the way for another. It was necessary that the ocean should be more quickly traversed ere such an event could come to pass, and he put it into the mind of

man to conceive of the steam-engine and bring it to the most perfect action. How complete the machinery, and exquisite the art, by which those faultless wires must be made, twisted, and prepared for use! At the appointed time these results had all been attained. Was some suitable non-conducting material wanted in which those wires might be encased and find protection? Just then it had been discovered, and its adaptation to such a use sufficiently tested. Was it uncertain whether a cable could be stretched across the summits of the Atlantic's submerged mountains, and bear the chafing and the strain which it was supposed oceanic currents would cause it? While yet the question was in debate, God commissioned to sound those unknown depths one whose theory of a vast table-land plateau, stretching beneath the sea from Newfoundland to Ireland, along which the cable could lie, undisturbed by the storms and the tides above, imparted confidence to minds that had been troubled with doubt, and inspired with practical, efficient courage those who had before shrunk from the work as an impossibility. And when all things else were ready, were there needed men who were fitted by genius and discipline to take charge of the great undertaking, and conduct it to entire success? Forth they came, trained by Providence somewhere in the wide school of the world, each for his special service,—public men to secure the co-operation of the two leading political powers,—millionnaires to give, not only their money, but their counsel,—gallant and faithful commanders, and skilful pilots and surveyors, to insure a safe passage and arrival of the fleets,—artists and machinists to design, perfect, and superintend arrangements for paying out the cable and transmitting signals,—and chiefly the hero of the hour, the master-spirit of the enterprise, who, when several defeats had overtaken him, and his associates on whom he had relied for advice and aid had one after another begun to abandon him, and the world had become not a little incredulous as to the completion of the

work, abated not a jot of his faith or zeal, crossed the ocean more than twenty times in the accomplishment of his mission, kept oversight of the progress of operations on both sides of the Atlantic, and inspired the hearts of all his subordinates with his own earnestness and scrupulous care, until, to the surprise and joy of the civilized world, he gained the victory,—no damaging mistake or accident happening in all this complicated train of circumstances and labors. Who is so blind that he cannot see that He who kept within the necessary bounds the winds and the waves, also led on by his divine hand this beautiful and harmonious procession of things? Well did the pious captain of the Niagara say to his fellow-citizens, as they welcomed him to his home: “In this great work you are not indebted to us. We have been the simple instruments in the hand of an Almighty Power, and to Him be all the glory.”

“On earth peace, good-will toward men.” If it is clear that the glory of the achievement is to be rendered to God as its real author and superintendent, it is equally evident that to him all its use and influence should be for ever consecrated. This is its proper mission. It is the end and object to which it may be most easily, as well as appropriately, set apart. Every circumstance, and the general aspect of the enterprise, proclaim this established means of communication between the Old World and the New as one of God’s most efficient instrumentalities for promoting harmony and friendship among the nations, and for the Christianization of the world. It is with nations as with sects and individuals. The more they really know each other, and the more their mutual interests are multiplied, the stronger become their reciprocal attachments, and the more difficult it is found to provoke them to strife. The Atlantic Cable, in no trivial degree, unites into one, England and America, and through them, the two hemispheres. The rapid converse they can now hold together respecting stocks, markets, crops, elections, government, war, public and private mat-

ters, will assuredly favor increased intercommunication and wider acquaintance. The ties of amity, sympathy, and interest will be formed between innumerable persons and communities which are now separate from, and unknown to, each other. And when those ties shall have woven their complicated network, running their threads out into thousands of villages and cities, and myriads of human hearts and homes, what friend of violence and alienation shall dare to rupture the all-embracing bond of union? So great will be found the advantages of this new mode of international intercourse, that they will not be suffered to be suspended or disturbed by many, at least, of those temptations, rivalries, prejudices, and disputes which have brought so many countries into dire collision. Who of us does not feel, as he never felt before, that between ourselves and the land of our ancestors there *must* be, *shall* be, no more war for ever? Cherishing the same ancient traditions, speaking the same language, vitalized by the same noble blood, children of the same wise laws and free institutions, strong in the same great Protestant faith, forming the two leading political powers of the world, it was peculiarly fitting that Americans and Englishmen should be connected by this additional bond, and that they should inaugurate this great work. By their example and influence let them now be equally conspicuous in so using this vast agency as to extend the benign principles of fraternity, peace, and love throughout the earth. Never let that cable be dishonored in serving man's selfish interests, in transmitting to the ends of the world the false or vicious thought of his heart; or in kindling the fires of animosity and war among the nations. Let it serve to adjust all unhappy misunderstandings. Let it be sacred to the messages of the loved and the absent. Let it thrill with the tidings of safe arrivals and strengthened health. Let it be glad with the announcements of fallen tyranny and risen freedom. Let it speed the news of ended hostilities, and inviolable, lasting compacts. Let it tell of

other empires opened to the spread of the Christian religion. Let it proclaim the prostration of every heathen altar and idol, and the doom of every false religion. Let it speak of remotest islands, now sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, illumined with the light of everlasting truth, and earth's habitations of cruelty made the dwelling-places of righteousness. Let it be eloquent of all that contemplates the elevation and salvation of men. And as others like it shall be deposited in the depths of the seas, until over those submarine hills and plains they meet in countless intersections, and, fastening to every shore, bring the nations of the world into one vast, united family, let them all be devoted to the furtherance of God's great purposes of human progress and welfare.

We welcome this event as the harbinger of the better time.' Away with the gloomy conceit that it constitutes a dark or doubtful omen of the future of mankind. Such a thought bespeaks mental disease and despairing faith. Into the coming ages this success opens, rather, most glorious visions. Amid all our discouragements and struggles, it assures us, in language that admits of no cavil, that the course of humanity is onward and upward.

Nor is this the only cheering sign of the times. However much there may be in our own land, and in other countries, to sadden the hearts and paralyze the energies of the philanthropist and the Christian, yet there is much more that is fitted to inspire with hope and activity. Science every year dispenses increasing treasures to the world. Never was there so much done as now for the poor, the maimed, the sick, the blind, the insane, and the ignorant. Conquerors from fields of blood no longer hold the first place in the hearts of the multitude. Other heroes and heroines of far different mould now win the laurelled honors of the public;—Florence Nightingale, who follows the desolating march of war to administer cordials and comfort to the wounded and dying;—Peabody, who devotes his justly earned riches to

the success of beneficent enterprises, to the cause of general education, and to the enduring friendship of England and America ;— Kane, who encounters the perils of Arctic voyages to open new realms to science, and to give profitable entertainment to a million readers ;— and Field, who, in surmounting so many obstacles to his triumph, and in uniting in this interesting relation our own and the mother country, has inscribed another name to the bright roll of the benefactors of mankind. This is the class of men and women who, in increasing numbers, are coming forward to displace the scourges of our race ; and it is a most significant and cheering indication, that their services to humanity fail not of their reward from the grateful heart of the people. See, too, how surely democratic ideas are infusing themselves into the minds of the masses throughout Christendom, and in their presence old, hoary institutions of wrong are dissolving in ruin. The disfranchised and outraged classes of society are in many a nation coming to share more fully their natural and inalienable rights. Even in Russia, millions of serfs are now rising by the aid of imperial power to the condition of freemen. European thought and enterprise are reanimating the more ancient civilizations of the Orient. Every recent war, God is overruling for good. Resubjugated India yields to the march of English ideas and the power of an aggressive Christianity. And now the first regular despatch through those cable wires, dedicating them for ever to “ peace on earth and good-will towards men,” assures us that the war between England, France, and China is ended, and, for the first time in all history, the blessings of the Gospel of the Son of God may be freely offered to the three hundred million inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. All these things should impart to us new faith and fresh courage. They teach us that the promises of God are true. In their light all the ancient Hebrew prophecies glow with unwonted radiance. Never did the dear old oracles of divine truth seem so full of meaning and beauty as now. They conspire with all the tenden-

ties and indications of the age in encouraging us to gird on our strength anew in the great work of life, and to consecrate to God all our time, our talents, our labors, our discoveries, our acquisitions, and our triumphs.

O brethren, there *is* a heroism which we may attain, there *is* a victory we may all secure, more glorious far than any which this event has brought to light. Amid all our celebrations and rejoicings, let us ever remember that. Not in the sea, but in the heart, lies the sphere of action. Forces more powerful than ocean currents or whirling tempests there await us. Foes more formidable than unfaithful friends or sneering sceptics. A skill and toil and care shall be there demanded of us which none of that cable crew ever matched. To subdue passion and pride, to root out envy and unkindness from the heart, to overcome our selfishness, and to catch the spirit of self-sacrifice, to kill within us every wicked prejudice, to learn to love all of God's children, to acquire a trusting, patient, and obedient temper, to become affectionate, faithful disciples of Jesus Christ, wise, pure, good, and holy, surrendering ourselves entirely to God, willing to be, to do, and to suffer whatsoever he may think best,—this is something in whose presence the achievements of physical power and mental genius fade for ever from sight. But by as much as such a heroism and victory are sublimer than anything else which can be compared with them, by so much are the means of realizing them increased to us. And whoever will accept the help which is proffered him in Jesus, the Son of God, will find that he can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth, and that he can gain a triumph whose trophies shall endure when every vestige of that proud cable shall have perished, and the sea shall have given up its dead.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

*The Age; a Colloquial Satire.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Ticknor and Fields.—Mr. Bailey has here turned his unusual powers, as an observer, a critic, and a poet, to a kind of writing which, partly by demand and partly by toleration, partly by merit and partly in spite of the want of it, has secured a place in the great republic of letters. For the interests of pure literature, or of classical culture, it would be quite as well if the naturalization papers had never been granted. But as there are moods and places where people of breeding and refinement throw off the restraints of conventional decorum, or even of real dignity, to see how well they can talk the banter and the slang which are commonly forbidden the range of good society, so authors are allowed to amuse themselves, and as many more as are willing to be amused, with liberties of a corresponding description. To read this strange medley through, would imply more leisure than we can command. Indeed, we wonder so earnest a man as the author did not tire of his task before the proof-sheets of the two hundred pages were corrected. But it is not necessary to read the whole to see that his penetration, originality, and boldness of speech did not forsake him when the mystic turned vulgarist, and the philosopher condescended to "Colloquial Satire."

*Religious Aspects of the Age.* Thatcher and Hutchinson. New York.—Here we have the age treated in quite a different style, not without poetry, by any means, but in a more serious spirit, by men of grave callings, speaking for a religious association, the "Young Men's Christian Union of New York." Without elaborate preparation, the addresses manifest the ability and eloquence to be expected of such orators as Doctors Osgood, Sawyer, Chapin, and Bellows, and Messrs. Frothingham, Blanchard, Miel, Barrett, Mayo, Higginson, Peters, Warren, and Greeley. In the ornithological mode of classification now current, most of these gentlemen, and their views, would be generally ranked as belonging to the "left wing," in questions of religion and society. Those whose sympathies cannot go along with all their opinions will find that they know how to give stirring utterance to many generous sentiments.

*Letters on the Religious Revivals which prevailed about the Beginning of the Present Century.* By E. PORTER, D.D. Congregational Board of Publication.—Professor Porter, of the Andover Theological Seminary, was engaged in 1832 to write a series of letters to "The Spirit of the Pilgrims," on the characteristics, methods, and results of the general revival that prevailed in this country half a century ago. By taste, experience, and the faithful habit of his mind, he was fitted to perform this service in a manner so acceptable, both

in a literary and religious view, as to give his work a permanent value. Besides a moderate, judicious, and yet earnest discussion of the right conduct of such seasons of peculiar spiritual interest, his treatise gives many pointed suggestions as to the faults and merits of preaching, the distinction between profound and transient impressions, and the dangers of insincerity. These parts of the work will prove edifying even to readers who differ theologically from the author.

*Guide to the New Convert.* By L. IVES HEADLY. Congregational Board of Publication.—Another title of the same practical volume is “Preparation to Profess Religion.” Both indicate the exact design. After the awakening of the soul to a new life, there is commonly a peculiar sensitiveness to religious truth, a special eagerness to find tests of acceptance, and considerable danger of spiritual pride, or other morbid moods. This little book, consisting of a brief series of questions and Scriptural references, with a few original answers, is meant to meet this condition. The questions are pertinent and searching, though not without encouragement. Of course it will be understood that the theology is that of the Board of Publication.

*Mrs. Leslie's Juvenile Series. Play and Study, and The Motherless Children.* Shepard, Clark, and Brown.—The first of these is a story of the trials and pleasures, sins and successes of school life, interesting to girls of ten or fourteen. The other is quite a novel, with a fair allowance of ingenuity and good intention. The books are handsomely printed, but the illustrations strike us as rather stiff.

*Goody Right Thirsty.* By MAG PIE. Shepard, Clark, and Brown.—Grotesque picture-books for young children may be very funny. But the pictures need never be repulsive nor deformed. These are well done, and some of them are pleasing. On the other hand, we greatly respect a little fellow, who, notwithstanding a goodly love of fun, cannot be induced to look at some of them a second time.

#### PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

*Exposition of the Four Gospels, according to the Internal Sense as unfolded by Emanuel Swedenborg.* Classified and arranged by REV. JOHN CLOWES; with Notes by GEORGE BUSH. Otis Clapp.

*Building the Tombs of the Prophets,* a vigorous sermon by REV. JOHN N. MURDOCK, D.D., of Boston.

*Liberal Education,* the able oration of REV. THOMAS HILL before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

*The Spiritual Life; its Neglect, its Growth, and its Rightful Supremacy;* an earnest sermon by REV. W. L. GAGE, on leaving Manchester, N. H.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

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THE  
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VOL. XX.

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INWARD RENEWAL, THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

To the earnest Christian there is, perhaps, no state of the soul harder to meet aright, than to be conscious of the slowness of his spiritual growth, to witness the disproportion between his ideal standard of excellence and purity, and his actual attainment. The growing sensitiveness of the moral nature, in its perception of the evils within as well as around, the quickness with which the feelings respond to any note of harsh discord, and the rapidly changing moods of the soul's more secret life, lead often to a morbid state of self-scrutiny, and a withdrawal into one's self, that often ends in sheer selfishness, unless there be united with the same a calm, vital trust in the great promise of a Divine Helper and Sanctifier, above, and yet ever working with and in the soul itself.

There are seasons when the very perfectness, beauty, and harmony of the outward world serve, not to soothe, but rather to quicken the sense of disproportion and incompleteness within ;— all in nature is so perfect, performs so silently and yet so truly the Divine will, with no self-reference, no questioning as to the work assigned it, no subtle ambition

for a different or loftier sphere; but from the lowly blade of grass or the radiant dew-drop of the summer morning, from the delicate and fragile spring blossom and the rich and full luxuriance of the summer forest, from the gorgeous beauty of the autumn skies, so transient in their wonderful glory, and from winter's hoary frost and fleecy snow, from the music of field and forest, of cataract and ocean, from earth and heaven, in and through and above all, breathes the song of harmony, the joy of a finished work, the calmness and repose of a full confidence in the Maker and Upholder of all.

The simple forest-flower whispers, not of its own perfect though fragile beauty, but of Him who paints the smallest leaf with a touch so delicate, a care so minute, that we find it equally difficult to comprehend the least as the greatest of God's works. The summer breeze as it whispers through the grove, or the winter wind as it sighs in fitful cadence through the forest, proclaims not its own mighty power to invigorate and renew; but the voice of the Most High is borne upon each passing breeze, and the very winds obey his will; while from earth and sea, from air and sky, from suns and stars and planets, comes one united voice of praise and trust and thanksgiving,—“Not unto us, but unto thy name, be the glory.”

Nature alone gives no response of comfort, no blessing of a truer or holier confidence, to the anxious, the self-seeking or self-centred spirit. When the mighty struggle between self-will and God's will arises within the soul, demanding a determined answer,—when passion sways each holier impulse with a reckless power, and sins we thought long crushed rise up again and yet again, as if to mock our very longings for purity, revealing that the roots of evil yet remain within the soul, and that our efforts hitherto, earnest as they may have been, have but cut off the outward branches,—when we stand aghast at our very selves, as some mocking fiend of passion or envy or ambition whispers its cunning

words of self-delusion and flattery, or takes on the guise of human approval,—when we seek in vain to satisfy the demands of the truth-telling conscience, knowing how much that the world regards as genuine worth and goodness is but the result of favoring circumstances, and not of any fixed choice or desire for God's will to be done in and through us,—when, wearied and disheartened, in the consciousness of utter weakness and want, we exclaim, ‘Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?’—then we turn not to Nature for a response. The very completeness of her work, the perfectness of her obedience, the calm silence in which she performs her holy ministry, do but mock the soul with a consciousness of what might and should be the spirit's truer harmony. She speaks, indeed, but her voice proclaims a fixed and holy law, demanding perfect obedience. Her standard is that of purity and completeness, and unerring submission to the Divine Hand that moulds and governs all.

It is true, her work is often slow and gradual. The lofty and vigorous oak, beneath whose shade we seek shelter from the summer sun, has been for centuries maturing its growth, strengthening its fibres, striking its roots down into the rich, moist earth, to draw the nourishment from the surrounding soil, sending out its branches, and putting forth each year its new canopy of leaves, enriching its roots from its own faded verdure, as if to gain strength from its very weakness; and so, through calm and storm, through heat and cold, adorned with its rich coronal of leaves, or stretching its bare and knotted boughs to the wintry storm, it has slowly but surely attained to its full completion of beauty and proportion. But though slow, its growth has been *constant*. No wearying of the work, no standing still, no retrograde steps, have left their impress on that noble trunk, and those strong and graceful boughs! Growth,—true, constant growth,—and a vital life within, are there inscribed.

And in the Christian soul, why should not such *constant*, real growth be equally visible? Are all these backslidings,

these shortcomings, necessary? Is no higher attainment possible? Is there no real harmony between the soul and God? Look among any body of so-called Christian disciples, and do we witness among such so visible and true a growth from year to year, that the world indeed takes knowledge of them that they dwell with Jesus? How often does the young disciple enter upon his course with an earnest and glowing soul, full of hope, full of enthusiasm, true in his first consecration to his Master's work; but as the years wear on, instead of the subdued earnestness, the calm trust, the fervent love of the mature Christian, there is restlessness and dissatisfaction, a morbid self-scrutiny, and an anxious self-questioning as to the inward state, which evinces not an *unreserved* surrender to God's will. And why is this? Imperfect as we all must be, at the best, compared with the perfect standard of Christ's holiness, is not some better, truer attainment in our power? Is this fluctuating life, this uneasy spirit, the Christian life and spirit? Have we not lost sight, in our every-day life, of some power that quickened the earlier followers of the Redeemer, by which they became marked out from the world's adherents, and rightfully designated as the "royal priesthood," the "consecrated" to God, the "saints" even in Cæsar's household? Believing in Christ as the Redeemer and Reconciler, accepting God's full, free forgiveness through him, have we not too often forgotten the blessed promise of the coming of the Holy Spirit as the *Sanctifier* of the soul? Have we not been vainly seeking to accomplish in and of ourselves what can be effected only through the indwelling Spirit?

You, who have consecrated yourselves in sincerity to your God and your Saviour, who desire not to live for what is outward, but who thirst for inward purity and holiness, and who yet are restless, troubled, disheartened, because your progress is not as rapid as you wish, look a moment carefully within. Have you been striving in your own strength, or have you been willing to leave it wholly to God

to withhold or bestow the gifts of the Spirit as he sees fit ? Have you been faithful to what you did know of the truth, or, neglecting the simpler details of obedience, have you sought high emotional feelings, and when these could not be attained, have you fallen into indifference, carelessness, or despondency ? Trusting the blessed truth of justification through faith too much as a dogma of the intellect rather than as a life of the soul, have you not at times rested even presumptuously on that faith, fallen into carelessness as to your words, deeds, or daily home-duties, and thus belied its reality ? Or when awakened to an earnest self-scrutiny, have you not again despondingly asked, Who is sufficient to combat these inward passions and evils ?

But to meet this very state of mind, the Gospel of Christ, which always answers to the soul's deepest needs, points us to that sanctifying Spirit, which alone *can* make us one with God,—a blessed and divine truth, too often lost sight of in the modern Christian Church. Instead of morbidly dissecting our inward nature, finding ever new causes for self-reproach, binding us closer and closer in the chains of selfishness by fixing our regard solely upon ourselves, as if the work of obedience to the law and inward renewal were all our own, it lifts us out of ourselves, by the very earnestness of our prayers for the bestowment of that which comes, not from any self-seeking or painful efforts for self-approval, but which, trusting in Christ as the Reconciler, trusts in the Holy Spirit as the one only Sanctifier.

Not comfortless, not alone in our secret struggles, does Christ leave us. If in the hour of outward trial or desolate bereavement he stands beside us, as at the grave of Lazarus, so is he near when the soul, alone with God, wrestles with its unseen foes ; or when, in the midst of the crowd, it feels doubly alone in its unuttered aspirations, and his voice whispers, “I *will* come unto you.”

And how does this blessed assurance rebuke all despondency, and urge the laggard steps to a truer obedience and a

nobler attainment! The Comforter is with us; the Spirit whispers within; and though we may but have begun to know its inward teachings, it is a *reality* which cannot be gainsaid. The wavering, uncertain steps now become more firm and steadfast. The once painful longings for purity and holiness are none the less intense and true, but are calmed and purified from their restlessness by the sweet consciousness that the Spirit *will* work within us, and do for us more than we can ask, or even think. The consciousness of the imperfectness of the daily life, of sin and omission and shortcoming, no longer crushes the energies of the soul; but with the sweet assurance of pardon, and of being justified through faith in Christ, comes the blessed promise and hope, "To as many as received him, to them gave he *power* to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." And such are they "who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

And this new birth of the Spirit,—this being "born of God," this divine sonship,—what heart, in its true moments, does not long for it, with an intense and earnest longing? Who has not felt, at some better moment, that he would give worlds, if he possessed them, for one sweet whisper of the Spirit, the pledge of the divine life in the soul?

But despond not, we entreat you, if the way marked out for you seems more difficult than that trodden by many, if the light comes not as soon, nor shines as clearly, as you may desire. God knows your needs better than you know them. Only trust that word, that the power to become the sons of God *will* be given, if you are true to yourself and true to prayer, and yours shall yet be the *constant* growth in the divine life; the light will shine clearer and brighter in your soul, even to the perfect day. Pressing onward, wait God's bestowment of the full measure of the Spirit: he "*will* give grace and glory," as he sees you are prepared for the gift.

What matters it, if the way be rough, the path be difficult,— why complain if a longer journey be yours,— if so be God is thus fitting you for higher ministries,— if thereby he reveals to you the deeper depths of the soul, and, through what may often have been a bitter or lonely experience, so far as human sympathy was concerned, he enables you to serve as his instrument of good to other souls, and to become a vessel truly meet for the Master's use? What matter the even painful yearnings for purity, the secret struggles, the bitter consciousness, at times, that the roots of sin are not yet plucked up out of the soul, if the Spirit now whispers within the holy promise of an entire renewal?

“Dost thou ask, *When comes His hour?*  
*Then, when it shall aid thee best.*  
*Trust His faithfulness and power,*  
*Trust in Him and quietly rest.*  
*Ask and seek, and hope and wait,—*  
*Jesus never comes too late.”*

“It is the Spirit that quickeneth.” No self-seeking, no efforts of the natural heart, unrenewed by divine grace, can bring to the soul the peace of pardon, the quiet trust and the steadfast growth of a soul at one with God. “Christ within, the hope of glory.” The Holy Spirit comes to meet each secret want; and as it came with tongues of flame, and the sound as of a mighty wind, at the feast of Pentecost, so will it come with its purifying, reviving influence to every believing soul, to all who ask in sincerity and faith. Its power has been felt in dungeon cell, and where praises to God have hallowed prison walls. It has lighted the martyr's lonely path, and opened the glimpses of an eternal day to the worn and weary sufferer. It has made its abode in the palace and in the cottage, in the secluded mountain home, and among those who go down to do business on the great deep. It has dwelt in the young, earnest, and hopeful heart, and in the soul whose long and weary conflicts have been waged in silence and in loneliness.

The Sanctifier! what hope and promise and comfort is there in this faith and trust! To him who seeks to "keep the commandments," who longs to love and trust more truly, who yearns for a divine sonship,—to him, however imperfect, however great now seems his distance from the Redeemer,—to him comes this blessed promise, "We will come and make our abode with him."

Doubt and distrust no longer have their home in the soul. The shadows may indeed gather, but, with this divine guest dwelling within, there cannot be gloom or utter darkness. Clouds may come, but only to refresh the soul with a new power of faith and a new baptism of the Spirit. Conflicts are yet to be waged, but He who is with the soul is mighty to save, if we will but trust the Almighty arm. Struggles from within, even more than from without, will try our faith and constancy; passion will yet seek the mastery, and selfishness strive again and yet again to bind us in its icy fetters; self-seeking will still put on the guise of benevolence, ambition hide itself beneath a seeming humility and self-distrust, and the ensnaring love of approbation seek covert beneath a false diffidence or a timid caution. But the voice within still utters its "Peace, be still!" and a calm that is not of earth comes over the disquieted and troubled waters of the soul.

There may be outward desolation, but the Comforter leaves us not alone. There may be anxious fear, and weary thought, and foreboding sorrow, but again the Spirit whispers, "Though thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee."

The lights of earth may all grow dim, but only to reveal more clearly the brightness of an unfading glory. All human supports may be removed, but the soul can still say, in entire submission, "Though he slay me, *yet* will I trust in him."

Renewing, sanctifying, changing, recreating, the Holy Spirit thus works within each heart that welcomes its

mighty and divine influence. Quench it not, as you value your immortal soul. Quench it not, as, in your better moments, you long for purity and holiness. Quench it not, lest you find yourself in the darkness of unbelief, or scoured by the rebukes of a conscience that whispers unceasingly of a violated and holy law. Grieve not away that divine guest, who, dwelling within, is our true hope of glory. Let the seal of this adoption rest upon you, and so bring forth the fruits of the Spirit in a holy life, that others shall know of your true sonship, and so glorify your Father who is in heaven. "I will be a Father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Just entering, it may be, on the heavenward path, or having long striven to walk therein, *believe* in the sanctifying power of this indwelling, co-working Spirit. There is nothing that will so invigorate your powers, so rebuke your waywardness or sloth, so urge to a *constant* growth in holiness, as this living faith in the Comforter. It is the spring of all goodness and truth and loyalty, the inexhaustible fountain of all pure endeavors, and holy lives, and trusting hearts. By it the weak become strong; the passionate, gentle and forbearing; the proud, humble and forgiving; the self-seeking, forgetful of their own, and strong alone in the power of an entire self-renunciation.

Receive Christ into your inmost soul. Open wide your heart to the full influences of the Spirit, and rely without question or doubt on that holy promise, given for the support and comfort of every soul thirsting for purity and holiness, "To as many as received him, to them gave he *power to become the sons of God.*"

H. M.

## ONLY GOING.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

THEY are going, — only going ; —  
 Jesus called them long ago !  
 All the wintry time they 're passing  
 Softly as the falling snow.  
 When the violets in the spring-time  
 Catch the azure of the sky,  
 They are carried out to slumber  
 Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going, — only going, —  
 When with summer earth is dressed,  
 In their cold hands holding roses  
 Folded to each silent breast ;  
 When the autumn hangs red banners  
 Out above the harvest sheaves,  
 They are going, — ever going, —  
 Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,  
 All adown the solemn Time,  
 They have taken up their homeward  
 March, to that serener clime,  
 Where the watching, waiting angels  
 Lead them from the shadows dim,  
 To the brightness of His presence,  
 Who has called them unto him.

They are going, — only going  
 Out of pain, and into bliss, —  
 Out of sad and sinful weakness  
 Into perfect holiness.  
 Snowy brows, — no care shall shade them ;  
 Bright eyes, — tears shall never dim ;  
 Rosy lips, — no time shall fade them ; —  
 Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts for ever stainless,—  
Little hands as pure as they,—  
Little feet by angels guided  
Never a forbidden way!  
They are going,—ever going!  
Leaving many a lonely spot;  
But 't is Jesus who has called them,—  
Suffer, and forbid them not.

H. W.

---

### AN AFTERNOON AT THE SEWING-CIRCLE..

“ You must have a terribly dull time here, Ruth,” said I, looking up and down the village street. “ With no congenial society,—no amusements, no beaux, not even a ‘lyceum,’—that last, best gift of country stupidity. At least, that would have answered to laugh at. But now, pray what can you do with yourself all winter long ?”

“ You compliment me,” answered Ruth, smiling and knitting away for dear life; “ already the leaden weight has fallen on you. I must have concentrated all D——stupidity in my own person, to give you that look of hopeless despair.”

“ You know better, and I have a good mind not to tell you so, to pay you for fishing. I am never dull with you, except just this morning : there is such a dreary look out of doors, and no creature to come in — ”

“ O, I dare say somebody will come in ; and if nobody does, I have enough to do and to think of. You asked me what I did with myself: I don’t do anything with myself, for myself is precisely the thing that is never out of employment. Our beaux, to be sure, are few enough, and in the singular number generally ; as to lyceums, there is nobody to speak; and we don’t care to hear them ; for we prefer to learn things at first hand, instead of listening to compilations and

compressions. I suppose our people have read as much on most subjects as our lecturers, if we had them ; if not, they *can* read. The twenty-five or fifty dollars we should have to pay a lecturer would buy a great many books for our Public Library."

" Well, I never heard an argument against lyceums before," said I. " I concluded it was the usual means of enlightening country folks."

" And feathering the nests—um,—ah—I presume many towns in the country are glad to have lectures given to them, especially where the speaker is notable. I went to hear Thackeray once, because I had a curiosity to see and hear the man ; afterward, in reading his lectures, I was sorry I had seen him."

" Why ? "

" O, his face was an abstraction, and not a medium. I would far rather have received his thought fresh from the fountain. It gathered foreign substances that made it taste badly before it reached my mind."

" Yes, I understand you. What is in a man comes out in his smile and voice and the involuntary workings of his face. Authors should keep ' hid up,' as children say, and not let the natural body conflict with the spiritual one he serves up to the public eye. But you don't mean to say you 've anybody here who reads Thackeray ? "

" O yes ; we read Thackeray and Dickens and the newspapers. We are not Hottentots. Since the telegraphs and steamboats and railroads have marched civilization into the country, we know everything that happens in Boston as well as you do ; and feel just as much interested in all the events of the day as you do. We are very sorry for the small children that are regularly run over by the truckmen, and find our minds greatly enlarged in perusing the land sales — "

" Nonsense ; you know I don't mean that. But Julia Hawes told me there really was not a living creature in D—— to speak to — "

"And she stayed here twenty-four hours, on her way to Sharon Springs, where she found somebody. You know Julia, and I don't compliment you much when I say you have a better capacity for society than she has. However, you and I attach different meanings to the word, and I am not at all sure that if I lived in the city I should not think as you do. We change all those things in the country, you know."

"I never lived a week in the country,—I mean *really* country."

"Perhaps you would n't like it, if you did. You need to be 'to the manner born,' to appreciate and even like all the faults of country people."

"Such as knowing your business and meddling with it?"

"Exactly," said Ruth, smiling; "that's the good of the country. Everybody likes or dislikes you, and has leisure to look you through and through, to discuss you fully, and appreciate you justly. If you have peculiarities or faults, everybody knows what branch of the family they come from,—and how it happens you have red hair; and what makes somebody else so set up, and another have that weakness of drinking. In the country there is no hope nor safety for you but in entire frankness and transparency, and with that, and the knowledge of all your antecedents, and all the elements that have gone to make your character up, people are not only just but kind: and then the oddities, the individualism in the country."

"Just what I should n't like, Ruth; I don't believe in people having originality or talent enough to dispense with good-breeding."

"Ah, but I don't dispense with it either! I only mean, that with you conventional forms necessarily check all individual expression, and go to mould characters very much in the same shape. You have no time to cultivate acquaintances beyond a certain point. In your morning calls, by the time you have got through the weather and the most general

topics, you must leave for the next place, to say the same thing over; so that for all there is peculiar in either of you there is really no time for development or discovery."

" Of course not, Ruth ; we never should get through our list of acquaintances if we stopped to really talk about anything. Why, I have four hundred and fifty calls to make : it takes a year to get through with them as it is, and such a blessing to find people *out* ! "

" Yes ; it is a form, that leaves you always empty of the thing. Now it is n't so here, and therefore we are never dull. You should go to our Sewing-Circle."

" O horrible ! not I. I detest sewing-circles, and never would belong to one, if I had to live in the country. The tittle-tattle of the country,— the vacuity,— the scandal-mongering — Excuse me, I don't mean D—— sewing-circles, of course : I know you must be an exception here."

" Don't apologize," said Ruth, quietly ; " or if you really want to make amends for your slip of the tongue, come with me, as I asked you."

" What ! to really spend the whole afternoon with the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker ? "

" Now, that is unworthy of you. You cannot possibly suppose that selling cotton by the bale, and tar, pitch, and turpentine by the quantity, gives a wholesale character to the mind ! I assure you our baker is a most intelligent and agreeable person, and his wife is the dignified President of our Sewing-Circle."

" O, I do not really mind much what people do : only it is a foolish feeling one has. One of the pleasantest young men I know entertained me the other evening with an account of a *twine* factory. I had no idea so many good things could be strung together about flax."

" It is the person who talks, and not the thing talked of, that makes the subject. As well twine as straws. So you will put on your thimble and come, will you not ? "

" But tell me, then, what do you sew for ? What do you do

with it all? I do hope you let the Hindoos alone, and don't sew your fingers raw for Borrioboolagah!"

"O, if you ask what we do, we do everything; that is, everything that is left undone, and ought to be done. Such as a new carpet on the meeting-house aisle; and what do you think of a new organ for ditto? And then Kansas!"

"Don't tell me of 'bleeding Kansas!'" said I.

"O, but I shall! We sent four barrels of nice, comfortable garments to the poor souls there, and wrote nice little notes to them and put in the pockets, bidding them be of good courage, and God speed, and telling them how we honored them and thought of them,—our brothers and sisters! You should have read some of their answers, that Mr. Nute brought on, and how thrilled and comforted they were by our sympathy, to say nothing of the warm garments."

"Well, Ruth, I allow that was doing something to some purpose. And you are making that rigolette to sell too, you say?"

"Yes. We made two hundred and sent to Boston last winter. In the country, we have so much leisure! We made a hundred and fifty dollars from our rigolettes, and with that we bought twenty-five dollars' worth of books for ourselves, and gave the rest to 'indignant young men.'"

"O, Borrioboolagah, after all! But you don't say a word, Ruth, to my charge of tittle-tattle and scandal. Confess that you do tear each other's characters to shoe-strings! Confess that you keep watchful eyes on your neighbor's kitchen window, and understand what every soul in the village has for dinner."

"To be sure we do. And that is the way we know when and where to send custards and cream-cakes to the invalid appetite, and flowers with jelly to her that hath no garden. There's no harm in knowledge, you'll allow. It's the use we make of it. Don't take such a narrow view of country life."

"You know, I told you I know nothing about it."

"And that is true enough. If you were to stay with me six years, you might find out some, though not all, the good of it. How much old Mrs. Allen expressed, when she told me 'she 'd heerd say that in Boston your nighest neighbor might die, and you not know a word about it! and what was more, they would n't even toll the bell!' In that lies the difference, to be sure. Well, this afternoon, I will only promise you our nicest girls, and some of our pleasantest women, with such talk as we can get up. After all, you can, with the aid of a few, keep up an interest in things rather than persons, and where that is habitually done, the tone is unconsciously elevated."

"But who have you to talk? you can't do it all, and I am determined not to speak."

"Just as you like about that. A good many don't talk; but in that case they are expected to knit like heroes. You know Sarah Lee: she is a travelled lady, and has been from here to Georgia. And you have seen Mrs. President Jones, our baker's wife. Mrs. Pratt, who keeps the thread and variety and millinery store, and cuts dresses, and sells confectionery, you will see. Our blacksmith's wife, a pretty, delicate creature, Mrs. Noble, (is n't it a beautiful name, Olive Noble, I think 'there 's music in 't,') and sixteen others, who will not be interesting to you."

"And you go there and work all day, and 'trot home behind the lad' after tea, do you? I confess, you don't give me a notion of very ecstatic enjoyments: not a solitary beau in this desert land?"

"O, yes indeed! all the husbands come, if they are not away, or too tired with town-meeting or work; and then there used always to be Mr. Price, till he married one of our prettiest girls, and now there is Mr. Brown, who is studying law with Judge Bacon. He always comes."

"Um! Mr. Brown. To think of being in such a desert, that a Mr. Brown shall be something to think of! I don't care; but you, poor Ruth! what intellectual starvation! And you have dozens of nice, pretty girls?"

"Yes, and they are none the worse for coming up to be and do something useful and to some purpose, besides dressing for beaux. With the aid of our minister, who is really a very cultivated man, and does a vast deal to keep up an interest in something besides bread-winning, we contrive to exist, all of us, without any of what you would call 'indispensable accessories.'"

I said no more, but walked ten steps with Ruth to Mrs. Pratt's dwelling, where we found the Circle already assembled, and working busily. I did not talk, but I kept notes of the conversation. And I may add, that I have changed my mind about sewing-circles. And these are my notes, taken on the spot. I wrote them out more fully afterwards, with Ruth's help in some points.

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"He is a diffident man," said Ruth.

"Diffident? I don't see how that can possibly be," said Mrs. Pratt, dropping one of the dozen dickeys she was making; "a man that has read so much, and that knows so much as Mr. Brown does, to be afraid to speak to anybody, even Daniel Webster himself!"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Ruth, hastily.

"My early advantages were very poor," said Mrs. Pratt, without noticing Ruth's tone, "but I always felt that it was the only drawback to making a figure in conversation. I never dared to go but a little way, for fear I should slump."

"How many people get the reputation of great wisdom, only by that judicious caution of yours, Mrs. Pratt," said Sarah Lee.

"And I dare say you were all the pleasanter in talking," said Ruth, who by this time had repented of her disposition to snub good Mrs. Pratt. "People who will moil through a subject are always bores in company."

"But it is so much better to understand what you are taking about," said Mrs. Pratt, plaintively.

"Why, no great matter," answered Ruth, "provided some

one else does. Depend on it, people are glad enough of the chance to explain any subject in full, if you will only ask questions enough. Indeed, to ask the right questions in the right place requires as much ability often as to answer them."

"Do you think so? It seems easy enough to ask questions if you only knew what to ask," said Mrs. Pratt.

"That is it,—that is the trouble of it," said Sarah, laughing, and pricking Ruth.

"That is to say, the information you receive is just in proportion to what you bring to a subject; as they say of travellers, that they bring home according to what they carry with them. I agree with you, Mrs. Pratt, that the trouble is to know what questions to ask."

Mrs Jones, the President, hoped the ladies would be as busy with their fingers as their tongues, and added, with some stateliness, "I wish, for my part, that the art of conversation were better understood among us. I think it should be among the earliest taught."

"In schools?" said Ruth.

"Yes, Miss Mowers, I would begin in schools," said the President, crushing the first attempt at a smile by her serious manner. "I would have the art of conversation one of the principal accomplishments attended to. Now, just think what we read of the perfection to which the art is carried, for instance, in England. At an English dinner-party, everybody comes prepared to do what he can,—to tell his best story, to get in his newest joke, to add something, in short, to the entertainment of the company. The consequence is, that the guest comes away with an impression of brilliant conversation, to which he has himself contributed not in the least degree. He has been silent; I am supposing him an American. All the rest have done their best."

"I should think the best would be very poor, then," said Ruth.

"Why so, may I ask, Miss Mowers?" said Mrs. Jones, sharply.

"For the reason you give," answered Ruth, "that nobody and nothing is spontaneous. And as you cannot tell certainly what may happen to be said, even at a dinner-party where you are forewarned of the guests, all the quickness and readiness that adds most to conversation, all occasional wit and sparkle, must be wanting when they are most needed. Besides, the presence of a great talker or reputed wit shuts up everybody's mouth. I should think such a party as you describe must be the dullest thing in existence."

"Those are not dull observers who describe it as charming," said Mrs. Jones, still more sharply.

"Then I dare say the observers were too modest to add how many good things they said themselves; or, what is more likely, how exciting was the presence of a new and intelligent listener," said Ruth.

"I suppose the witty ones are glad enough to have the field to themselves," said Mrs. Pratt, pleased to join in what she called conversation.

"I dare say they are," answered Ruth; "but when we speak of conversation, we do not mean merely that of talkers or jokers, or persons who tell good stories. I think it is something else."

"Why, what else can it be?" asked Mrs. Pratt.

"Mrs. Jones can best tell us. What would you call it,—how would you define the art which you would have cultivated among our young people? Not merely talking, I am sure, for that they are all doing now as if they were born to it!"

"I think," said Mrs. Jones, pleased at being appealed to by Ruth, and holding her head erectly, like an old portrait,— "I think that the art of conversation, by which I mean the art of expressing our knowledge with fluency and elegance, if early taught and fully cultivated, would place ladies on an entirely different level from the one they now occupy. If we remember,"—and here Mrs. Jones raised her eyes and voice,— "if we remember the days of Mrs. Montagu, when

all the wits of London, and men of letters from all quarters, were only too glad to congregate at her house, and where we may be sure ladies bore their part in conversation with readiness and brilliancy, as the memoirs of that time sufficiently assure us,— or if we remember the palmy days of female ascendancy in the days of the ‘grand Louis,’ and the succeeding reign,— some idea may be gained of the social influence of women, and of course of the part they habitually took in conversation. To be sure, in those days women mingled in all the court intrigues and camp strifes; but they were not merely artful contrivers and deep thinkers. ‘The women who outgeneraled Condé and outwitted Mazarin’ were as conspicuous in the *salon* as the cabinet. Down to the French Revolution, Madame Roland’s *soirées*, where she attracted and directed public sentiment, were the theatres of female ability and capacity, as truly as Mademoiselle directing the siege of Orleans, or turning the cannon of the Bastile against the royal army. Nay, the tyrant Napoleon, as we all remember, could find no firm seat on his throne while the best talker, and that a woman, was allowed to remain in France. Who shall say, then, that the art of conversation is not important,— I may say, all-important?”

Mrs. Jones ceased.

“If this were only an English dinner-party now!” whispered Sarah Lee to Ruth.

The young girls had all dropped their work, allured by the “long-drawn-out” harangue of the President. There was a pause of some seconds. Nobody knew as much about French society, especially that from fifty to two hundred years old, as Mrs. Jones did, and all knew that Madame de *Steal* (as Mrs. Pratt called her) was great at talking, though they did not clearly see how she was to unseat “the tyrant” in that way. But Mrs. Jones was “a highly cultivated woman,” everybody said.

Ruth said that Mrs. Montagu’s dinners attracted every-

body as long as she kept a French cook, and that she never spoke at them herself. "And you remember, Mrs. Jones," added she, mischievously, "that Madame de Stael was voted a bore in London for 'her brilliant and fatiguing chatter.'"

"And what is the use of American women being fine talkers?" said Sarah Lee. "We can be neither princesses nor court ladies; we can overturn no kingdoms and influence no politics. What is the use to talk fine just here by ourselves, with not even a beau but Mr. Brown? What use to be brilliant, just among women? It is like Miss Robinson Crusoe's bandboxes and flounces on her desolate island!"

"I mentioned kingdoms," said Mrs. Jones, with dignity, "merely to express the broad stage on which woman may display her talent, if she chooses to do so."

"O dear! you would n't have us strong-minded women voting and going to Congress, would you, Mrs. Jones?" said Sarah, with an affected shudder.

"I would have my sex just to their own powers," said the President, without noticing the titter in the Circle; "I would have every lady make it her earnest endeavor to excel in conversation. And for this purpose, I would have all the little occasions of social intercourse preceded by some mental preparation; the memory stored with playful anecdotes, or sparkling sentences; each should do something towards the improvement and entertainment of the whole."

"O dear! dear!" murmured Sarah, inaudibly except to Ruth, who held down her head and stitched diligently on Mr. Brown's shirt-bosoms. It was before the day of sewing-machines had dawned on D—, and before work was done in railroad fashion. Ruth was a nice stitcher. She would not raise her head till she was sure every feature was composed, and then she said gravely: "I never supposed those women—I mean Madame du Deffand, and women of that stamp, who attracted French wits and English Walpoles to their houses—did so by their tongues. Rather, I am inclined to guess, by their silence, and being what is called 'good

creatures'; that is to say, sympathizing, intelligent listeners. Women admire fine talkers in their own sex as well as the other; but men never, I should say."

"Madame Roland!" exclaimed Sarah.

"Prettiness and politics," said Ruth.

"Madame de Sevigne!"

"Pleasant and well-bred, writing as good letters as any ten women you will see now-a-days," said Ruth.

"Madame de Longueville! and all the witty talkers of the Hotel de Rambouillet! brilliant enough to introduce a new style into French society, well called superb and stately!"

"Beautiful, active, restless, intriguing things, prompt to admire, reward, and appreciate intellect," said Ruth.

"Madame de Maintenon!"

"A good cook and listener to old Scarron, and a weary waiter on formal royalty. By her own showing, the most unhappy and worn-out of all fortune's favorites. Evidently not allowed to talk. And so on, and so on," said Ruth laughing, "just as many as you will bring on, I will prove to be influential, not through their talking, but their silence. Men never would bear it, never!"

She threw down her work and stood up before the looking-glass to arrange her hair, which had fallen over her face. Red hair, Mrs. Pratt called it, but Mr. Brown thought it was the gold of sunbeams, and that nothing was so soft and wavy, and so sweetly shaded the fair face and the sparkling hazel eyes. But Mr. Brown looked at it from a different point of view, and that makes all the difference. Just now, she was in her best looks, her eyes brightest and her fair face covered with the most delicate sweet-pea colour, when Mr. Brown came, as per invitation, the first, the only young gentleman in D—.

He was no conscious addition to the agreeableness of the Sewing-Circle. Directly, he said not a word, beyond the general "Good evening" of his first salutation. But there was a valor, a reserved power, in his coming there at all, alone,

unprotected, and exposed to fifty eyes, more or less bright, which had its effect.

Mr. Brown was a man to respect, under the circumstances. Indirectly, he was the cause of a great deal of conversation, both in his presence and absence. When absent, Mrs. Pratt, at whose house he boarded, could always reiterate his praises, as the most quiet, nice young man, who was never fault-finding with any one thing; and the general house-keeping reputation of Mrs. Pratt made the question of Mr. Brown's discrimination and good temper a mooted one at every Circle. How any man could eat Mrs. Pratt's tea-cakes! Well, to be sure, perhaps he did not know.

Somewhat or other he induced talking at the Circle. He sat very quietly, but as quick as any one spoke, Ruth Mowers, for instance, his brown eyes lighted up, and he turned with such an air of deference and pleasure, you would think he never had heard anything half so good said on the subject; and if Sarah Lee contradicted Ruth, which she generally did, on purpose to make her eyes sparkle, or to make her say something satirical or disrespectful to Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Pratt, or the four Miss Allens, then Mr. Brown would look as pleased and delighted as a man could look: you hardly knew whether at a contest of wits, or at those two girls in particular, both pretty and lively. At all events, it always set them talking. So when the tea was brought in, and Mrs. Pratt's dreadful jumbles for an accompaniment, the subject was partially resumed, with the new zest of a new listener.

"We ought to remember," said Ruth, "that circumstances made these women famous. What came afterwards to be great interests were to them every-day topics. Because women handled them at all, we look at them with astonishment and admiration. We raise them unconsciously to the level of their subjects, and connect them, of course, with the great issues that followed them, but of which they were as innocent and ignorant as the children in their arms."

"But Madame de Longueville held hers in her arms for a purpose," said Sarah, "when she harangued the French authorities; and Maria Theresa knew why she held hers, when she talked to the Hungarians till they hailed her king! That was talking to some purpose."

"Still I believe she was a thousand times more powerful than she knew. She set events rolling without guessing when, how, or where they could stop. But these other women,—these talkers in *salons*,—what would they have said if they could have seen the red shadow on the walls, or guessed at the bloody interpretations of their own thoughtless words! Did they ever think how their smiles or frowns were death or life warrants to thousands? I think—I hope not! or they would have wished themselves dumb."

"Or, like Mrs. Nickleby, that they were pig-faced ladies!" said Sarah.

"I don't know as any woman would quite wish that," answered Ruth, laughing; "but I should think she would tremble at her own possible and unwished-for influence."

"Yes," said Sarah, musingly, "it is quite frightful to think what our words may do when we let go of them! how very important they may be! But then, again, how important the consequences of not speaking! I have just been reading—in, I think, Carlyle's book—how the popular tumult about Louis XVI. suddenly took an admiring turn at one time, and the women ran to the carriage to embrace and bless the king, and the men split their dutiful throats with the loyal '*Vive le Roi!*' The writer adds: 'Now if the king *had spoken*, he might have won the popular affection,' &c., &c. Think what harm not speaking did!"

"I cannot endure Louis XVI.," said Ruth, shortly.

"Well, I suppose the queen would not speak either," said Sarah.

"No. And that was right. Right royal and noble as she always was!—too noble to ask for what she felt was her right as much as the air she breathed,—the loyal affection of her subjects. I thoroughly respect Marie Antoinette."

"Did you see La Roche's picture of her, going to execution?"

"Yes. But it does not assist one's imagination of the scene. Rather represses it, on the contrary."

"How?"

"O, not La Roche nor anybody else can put a thousandth part of the expression that we know must have been in her heart, into her face. There is a look of repressed disdain in her face. But how far short does this fall of all that is at once suggested by one thought of Marie Antoinette going to execution. If you say it, you think of all that went before, to her; — of her happy girlhood, her gorgeous nuptials, her gay life, her terrible trials, to which her death must have been only the glad and longed-for period. But in looking at her picture, only one phase is defined, and the rest not more than suggested."

"Now I think that is just what it *is* good for," said Sarah, "because it does suggest. And the same, it seems to me, is true of 'Napoleon at Fontainebleau'; of itself only a portrait of an absorbed man, but suggestive of his whole career, so that, seeing it, you seem to see him from Lodi to St. Helena."

Ruth did not talk as well nor as clearly as she did sometimes. It is difficult to say why, for she was not embarrassed with an attentive circle; only Mr. Brown looked at her, and heard every word. He smiled quietly to himself as he watched her color come and go; and when she stopped talking, he set her going again, as you would a child's plaything.

"You do not sympathize with the great Napoleon?"

"No, not a bit. And these two pictures of La Roche,— one only suggests the dumb agony of the gambler at the loss of his last stake. He is thinking of poison, like a really weak man as he was."

"A great, unbalanced genius," said Mr. Brown.

"Perhaps so,—yes, great in some ways."

"And the other picture?"

"O, the other! The other, the finale of a haughty endurance, that disdained complaint; of a keen suffering, known only to a royal mind: for this mind as well as body must have been 'born in the purple,' and embathed from infancy in an atmosphere of artificial existence. She could as easily have conceived of living with her body reduced to atoms, as to conceive of giving up her queenhood, and being like an ordinary mortal. Now that honest, inborn royalty I thoroughly respect. I do in Charles the First. He could not conceive nor understand how a king could be bound to his subjects. Marie Antoinette must have firmly believed herself created of a finer stuff than the common dust; and so the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' did not so much lacerate as astonish her. I think she was disdainfully astonished to the end of her life."

"You have no such feeling about Napoleon. Why might not his belief in his star be as potent as Marie's in herself?"

"O, they don't compare at all! Napoleon is a mere soldier of fortune, and could always remember his small beginnings, and chuckle over the craft by which he adapted himself to circumstances."

"What you call genius, Mr. Brown," said Sarah.

"He did a great deal, though," ventured Mrs. Pratt, who had not spoken a word for the last half-hour.

"Yes, he did. So did his nephew. They both stepped, by almost the same steps, and over the same sort of necks, upon the vacant throne. In both, the success prevents the 'moral sense' of the world from kicking them out. If ever Napoleon the Third finds his St. Helena, we shall hear of his character!"

"O dear, dear!" said Sarah Lee; "here we are talking politics, Mrs. Jones, just like Madame Roland."

"And never thinking of its being conversation," said Ruth. "We may add that it is pretty good too, since it has disturbed nobody else. The chatter has been constant around us."

"Do you mean, Miss Mowers, to be understood," said Mrs. Jones, with a lofty smile, "that it is good conversation which is not worth listening to? You are paradoxical this evening."

“Somewhat so, I confess,” said Ruth. “I only meant to say, however, what I always say, that the best test of agreeability is the general enjoyment; and that whoever makes me talk is a good talker,—no matter whether with words or looks. Whoever so stimulates the intellectual quality of a companion as to draw out all that is best in her, is the most successful in conversation.”

“Do you mean whether he speaks or not?” said Sarah.

“Yes, I do. People who warm and irritate us,—who touch skilfully here and there our brightest and best chords, who bring out more music than we ever guessed was in us, who appeal gently and soothingly to our self-love, by quietly listening in the right place,—such persons have the true art of conversation.”

Sarah Lee smiled and looked at Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown looked at Ruth, whose face was suffused with that delicate color that made her always look gentle and womanly, though she expressed herself hastily and strongly. A trembling little politician she was. If she was of the “strong-minded” sort, she “blushed at herself,” and won forgiveness as quickly as she offended.

Mrs. Noble, who came in late, and had heard very little of what was said, asked if Miss Mowers did not think Miss L——’s conversation very fine.

“Excessively,” said Ruth.

“Nothing is more charming,” said Sarah Lee, “than to be in her company in a large room, with a select circle of eight or ten, and have her call out, ‘Which do you esteem the greatest of Goethe’s works?’ or, ‘What is your opinion of æsthetic teas?’ or any question of the sort, adapted to produce total silence.”

“And yet she is a very fine converser,” said Mrs. Jones.

"Very few have quick insight enough to perceive how to place themselves in the mind of another, so as to meet their want, and draw out their best; and fewer still have generosity enough to be quiet and let others shine," said Mrs. Noble.

Mrs. Noble was an instance in point. Everybody talked where she was. She stimulated Ruth at once, as usual.

"Yes, and to wait for their turn to shine likewise, which will certainly come, because everybody has enough in him to say."

"O, not everybody!" murmured Mrs. Pratt.

"Yes, everybody, Mrs. Pratt, when warmed up by sympathy, attention, and pleasure. Then, when each does his best from spontaneous enjoyment; when the wit dances because mind and body are alike at ease; when the fancy makes all sorts of combinations, and bubbles over with a thousand gay colors; when every common thought is ribboned and garlanded by the exuberance of your own fancy; when every one's best contribution is taken up, thrown back, rounded, gilded, sparkling with new hues, at every bound from one mind to the other, till you hardly know the plain pumpkin transformed to a coach and six,—then conversation becomes, not only a rational pleasure, but the keenest and liveliest enjoyment."

"I see that you too, Miss Mowers, after all, consider the art of conversation one to be studied," said the President, stiffly.

"Did I say so, Mrs. Jones? But I only meant that the right disposition for it should be studied. After all, I suppose a Christian regard for the rights of others would prevent us from occupying more than our own share of attention, and thoughtfulness for others would prevent that diffidence which comes from too much anxiety for ourselves. Is it not so, Mrs. Jones?"

"I dare say. But what will you do with persons who won't talk?"

"Such as —?"

"O, I could tell you twenty sensible, more than well-informed persons, who will never talk if they can listen, and that not out of Christian courtesy at all, but from pure laziness."

"I know of one," said Sarah, glancing for one instant up, "who says he will not talk, not because he cannot, but from a certain sluggishness of intellect, that makes it easier to hear than to talk. So that he will sit and listen to any stupid talker by the half-hour together, rather than exert himself to speak."

"It is difficult to conceive of such a person," said Mrs. Jones.

"Well, it is a Christian duty to talk, if persons have anything to say," said Sarah; "as much as to give of our abundance in any other way."

"And a duty to prepare ourselves for social enjoyment by putting ourselves mentally into a position to be pleased. That, and thinking of others instead of ourselves, is all we can well do. The rest is as it happens. If anything is in, it will come out." As Ruth spoke, she could see Mr. Brown smile. She was puzzling over this remarkable feat of hers, seeing him without looking at him, and then she thought how very agreeable he was without speaking a word, only now and then, and always in the right place. She thought she could understand how one could be a very pleasant talker, with the eyes, and a very expressive commentator with closed lips.

The sewing-circles come once in a fortnight. On the suitable evenings, all sorts of topics are discussed, from the Indian war to the Mount Vernon Association. The utmost freedom of speech, consistent with courtesy, is allowed and encouraged, with no limit of time but nine o'clock, when all disperse and betake themselves to rosy slumbers. D— is a good place to go from, and all matrimonial arrangements are necessarily made by excursions in various directions. There is generally one young man in the place, and he is a "temporary and not a permanent," like Susan Nipper.

But one at a time answers very well for the D—— girls, who are not accustomed to variety, and easily make a meal on a single dish. The young men who go to D——, therefore, have the happiness of being petted, cherished, drawn out, encouraged, and admired ; that is, all their good points. Mercilessly caricatured, laughed at, and disciplined in their weak ones. The sturdy who escape and live through this rough sort of culture become highly ornamental to D——, and bless the day that brought them there. Mr. Brown is at present undergoing this purifying process. Those who best understand character have no doubt of the result, and those who like to watch the development of feeling have their own opinions as to what will happen by and by to Mr. Brown.

I by no means wish to be considered as indorsing all sewing-circles. Nay, I confess to a knowledge of but one, and that one perhaps a little peculiar in its advantages. But I could not help thinking what a power there is in one fine, generous mind to impart of its culture, to sustain of its strength, and to give a higher tone to a large circle of ordinary minds. What privileges lie in the dullest and loneliest path for those to whom ‘difficulty is opportunity,’ and who have the true spirit of Christ in their social intercourse.

H.

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## SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON.

### PART I.

St. MARK's hushed abbey heard,  
Through prayers, a roar and din ;  
A brawling voice did shout,  
“ Knave shaveling, let me in ! ”

The caged porter peeped,  
All fluttering, through the grate,  
Like birds that hear a mew.  
A knight was at the gate.

His left hand reined his steed,  
Still smoking from the ford ;  
His crimson right, that dangled, clutched  
Half of his broken sword.

His broken plume flapped low ;  
His charger's mane with mud  
Was clogged ; he wavered in his seat ;  
His mail dropped drops of blood.

“ Who cometh in such haste ? ”  
“ Sir Pavon, late, I hight,  
Of all the land around  
The stanchest, mightiest knight.

“ My foes — they dared not face —  
Beset me at my back  
In ambush. Fast and hard  
They follow on my track.

“ Now wilt thou let me in,  
Or shall I burst the door ? ”  
The grating bolts ground back ; the knight  
Lay swooning in his gore.

As children, half afraid,  
Draw near a crushéd wasp,  
Look, touch, and twitch away  
Their hands, then lightly grasp, —

Him to their spital soon  
The summoned brethren bore,  
And searched his wounds. He woke,  
And roundly cursed and swore.

The younger friar stopped his ears ;  
The elder chid. He flung  
His gummy plasters at his mouth,  
And bade him hold his tongue.

But, faint and weak, when, left  
Upon his couch alone,  
He viewed the valley, framed within  
His window's carven stone,

He learned anew to weep,  
All as he lay along,  
To see the smoke-wreaths from his towers  
Climb up the clouds among.

The abbot came to bring  
A balsam to his guest,  
On soft feet tutored long  
To break no sufferer's rest,

And heard his sobbing heart  
Drink deep in draughts of woe ;  
Then "Benedicite, my son,"  
He breathed in murmurs low.

Right sharply turned the knight  
Upon the unwelcome spy ;  
But changed his shaggy face, as when,  
Down through a stormy sky,

The quiet autumn sun  
Looks on a landscape grim.  
He crossed himself before the priest,  
And speechless gazed on him.

His brow was large and grand,  
And meet for governing ;  
The beauty of his holiness  
Did crown him like a king.

His mien was high, yet mild ;  
His deep and reverent eye  
Seemed o'er a peaceful past to gaze, —  
A blest futurity.

His stainless earthy shell  
Was worn so pure and thin,  
That through the callow angel showed,  
Half-hatched that stirred within.

The cloisters when he paced  
At eve, the brethren said  
E'en then a shimmering halo dawning  
Around his saintly head.

If forth he went, the street  
 Became a hallowed aisle.  
 Men knelt; and children ran to seek  
 The blessing of his smile;

And mothers on each side came out,  
 And stood at every door,  
 And held their babies up, and put  
 The weanlings forth before.

As pure white lambs unto  
 Men sickening unto death  
 Their sweet infectious health give out,  
 And heal them with their breath,

His white and thriving soul,  
 In heavenly pastures fed,  
 Still somewhat of its innocence  
 On all around him shed.

Sir Pavon's scarce-stanch'd wounds  
 He bound with fearless skill,  
 Who lay and watched him, meek and mute,  
 And let him work his will,

While in his fevered brain  
 Thus mused his fancy quaint:  
 "My grandam told me once of saints,  
 And this is, sure, a saint!

"(I was a new-breeched boy,  
 And sat upon her knee,  
 Less mindful of the story than  
 Of cates she gave to me.)

"But then I thought a flood  
 Came down to drown them all,  
 And that they only now in stone  
 Stood on the minster wall,

"Or painted in the glass  
 Upon the window high,  
 Where, swelled with spring-tides, breaks the sea  
 Beneath, and leaves them dry,

“ Quite out of danger’s way,  
 And breathed and walked no more  
 Upon the muddy earth, to do  
 The deeds they did of yore,

“ When still the sick were healed  
 Where e’en their shadows fell ;  
 But here is one that’s living yet,  
 And he shall make me well.”

The patient priest benign  
 His watch beside him kept,  
 Until he dropped his burning lids,  
 And like an infant slept.

## PART II.

Some weary weeks were spent  
 In tossing and in pain,  
 Before the knight’s huge frame was braced  
 With strength and steel again.

(He had his armor brought  
 The day he left his bed,  
 And fitted on by novice hands,  
 “ To prop him up,” he said.)

Soon jangling then he stamped,  
 Amazed with all he saw,  
 Through cell and through refectory,  
 With little grace or awe.

Unbidden at the board  
 He sat, a mouthful took,  
 And shot it spattering through his beard,  
 Sprang up, and cursed the cook.

If some bowed friar passed by,  
 He chuckled him ‘neath the chin,  
 And cried, “ What cheer? ” or, “ Dost thou find  
 That hair-cloth pricks the skin? ”

Or if he came on one  
 In meditation meet,  
 Or penance, mute, he kindly vowed  
 To cheer his lone retreat.

“Poor palsied sire,” he cried,  
 “How fares thy stiffened tongue ?  
 Let mine suffice for both,” — and trolled  
 A lusty drinking-song.

One softly in his cell  
 Did scourge his meagre hide,  
 When Pavon on his rounds came in,  
 And stood, well pleased, beside :

“What, man ! Lay on ! lay on !  
 Nay, hast thou tired thine arm ?  
 Give me thy hempen bunch of cords,  
 And I will make thee warm.”

With doubtful thanks agreed  
 The monk. Him Pavon whipped  
 Right deftly, through the cloister till  
 For aid he cried and skipped.

In brief, within the house  
 Of holy Quiet, all  
 Where'er Sir Pavon went or came  
 Was outcry, noise, and brawl ;

Until the abbot said,  
 “Anon this coil must cease.  
 To-morrow is the Truce of God ;  
 Then let him go in peace.

“But call him hither first,  
 To render thanks to-night  
 For life restored ; for now we go  
 To do our vesper rite.”

With taméd mien abashed,  
 The wild, unruly guest  
 His hest obeyed, and mutely moved  
 Beside the solemn priest.

Unto a noiseless pace  
 He strove to curb his stride,  
 And blushed to hear his jack-boots' clang  
 Amid the sandals' slide.

The censer waved around  
 Its misty, sweet perfume,  
 As over him the minster great  
 Came with its awful gloom.

Through shadowy aisle, 'neath vaulted roof,  
 His faltering steps were led ;  
 Beside him was the living saint,  
 Beneath, the sainted dead.

Bespread with nun-wrought tapestry,  
 The holy altar stood ;  
 Above it, carved by martyr hands,  
 Arose the Holy Rood ;

Burned round it, tipped with tongues of flame,  
 Vowed candles white and tall ;  
 And frosted cup and patine, clear,  
 In silver, painted all.

The prisoned giant Music in  
 The rumbling organ rolled,  
 And roared sweet thunders up to heaven,  
 Through all its pipes of gold.

He started. 'Mid the prostrate throng  
 Upright, he heard the hymn  
 With fallen chin and lifted eye  
 That searched the arches dim ;

For in the lurking echoes there  
 Responding, tone and word,  
 A choir of answering seraphim  
 Above he deemed he heard.

They saw him thus when all was done,  
 Still rapt and pale as death ;  
 So passed he through the banging gate,  
 Then drew a long-drawn breath,

As to the priest he turned:  
 "I cannot 'go in peace,'  
 Nor find elsewhere a man like thee,  
 Nor hear such strains as these!"

"This is no place for knights."  
 "Then I a monk will be." \*  
 "Kneel down upon thy knee, fair son,  
 And tell thy sins to me."

"My knee is stiff with steel,  
 And will not bend it well.  
 'My sins!' A peerless knight like me,  
 What should he have to tell?

"I never turned in fight  
 Till treason wrought my harm,  
 Nor then, before my shattered sword  
 Weighed down my shattered arm.

"I never broke mine oath,  
 Forgot my friend or foe,  
 Nor left a benefit unpaid  
 With weal, or wrong with woe.

"'Keep thee from me!' † I said,  
 Still, ere my blows began,  
 Nor gashed mine unarmed enemy, ‡  
 Nor smote a felléd man,

\* "Henry de Joyeuse, Comte du Bouchage, Frère puîné du Duc de Joyeuse, tué à Coutras. 'Un jour qu'il passoit à Paris à quatre heures du matin, près du Couvent des Capucins, après avoir passé la nuit en débauche, il s'imagina que les Anges chantoient Matines dans le Couvent. Frappé de cette idée, il se fit Capucin, sous le nom de Frère-Ange.' . . . . Cette anecdote est tirée des Notes sur l'Henriade." — *Mémoires de Sully*, Livre Dixième, Note 67.

† The regular form of announcement that a single combat had begun between knights.

‡ "To smyte a wounded man that may not stonde, God defende me from such a shame." "Wyt thou well, Syr Gawayn, I wyl neuer smyte a fellyd knight." — *Prose Romance of King Arthur*.

“ Observing every rule  
     Of generous chivalry;  
 And maid and matron ever found  
     A champion leal in me.

“ What gallantly I won  
     In war, I did not hoard,  
 But spent as gallantly in peace,  
     With neighbors round my board.”

“ Thy neighbors, son? The serfs  
     For miles who tilled thy ground?”  
 “ Tush, father, nay! The high-born knights  
     For many a league around.

“ They were my brethren sworn,  
     In battle and in sport.  
 “ T were wondrous shame, should one like me  
     With beggar kernes consort!

“ Clean have I made my shrift,”  
     He said; and so he ceased,  
 And bore a blithe and guileless cheer,  
     That sore perplexed the priest.

With words both soft and keen,  
     He searched his breast within.  
 Still said he, “ So I sinnéd not,”  
     Or, “ That is, sure, no sin.”

The abbot beat his breast:  
     “ Alack, the man is lost!  
 Erewhile he must have grieved away  
     The warning Holy Ghost!

“ His guardian angel he  
     Hath scared from him to heaven!  
 Who cannot mourn, nor see, his sin,  
     How can he be forgiven?

“ E'en Patmos' gentle seer,  
     Doth he not say, in sooth,  
 He lies who saith, I have no sin,  
     Quite empty of the truth!

“Search thou this sacred tome.”

“‘Sblood! — Saints! — A knight to read!”  
The abbot read. The novice strove,  
With duteous face, to heed,

But heard a hunt sweep by,  
And to the door did leap,  
Cried, “Holla, ho!” and then, abashed,  
Sat down and dropped asleep.

“Such novice ne’er I saw!  
Sweet Mary be my speed!  
For sure the sorcer is my task,  
The sorcer is his need.”

He gazed upon him long,  
With pondering, pitying eyes,  
As the leech on the sick whose hidden ail  
All herbs and drugs defies;

And, “Hath thy heart might,” at last, “to-night,”  
He to Sir Pavon said,  
“When all men sleep, thy vigil to keep,  
In the crypt among the dead?

“Night hath many a tongue, her black hours among,  
Less false than the tongues of Day,  
While Mercy the prayer hath full leisure to hear,  
Of all who wake to pray.

“The mute swart queen aids and hides many a sin,  
But oft to the sinner’s heart  
Remorse, with the tale, she sends to wail,  
And thus atones in part.”

Well-nigh laughed the knight, “Ay, and many and many a night,  
Good father, do not spare.  
Ne’er yet have I found, on or under the ground,  
The venture I could not dare.

“Ten years I’ve quelled in war lively warriors, near and far;  
Shall I shun a dead clerk’s bones to see?  
Ne’er till now I pledged my hand to serve in the band  
Of captain I loved like thee.”

## PART III.

Sir Pavon sat upon his shield,  
And breathed the earthy damp,  
And strained his empty ear to hear  
The simmering of his lamp.

It made a little tent of light,  
Hung round with shadows dim,  
That drooped as if the low-groined roof  
Did crouch to fall on him.

The stunted columns, thick and short,  
Like sentry gnomes stood round ;  
And lettered slabs, that roofed the dead,  
Lay thickly on the ground.

He watched to hear the midnight lauds,  
But heard them not until  
He'd deemed it dawn. They swelled at last,  
And ceased ; and all was still.

The Future towards him marched no more ;  
The Past was dead and gone ;  
Time dwindled to a single point ;  
The convent-clock tolled One.

Then the door was oped and closed,  
But by no human hand ;  
And there entered in a Cry,  
And before him seemed to stand, —

A viewless, bodiless Cry,  
That lifted the hair on his head ; —  
'T was small as a new-born babe's at first,  
But straightway it rose and spread,

Till it knocked against the roof,  
And his ears they rang and beat ;  
The hard walls throbbed around and above,  
And the stones crept under his feet ;

And when it fell away,  
 He reeled and almost fell ;  
 And fast for aid he gasped and prayed,  
 Till he heard the matin-bell.

The monk who came to let him out  
 Scarce knew him. In that night,  
 His nut-brown beard and crisp'd hair  
 Had turned to snowy white.

## PART IV.

Like to a hunted beast,  
 To Abbot Urban's cell  
 He rushed ; and with a foamy lip  
 Down at his feet he fell :

“ I heard a voice, — a voice ! —  
 O father, help ! It said  
 That I the Lord of life  
 Had scourged and buffeted,

“ Spit in his face, and mocked,  
 And sold him to his foes ;  
 Then, through the hollow earth,  
 In dreary triumph rose

“ Up, till the words I snatched,  
 A fiendish chorus dim,  
 ‘ *He did it unto one of HIS !*  
*He did it unto HIM !* ’ ”

“ My son, what meaneth this ? ”  
 “ My father, on my word,  
 In court or camp, abroad, at home,  
 I never knew the Lord !

“ I do remember once  
 I had a hunchback slave,  
 Who to the beggars round my door  
 From his own trencher gave,

“ And made them swarm the more,  
 Despite the porter’s blows,  
 And broke into my banquet-hall,  
 With tidings of their woes.

“ Him I chastised and sold,  
 But thought no harm, nor knew  
 The Lord so squalid minions had,  
 Among his chosen few ;

“ But if the man was his,  
 I’ll freely give thee thrice,  
 In broad, bright rounds of ruddy gold,  
 The pittance of his price.”

“ Gold buys this world, not heaven.  
 This cannot make thee whole.  
 Each stripe that rends the slave’s poor flesh,  
 It hurts his Master’s soul ;

“ And if the slave doth die,”  
 He said beneath his breath,  
 “ I fear the Master’s sprite for aye  
 Rots in the second death.

“ But be of better cheer.  
 Since thou thy sin canst see,  
 ’T is plain thy guardian angel back  
 Hath flown from heaven to thee.

“ The soul benumbed by sin,  
 And limb that’s numb with frost,  
 Are saved by timely aches. If first  
 They reach the fire, they’re lost.

“ The Sun of Righteousness,  
 Whose beaming smile on high,  
 With light, and life, and love doth fill  
 The mansions of the sky,

“ And kindles risen souls  
 Unto a rapturous glow,  
 Who duly sought his scattered rays,  
 To bask in them below,

“ Seems but a hideous glare  
     Of blazing pangs untold,  
 To those whom death hath made more pale,  
     But could not make more cold.

“ Full many a man like thee,  
     Unless by devils driven,  
 Would never turn his laggard steps  
     To hurry unto heaven.

“ Thank God, who oped thine ear  
     Unto their dreary lay,  
 Ere came the night that summoned thee  
     To chant with them for aye !

“ That holy text, which through  
     Their gnashing teeth they laughed  
 And screamed, I read thee yester eve,  
     And they with wonted craft

“ Told o'er, their fright and pain  
     That thou shouldst come to share,  
 As birds by hissing serpents scared  
     Drop down, through sheer despair.

“ But in its two pure hands  
     Each holy Scripture still  
 Doth bear a blessing for the good,  
     A curse unto the ill.

“ Heed thou, but do not fear  
     Too much their threatening voice,  
 Who tremble and believe. Thou yet  
     Believing mayst rejoice.

“ Take up thy cross with speed.  
     This penance shalt thou do ;  
 Thyself in sad humility  
     To seek Christ's servant go,

“ Both near and far ; and dry  
     His tears with thine, if still  
 His limbs the toil-exacting earth  
     In misery tread and till.”

His forehead from his hands  
 Upbraised the haggard guest :  
 “ And even here, and even yet,  
 For me no heavenly rest ! ”

The abbot shook his head :  
 “ God help thee now, poor son !  
 The heavenly rest is but for those  
 Who heavenly work have done.

“ Strife is the bridge o'er hell  
 'Twixt sin and sin forgiven ;  
 Still purgatory lies between  
 The wicked world and heaven.

“ The priceless pearl is worth  
 The plunge through whelming floods.  
 The bitter years man loathes are but  
 Eternity's green buds.

“ Thou hast, in Satan's ranks,  
 To harm been brisk and brave ;  
 Thou wilt not shrink, when sent by Christ  
 To suffer and to save.”

#### PART V.

Sir Pavon's gallant steed was dead ;  
 Sir Pavon's sword was broke.  
 On foot he went; and in his hand  
 The abbot's staff he took,  
 And many an hour fared patiently,  
 Beneath the parching sun,  
 That eyed him through his riven wall  
 Before the day was done.

The shattered casements gaped and stared ;  
 Black charcoal paved the floor ;  
 Up rose his hunger-maddened hound,  
 And bit him in the door.

He climbed the scathed and tottering stair  
 Unto the sooty tower ;  
 His rifled coffers upside down  
 Lay in his secret bower.

With heavy heart and tread he trod  
 The banquet-hall below ;  
 The hollow-voicéd echoes chid  
 Each other, to and fro.

A jeering face peeped in ; he heard  
 A titter and a shout ;  
 In rushed his rabble rout of hinds,  
 And round him danced about :

“ Ho, worthy master, welcome home !  
 Where hast thou left thy sword,  
 Thy kingly port, and lusty blows ?  
 We serve another lord.”

They strove to trip him as he went ;  
 They drove him from his door :  
 “ Now fare ye well, my fathers’ halls !  
 We part to meet no more.

“ Farewell, my pride and pomp and power !  
 Farewell, my slippery wealth,  
 That bought my soul’s sore malady,  
 Nor stayed to buy my health !

“ Farewell, my sturdy strength, that did  
 The Devil’s work so well,  
 All blasted by God’s thunderbolts,  
 That on my spirit fell !

“ And thou, O brave and loyal Christ,  
 Who, ’mid the sordid Jews,  
 By love, not fear, constrainéd couldst  
 At Satan’s hands refuse

“ The crown and sceptre of the world,  
 And choose the cross and rod,—  
 Thy more than earthly manhood in  
 Its glory unto God

“Lay down, — accept, and do not scorn  
 The beaten losel me,  
 Who, worthless for thy service, come  
 For shelter unto thee.”

Walked with him flagging Weariness ;  
 And Famine spun his head :  
 “I would, of all my feasts, were left  
 One little crust of bread.”

When maids and stars their tapers lit,  
 He reached a wooden hut ;  
 The chinks were gilt by light therein,  
 But close the door was shut.

What seemed an aged woman’s voice  
 Within, with sob and groan,  
 Entreated Heaven in agony  
 To send her back her son :

“The day is night that shows me not  
 His face, — the voice of joy  
 Mere heart-break till his laugh I hear !  
 O, send me back my boy !

“In pity send some tidings soon !  
 If thus I grieve, I dread  
 Lest, when he hurries back to me, —  
 Poor youth ! — he find me dead.

“Let them not tell me he is dead,  
 And buried anywhere !  
 What has the ground or brine to do  
 With his dear mouth and hair,

“That I have kissed and stroked so oft  
 There by his empty chair ?  
 Yon doublet new, I’ve wrought for him,  
 He’ll soon come back to wear.

“I brushed the very flies away,  
 That with his brows did toy,  
 When tired he slept. How could the worms  
 Or fishes eat my boy ?

“ O Father, who thine only Son  
 Didst yield to pain and death,  
 And know’st ’t is deadlier pain to do ’t,  
 Than give the rattling breath,

“ If not my boy, let unto me  
 His faith and trust be given,  
 That I may clasp him yet again,  
 If not on earth, in heaven.”

She ceased. Sir Pavon softly knocked ;  
 The door flew open wide.  
 “ Fear not, good mother,” he began.  
 “ O, is it thou ? ” she cried,

Then turned away and wrung her hands.  
 “ If thou wilt give to me  
 A morsel, and a cup of wine,  
 Perchance thy charity,

“ When ended is my present quest,  
 I may full well requite,  
 If lives thy son, and bring him back.  
 I am a famous knight,—

“ Although of late mine ambushed foe  
 Despoiled me traitorly,—  
 And maid and matron ever found  
 A champion leal in me.”

“ Alack, I have no wine nor flesh,  
 Nor yet a crust of bread !  
 Herbs for my noon tide meal I culled,  
 Untasted still,” she said ;

“ And water from the brook I ’ll bring,—  
 Scant fare for hungry guest ! —  
 But sit thee down at least, and feed  
 Thy weariness with rest.

“ Thou hast seen other lands perchance ? ”  
 “ Good mother, many a one.  
 I pray you fill my cup once more.”  
 “ O, hast thou seen my son ? ”

“ Went he a soldier ? ” “ Nay, but he  
 Was seized and sold away,  
 I know not where. No news of him  
 Has reached me from that day.

“ He bade me still with wayfarers  
 His scanty portion share.  
 Thou eatest from his platter now,  
 And sittest in his chair.

“ He was so good ! ” “ Who used him so ? ”  
 “ Sir Pavon was his name.”  
 His platter dropped, and over him  
 A deadly sickness came.

“ I knew not half my guilt ! ” he shrieked,  
 And on his brow did strike ;  
 These mothers are like God, then,— love  
 Ugly and fair alike !

“ ‘Twas I. Thou art avenged on me.  
 To find him is my quest ;  
 Nor till ’t is done, in life or death,  
 For me is any rest.

“ God’s heaviest hand is for his sake  
 Meanwhile upon me laid.  
 For his deliverance pray, and mine ;  
 And take me in his stead.

“ A dutous son I ’ll be to thee  
 Until I give him back.  
 I ’ve many friends would give us steeds  
 To bear us on his track.”

#### PART VI.

“ Who may yon man be, who on foot  
 Comes in his iron coat,  
 And, with an old wife at his side,  
 Toils towards the castle-moat ?

“ He looketh as Sir Pavon should  
 If thirty years were o'er;  
 But he is dead, they say. We'll know.  
 Ho, there ! The drawbridge lower !

“ What, Pavon ! Hast thou come to life ?  
 Thou lookest like a ghost.”  
 “ Nigh slain was I by treachery :  
 My sword and all is lost.

“ And I was ill, and worse. Alas !  
 With thee I may not bide,  
 But day and night, by fiends pursued,  
 Upon a quest must ride,

“ To free my soul, that erst I sold  
 To bondage with a slave.  
 My merry life is dead in me !  
 Myself a haunted grave !

“ Of thy dear love, long pledged and sworn,  
 Some food and drink I pray  
 For this poor dame, and gold and steeds,  
 To bear us on our way.”

He reeled with weakness : “ He is starved.  
 Lead hence, and feed him well ;  
 And when our feast is done to-night,  
 His tale we'll hear him tell.

“ He's crazed with shame, as erst with pride,—  
 Perchance 't will please my guests  
 To list. My fool is growing old,  
 And oft repeats his jests.”

Scarce were they at the burdened board  
 Ranged by the seneschal,  
 When Pavon fed and calmed came in,  
 And stood before them all,  
 And clasped each slackened hand, and smiled  
 In many a well-known face,  
 And fell upon some cooling hearts  
 Once more in kind embrace :

“ Dear mates, how good it is to stand  
 Again among you here,  
 Though 'neath my ruined towers no more  
 We make our wonted cheer !

“ I must not stay ; but list a word,  
 And mark it well, before  
 I look my last upon you all,  
 Perchance, for evermore.

“ Among the tombs I sat, and heard  
 Within me or without —  
 I know not which — a horrid voice ;  
 It drives me still about.

“ A wondrous thing it told to me,  
 As terrible as new,  
 Undreamed of to that hour by me,  
 To this, I ween, by you.

“ Christ 'mid the serfs hath men, whom he  
 Dear as himself doth hold ;  
 Thus he who sells his Christian slave  
 His master, Christ, hath sold,

“ For from the very book of peace  
 The fiends have learned a hymn, —  
 ‘ Who did it unto one of *his*,  
 Hath done it unto *him*. ’ ”

Each in his neighbors' faces looked,  
 And some were pale with fear ;  
 “ Out ! ” roared the host, “ ye serving men,  
 What make ye gaping here,

“ To swallow what concerns you not ?  
 Such ravings if they hear,  
 They 'll rave themselves. I saw them all  
 Prick up each meddling ear.

“ Your pardon, noble comrades all ;  
 A very sorry jest  
 Was this to make you sport withal ;  
 He told me of a quest.”

“ My quest it is to find and free  
     The hunchback, whom of old,  
 When thou wert wassailing with me  
     At Christmastide, I sold.

“ Look not so darkly on me, friends,  
     I will not mar your feast ;  
 But, Raymond, for the red-roan steeds  
     I lent thee, give at least

“ To me one jennet, mule, or ass,  
     That I thereon may lead  
 His blister-footed mother hence,  
     And make the better speed.”

“ Poor man, his case is pitiful.  
     If madman e'er I saw,  
 He's mad ! What say ye ? Let him go ?  
     Or give him chains and straw ! ”

“ He was a gallant champion late ! ”  
     “ He's harmless ; let him go.”  
 “ Nay, if he stirreth up the serfs  
     I cannot count him so.”

Then rage brought back Sir Pavon's strength :  
     He dashed the casement through,  
 Leaped headlong down, and all in steel  
     He swam the moat below.

Forth swarmed the valets sent, for him,  
     But soon returned without,  
 So hotly with the abbot's staff  
     He 'mongst them laid about.

His comrades from the battlements  
     Looked wondering down to see  
 The knight the hobbling crone await,  
     With pity and with glee.

He paced to meet her courteously ;  
     He propped her with his arm,  
 And with his staff, and bent as if  
     To soothe her weak alarm ;

But with a bitter laugh he said,  
 “ Sure, he who findeth out  
 How fickle are the world’s sweet smiles,  
 Can do its smiles without.”

## PART VII.

Long years of hunger, cold, and heat,  
 And home-sick toil in vain ;—  
 Long years of wandering up and down,  
 O’er inland, coast, and main ;—

Long years of asking still for one,  
 And longing day and night,  
 Who, ever present with the soul,  
 Hath vanished from the sight !

The freeman like a growing tree  
 Thrives, rooted in his place ;  
 The bondman, like a withered leaf,  
 Flits on and leaves no trace.

Sir Pavon’s armor rusted off ;  
 He seemed no more a knight ;  
 Yet ever to himself he said,  
 While raged his inward fight,

“ How quickly may a wrong be done,  
 How slowly done away !  
 Shall all eternity repair  
 My trespass of a day ?

While some said, “ East,” and some said, “ West,”  
 And most, “ I cannot tell,”  
 They ate the stranger’s crusts, and drank  
 At many a stranger’s well.

He ever walked, or stood, or sat,  
 Between her and the blast.  
 She cheered him with forgiving words,  
 And begged his scant repast.

In penitent and pardoning woe,  
 Thus went they hand in hand,  
 The master and the slave. They trod  
 The cactus-hatching sand.

They stood beneath the snowy pole,  
 Where, quenched, the heavenward eye,  
 Sinks dizzy back to earth, beneath  
 The crumbling, sinking sky.

### PART VIII.

“O, sail-borne trader, hast thou seen,  
 In lands beneath the sun,  
 Or in the shadow of the pole,  
 My Anselm? O my son!”

“A pilgrim, dame?” “A slave.” “A slave!  
 Ask, have I seen a sheep?  
 Ay, flocks and flocks, where'er I go.  
 Yon Moors their hundreds keep,—

“The lazy tawny dogs! — beyond  
 Where 'twixt these fronting lands  
 The writhing sea his pent-up way  
 Tears 'twixt the rocks and sands.”

“He is like no one else. His face  
 Is wondrous mild and fair;  
 His eyes are kind and bright; and fine  
 And silky is his hair.”

“Ha, ha! So whines the shepherd lad  
 Whosé petted ewe hath strayed!”  
 “He bore a hump upon his back,”  
 Sir Pavon softly said,—

“Was helpful to the poor beyond  
 The custom of mankind.”  
 Before the statelier questioner  
 The merchant searched his mind.

"Such slave I saw in Barbary,  
A twelvemonth scarce agone.  
A fever-smitten sailor there  
We left to die alone; —

"It grieved me much. We could not choose.  
Our venture had been lost,  
Had we not seized the first fair gale  
To sweep us from the coast.

"I hurried back. I thought to see  
His living face no more,  
But haply give him burial.  
He met me on the shore,

"Thin as this blade, and white as is  
This handle of my knife.  
A slave, he said, had ta'en him in  
And nursed him like a wife,

"A hunchback, for he showed me him.  
How called you yours?" "His name  
Was Anselm." "Ay, and so was his,  
It is the very same.

"Old Hassan's steward in the sun  
Doth beat him to and fro;  
He limps with water from the tanks  
To make the melons grow.

"See how my Sea-gull flaps her wings,  
Impatient for the deep!  
Anon shall she to Tripoli  
So lightly dart and leap;

"And for that bounteous deed of his  
His mother shall he see; —  
What costs a good turn now and then? —  
Embark and sail with me,

"For nothing, — if ye nothing have.  
They 'll call for little food,  
On landlocked billows, sickened by  
The tossing of the flood."

The anchor climbed. The wind blew fair,  
 But ere they neared the pier  
 The old wife on death's threshold lay,  
 Distraught with hope and fear.

“ How canst thou free him from his woes ?  
 Thou hast nor friends nor gold.  
 How may I even crawl to him  
 His misery to behold ?

“ O master, trail me through the dust  
 And leave me at his feet ! ”  
 “ Nay, thou wert patient all those years.  
 Here, sheltered from the heat,

“ A little longer wait and pray ;  
 It may be but an hour.  
 Our Lord, who bade to succor him,  
 I think shall give the power.

“ An' , merchant, if he fly with me  
 Wilt bear him hence ? ” “ My head,  
 And thine, were lost belike ! Art mad ?  
 'T would surely cost my trade.

“ I buy and sell, but steal not, slaves ! ”  
 “ Thou 'rt known to Hassan ? ” “ Ay.”  
 “ Then lead me to him ; and the Lord,  
 I think, the slave shall buy.

“ Then wilt thou bear him hence, and her ? ”  
 “ Ay, on mine honest word.  
 Oft as I may, I gladly do  
 A pleasure to the Lord.”

Turbaned and robed old Hassan sat.  
 An atmosphere of rest  
 Hung brooding o'er his soft divan,  
 His beard slept on his breast.

His rolling eyes upon the floor  
 Did round about him fall,  
 To thread the mazy arabesques  
 Paved in his marble hall.

They shone and glimmered moist with dew,  
 While, robed in spangled spray,  
 Amidst them high a fountain danced  
 In whispering, tittering play.

No joy, grief, awe, nor doubt looked through  
 His features swart and still ;  
 “ I ought ” had ne’er been written there,  
 But petrified, “ I will.”

“ What wouldest thou, merchant ? ” “ Nothing, I ;  
 This godly man would speak,  
 A very godly man ! — Methinks  
 His wits are somewhat weak.”

“ Good Hassan, for thy hunchback slave  
 I’ve sought through dreary years ;  
 Wilt give him up ? ” “ In change for what ? ”  
 “ Our prayers and grateful tears.”

“ I want them not.” “ Thou mayst one day !  
 When misbelievers stand  
 Amazed in judgment, he shall plead  
 For thee at God’s right hand ;

“ His mother, too ; — they ’re dear to Christ ;  
 I know it all too well !  
 And I up from my lower place  
 Will cry aloft and tell,

“ That thou art he my sinking soul  
 Who lifted out of hell ;  
 Till all the saints shall join with me,  
 O blessed infidel ! ”

“ Hast nothing else to offer ? ” “ Ay,  
 To serve thee faithfully,  
 Another slave I ’ll give, — myself, —  
 As stout a wight as he.”

“ Naught hast thou of his look ; yet sure  
 He is thy son or brother ? ”  
 “ My serf of yore.” “ T is strange, if true !  
 Most Christians hate each other.

“I take thy proffer, false or fair ;  
 But if to me thou liest,  
 And seek’st to steal thyself away,  
 E’en in my gates thou diest.”

He clapped his hands ; and in there rushed  
 A turbaned menial throng.

Strange words he spake. A dusky Moor  
 Good Pavon led along,

With bounding heart, and beaded brow,  
 And paling, glowing cheek,  
 And trembling lips compressed, that strove  
 To brace themselves to speak,

Through cool, dank courts, and sultry paths,  
 Till, ‘twixt the twinkling twigs  
 Of citron, and of orange-trees,  
 And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the fattening melons bask  
 On beds both long and broad,  
 And Anselm, staggering forth to them,  
 Bent ’neath his watery load.

He oped his mouth to call on him ;  
 Amazed, he did but choke ;  
 For with its mighty wrath and joy,  
 His great heart almost broke.

He darted on his track, and wrenched  
 His pitcher from his hand.  
 The slave dropped back his drooping head,  
 And strove to understand,

With bony fingers interlaced  
 His dazzled eyes above,  
 Why came the tall mute man to him  
 In enmity or love.

Then muttered he, “ This scorching sun  
 At last hath fired my brain !  
 I seem to see one far away,  
 Perchance long dead again, —

“Sir Pavon! ‘T is some fancy, bred  
 Of famine, wild and weak,  
 Or fever. Wherefore gaze on it?  
 If ‘t was a man ‘t would speak.”

Then Pavon in a storm of tears  
 Fell crying on his breast:  
 “Forgive me, brother, if thou canst!  
 I’ve known no peace nor rest,

“For years or ages, but to right  
 The wrong I did to thee,  
 And mine own soul, roamed o’er the earth!  
 From henceforth thou art free.” .

“Sir Pavon! Is it thou? — and here?”  
 “Ay; and I hold thee fast  
 In verity, as oft in dreams,  
 When, as my slumber past,

“Mid fading forms I clutched at thine,  
 ‘Mid fading visioned lands,  
 And shouting woke, with bloody nails  
 Clenched in mine empty hands.”

“God! Heardst thou then my hopeless prayers?  
 He’s saved! — And am I free?”  
 “Ay, go thy ways in joy, poor friend,  
 Nor cease to pray for me.

“The merchant Andrew on the shore  
 Awaits thee, in his bark.  
 His homeward voyage bears him by  
 The abbey of St. Mark.

“The monks, for Abbot Urban’s sake,  
 Will house and feed thine age  
 When thou hast told to them the end  
 Of Pavon’s pilgrimage,

“By him enjoined. Though he be dead,  
 He must remembered be  
 By novices he nurtured.” “Sir,  
 Dost thou not come with me?

“ Long wilt thou tarry ? ” “ Be content.”

“ Not to forsake thee here.

I ’ll serve thee in this homesick land

For love, as erst from fear.”

“ Go thou. I stay.” A change came o’er

The hunchback’s raptured face :

“ Why stays he, Selim, know’st ? ” “ To draw

Our water in thy place.”

He tore his hair ; he turned away ;

He spake : “ It shall not be !

All blessings bless thee for the thought,

But ’t were not meet for thee !

“ Few years are left me on the earth ;

And God hath taught to me

That willing bondage borne in Christ

Is loftier liberty.”

“ Then grudge it not unto thy lord,”

St. Pavon following said.

The slave took up his water-pots,

Moved on, and shook his head.

“ This is my penance I must do,

Or be for aye abhorred

Of Heaven.” “ I ’ll help thee bear it.”

“ Nay, stint not mine earned reward ! ”

St. Pavon’s eyes and hands on his

He fixed, and joyously

Cried, “ Laggard son, thy mother waits

Among the ships for thee ! ”

The new slave let the melons thirst

Till, through the twinkling twigs

Of citron, and of orange-flowers,

And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the hunchback hurry o’er

The beach, and scale the deck,

Towards outstretched arms, that like a trap

Did spring and catch his neck.

Then out he let his pent-up breath,  
 Which seemed to blow away,  
 In one great sigh, his life's great woe,  
 And to himself did say,

“ Howe'er, where'er now, in this world  
 Or that, my lot may fall,  
 I bear this scene in memory,  
 And I can bear it all.”

Then to his task he turned, with mien  
 As eager and as bold  
 As when his brethren's blood plashed round  
 His iron march of old.

Joy drained his lees of life nigh-spent  
 All in one brimming cup,—  
 One wasteful draught of feverish strength,—  
 And bade him drink it up.

He dragged the sinking waters out:  
 He dashed them on the ground ;  
 He panted to and fro; well-nigh  
 The melons swam or drowned.

Sly women's jet and diamond eyes  
 Did near the lattice lurk,  
 And twinkle through its screen, to see  
 The Christian madman work.

The steward cried, “ By Mahmoud's beard,  
 Some demon toils within  
 Yon unbeliever, or a troop  
 Of slaves in one's shrunk skin.”

Above him like a vulture came  
 The noontide sun, and beat  
 Upon his old bald head, and pricked  
 Through all his frame with heat;

It set but spurs unto his zeal :  
 “ O Christ, and didst thou see  
 My brother in this torment gasp,  
 And through my cruelty ! ”

His short-lived might sank with the light;  
 Black turned the red-hot day;  
 He scarce could drag to Anselm's lair  
 His heavy limbs away.

He heard a sound; he felt a light;  
 He deemed it was the dawn.  
 He oped his eyes; and, lo! the veil  
 Of glory was withdrawn;

A radiance brighter than the sun,  
 And sweeter than the moon,  
 Showed earth a part of heaven! He sighed,  
 " 'T is a God-granted boon,—

" A vision sent to cheer my soul,—  
 A glimpse of Paradise!  
 O, fade not yet! A moment more,  
 Ere to my toil I rise."

A quivering fanned the air; and shapes  
 Like wingéd Joys stood round.  
 " Arise!" they said. He rose and left  
 His body on the ground,

His weariness and age. Surprised  
 With sudden buoyancy  
 And ease, he turned and saw aghast  
 His ghastly effigy.

" 'T is but a dream!" " 'T is heaven." " For me?  
 Not yet! not yet!" he said;  
 " I am a traitor! Give me time!  
 O, let me not be dead!

" In mercy put me back to toil  
 And scorch, nor bid me brook,  
 Ere I've avenged him well on me,  
 Mine outraged Master's look!"

A tender smile glowed through them all.  
 " Brave martyr, do not fear.  
 Our Master calls! He waits for thee  
 To share his bridal cheer!"

“ Full many a weary year is told,  
As mortals tell their years,  
Since loud we struck our harps, and sang  
Thy triumph o'er thy tears.”

Before him, spreading welcoming arms,  
A shining Urban stood :  
“ God gave thee grace to overcome  
Thine evil with thy good.

“ My lesson, brother, hast forgot? —  
I taught to thee of yore,  
That blessings hid, their threats amid,  
The awful Scriptures bore.”

Then Pavon to his dear embrace  
In wildered transports sprang ;  
And up the sunny morn they soared.  
The dwindling earth did hang

Beneath. The air flapped, white with wings  
That thickened all about ;  
And wide a song of triumph pealed  
And rang this burden out:

“ To wrest him out of Satan's hands  
His charity sufficed ;  
He did it unto one of CHRIST's,  
He did it unto CHRIST ! ”

E. FOXTON.

## MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

It was when engaged in a journey, to visit teachers of the Northern and Middle States, in order to persuade the adoption of a particular method of teaching history in schools, that I first became acquainted with John Jackson, a minister of Friends, in Darby, Pennsylvania. This good man called on me in Philadelphia, and, telling me he was engaged in the education of young women, invited me to make a visit of a few days at his house, which was the Sharon Boarding-School.

"I should like," said he, "to hear thee defend making history a large part of the education of young women. I am not inclined to any restriction upon the acquisition of knowledge, when it is knowledge of truth. But my plan has heretofore been to teach the sciences of nature : human and vegetable physiology, chemistry, botany, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, together with mathematics, which is at once the measurement of material things, and of *the innocence of the mind*. History, I confess, I have left out; for I do not think it of any use to the young to know much of man's doings in the past. They seem to me to be very little according to truth."

I was struck with the freshness and simplicity of this statement. The man had a face of singular sweetness and innocence of expression ; but at the same time of remarkable brightness, and even acuteness. I saw he kept school in the highest sentiment ; and it was refreshing to see a teacher who was looking for his method, not to the demands of conventional society, but to the needs of the minds and hearts of those he taught.

I said to him, that to me history seemed to be a science of nature ; for human nature is still nature, the conduct of life developing passions and exercising faculties that are not perhaps *the innocence of the mind*, but which need to be known and estimated, in order to usefulness, or even innocence, of *life*.

"That is true," said he; "but I have thought the philosophy of the mind had best be studied in the quiet of it, and not in the record of its wanderings and crimes."

"It seems to me," I replied, "that it cannot be studied in the solitude of the closet, but only in the action of men on and among their fellows. Then only can they be said really to be alive. Mr. Emerson says, we can study our own characteristics, in the actions of nations, *without personal pique*."

"Have we not an opportunity to do that, in every neighborhood?" said he.

"But in neighborhoods the scale is so small as to be warped by accidents. Not only accidental circumstances, but a strongly characterized individual, may give to a neighborhood a turn of character which rather obscures than illustrates the general science of human nature. Then no man's life is long enough to see the consequences of actions in the long run, and beyond the range of personal free-will. It would need to know many neighborhoods in order to make sound deductions. I think it is necessary to know many nations, and for long reaches of time. In fact, the history of all nations, in all ages, furnishes not more than a needful diagram upon which to demonstrate the propositions of this science of sciences."

"But no history that I have read," said he, "is written with the intention of teaching truth; but rather to serve narrow, worldly ends, and excite passions that lead men to war."

"Do you think that is the case with the history in the Bible?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, with a smile. "So far as there is history in the Bible, it is prejudiced and one-sided; and, besides, I think that a good deal which goes for history there is not history, but Oriental apologue."

"If that is so," I replied,— "and I agree with you that it is,—does it not intimate to us that what history there is in this book of old Hebrew literature is written on the right principle,—the object of the writers being the science of

human duty,— and that the writers used real history, as well as fictions, to illustrate the relations of God and man? They certainly have singular honesty; never sparing their own nation, but showing the difference of its action and God's law."

"I think they were honest men," said he, "who intended to tell the truth, and often did so. But they did not always know the truth; and, blinded by national prejudices, mistook the dictates of human passions for God's law. They evidently thought God commanded the butcheries of the Canaanitish and other wars. And all histories that I have ever read are histories of wars, as if mutual destruction was the special business of men. Warriors are always glorified in history, as if they were the perfection of human nature. And this is why the study of history has not seemed to me the study of truth, or for the advantage of young people: I would not have them love, or even tolerate, war. Let them learn God's laws as they are manifested in the beautiful processes of nature, and repeat them in their own action."

"But I cannot admit," said I, "that knowledge of history produces love of war. Histories are necessarily full of wars, because men have continually made wars. I know that historians have generally partaken more or less of the passions and principles upon which wars have been made, even when most inspired with truth. But special histories are not HISTORY, which is the moral analogue that God for ever addresses to man, showing us the character and powers, as well as the dangers of our nature, by showing on a large scale the consequences of human action, according to its several motives. When there is honesty in the reader, and fair intelligence, the truth can be deduced from the statements made by an honest historian, even though he be prejudiced. For the prejudices of honest writers are obvious. Contemporary national records, especially the Bible writers, are invaluable, it seems to me, because so transparent in their simplicity; showing the facts more clearly perhaps than their

recorders saw them. If they are read rationally, without superstitious views, as I see you read the Bible, the light of Christ will enable us to pick out *the facts* and see their significance. We shall possibly put to the account of man's will and passions much that the Hebrew writers seem to refer to the direct power of God. This light of Christ I understand to be a central stand-point, which we should aim at, and on which we should endeavor to plant our pupils, in order that they may learn to pick out history from histories. It is the great value of the method which I propose to introduce, that it teaches *dogmatically* nothing but facts in chronological relation, bringing out into strong relief catastrophes : those turning events of history which form the text of Providence. For, being generations apart, these catastrophes could be brought about by no personal caprice of individual free-will, but show God overruling the races of men, and educating humanity by experience, to choose wiser courses in future. Americans especially need to learn history ; for all of them are free to act in the nation, and do act according to their personal energy, and our government will act according to the thought of the majority of the individual wills that are continually making and unmaking it. History has become for us, therefore, a vital, common interest. On the other side of the Atlantic, men of the governing class alone need history, but they are taught it most elaborately ; and therefore also it is so often written there in the interest of classes and nationalities, rather than in the main interest of humanity. But history is to be studied in America by the masses, that they may learn how they ought to be governed, as well as to govern. It is not a mere elegant accomplishment for a freeman to know history, but a moral right. We have no right, I think, to conceal from the young the experiences of the past ; and one effect of a general knowledge of history would be to prevent war, especially in America, and to extinguish in their principle oppressions that lead to war."

" Well," said he, " I see thou knowest what thou art about ; and I should like to have thee come and see us, and talk to our young people on this subject, as well as to us. Perhaps thou wilt convince us that we ought to study history ; and then thou shalt explain to us thy method of teaching it."

In our long drive from Philadelphia to Darby, some of this conversation took place, and I also maintained favorite views that I entertain on the especial advantage of the study of history to women, fitting them, by the flexibility of imagination it produces, for the peculiar duties of judgment and influence that fall to their share of life's labors, which are eminently educational, and require, therefore, that quick apprehension of the play of human nature, which the habit of traversing ages and nationalities gives. For in our own intercourse with others, sometimes within the narrow scope of a family, we find all the characteristics of different ages and different nations.

On the other hand, I learnt from Mr. Jackson the plan of his school, which it is more immediately to the purpose of this memoir to tell. He said it was his object to educate young women to make common duties and domestic life bright with the light of science. One of the first necessities was, to promote the health of themselves and their families ; and his wife taught them the structure and laws of the human frame, he having imported *un modele de femme* from France, by which the anatomy of the human frame was taught with ocular demonstration ; and they studied books upon the laws of life and health. I afterwards attended a course of lectures given to this school by a dear friend of the family, ANN PRESTON, M.D., of Philadelphia, in which the beautiful human frame was made a real book of revelation of human duty, as well as shown to be a poem upon innocence and religion. The relations of healthful cookery to social comfort were taught as an application of chemistry, he said, by his wife. But he did not limit this study to any special applications ; he endeavored to make his pupils good

chemists, and illustrated the laws and facts they studied, by making experiments before their eyes in his laboratory, which was the room back of his large school-room, and opened into it by folding-doors. Here, too, he taught the general laws of physics which go under the name of natural philosophy. Vegetable physiology he also taught himself; taking his pupils as much as possible into the fields to study, and encouraging the cultivation of plants. It was a great object of his to impress their minds with the fact that stores of enjoyment lay at their own doorstep. Therefore he gave a great deal of time to geology and mineralogy, stimulating his pupils to make collections by the sight of his own extensive cabinets, which were continually growing larger. He wanted them to feel that none need to seek in dissipation for amusement, nature being full of amusement as well as utility. He also taught them astronomy, which was his own favorite science; and his lawn, and the observatory on the top of his house, were admirable places for observation of the heavens.

"By this wide range of science," said he, "I have never failed to interest every mind in something; my wife teaches grammar, and the use of the English language, with great care and skill; and we have an assistant, once a pupil, who is an excellent mathematician. Our scholars are largely daughters of Pennsylvania farmers, and I have a hope of diffusing love of knowledge among the country people, which is a great object, for they are very ignorant and superstitious. I wish them to feel it a duty to cultivate the sciences of nature, together with the habit of seeking the will of God in the quiet of the mind, where, I believe, it is manifested for the guidance of every one who will seek it in simplicity of love and faith. That is the whole of the religious education I give."

"Don't you believe in the inspiration of the Bible?" I asked, though I felt no doubt of it, but I wanted him to express himself on the point.

"I believe divine inspiration of truth," said he, "has never failed, in any age or country, the man or woman who has sought it in the quiet of his own mind; for God is present with all his rational creatures, to make them rational; and those who have been most faithful to the Divine presence have been, and are, called prophets. I believe there were prophets of old, because there are prophets now; for prophecy is not the knowledge of any future events, but spiritual developments. By the spirit of prophecy in ourselves, we know the prophets of old."

"But how do you guard those you teach from mistaking their own hereditary prejudices, and unconscious superstitions, for the instructions of the Spirit?"

"There is no guard from it, but to purify our own minds to seek truth with simplicity of desire for it. This is the prayer of faith. But I trust to cultivating the reason, by the study of the sciences of nature, to destroy hereditary prejudices and superstition. It is *ignorance* that is the sole cause of these. True faith is a reasonable trust that the Father of our spirits is always at hand to direct the spirits of his dear children who look for direction to him. True religion sacrifices everything that interferes with this child-like emotion of the soul, and sacrifices nothing else. This simple faith wrote all that is inspiration in the Bible. It must be read in the same desire for truth with which it was written, and then its truth will be discerned from the prejudices and errors of the writers. When they say that God commanded this or that atrocity, I perceive, by the light of my silent mind, that they were mistaken; or that it was a mode of expression like our commonly saying 'the sun rises.' They did not discern the will of God from their own passionate desires, as we often do not discern, at least by language, facts of nature from the impressions of our sense. But in other passages I see that those men of old were taught by the same Spirit of Truth that teaches me, and which taught Jesus of Nazareth, whose happy organization

made him so perfect a manifestation of the Father's will, in his being and life, that he becomes identified in our minds with the Eternal Christ of God, 'which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' — the Holy Spirit."

At the distance of eight years, I cannot aver that these were all the precise expressions ; but I know they were the exact ideas, for they were very striking to me, and were my first impression of John Jackson, never to be forgotten.

I found, afterwards, that he occasionally gathered his large family together, and read to them from the Bible, after which they would sit in silence, to *seek the reproof of truth*. By this remarkable expression, which he frequently used, he happily, it seems to me, suggested what is the best witness of the presence of God to the finite mind.

E. P. P.

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## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*Memoir of Joseph Curtis.* By the Author of "Means and Ends," "The Linwoods," etc. — In this little volume Miss Sedgwick has narrated the life of a man hitherto scarcely known (except to the angels) out of the city of New York. Born in a Connecticut village, of an humble father, and the fourth of seventeen children, with much less than what we now call a common-school education, with no talents but mechanical ingenuity and a more than ordinary insight into character, and no opportunities but what he himself made, Joseph Curtis has left a record of substantial services to humanity which puts to the blush the hero of many a pompous octavo : nor such only ; — for why should we seek to escape by a fling at great names? — but all who, living in a world of suffering and ignorance, are conscious that the chief object of their solicitude is themselves. Those who read this Memoir will think that a life so beautiful and noble within the *domestic* sphere well deserved to be preserved for an example. Joseph Curtis was not one of those "philanthropists" whose love is so completely absorbed

by the depraved and miserable that they have none left for their parents or their offspring. He cared as heartily for his own father and his father's children as for the veriest outcast in New York. He honored his father and mother like those of the olden time, and tended upon them with reverence and unstinted devotion as long as they lived. He took seven sisters into his family, and married several of them from his house. He kept one of his brothers, who was an imbecile, for twenty-six years under his own roof, assuming the whole expense of his maintenance, and performing with his own hands every service that he required, and "never let go his fraternal grasp till the burden dropped from his weakened arms in his seventy-fifth year!" But Joseph Curtis had a heart for love and a passion for beneficence which could not be hemmed in by a circle of blood and kindred, however wide. Early in his married life he collected at his house a number of young men, apparently apprentices and clerks, for study and mutual instruction. In 1811, in his twenty-ninth year, he joined the "Manumission Society," established for the purpose of assisting negroes, unlawfully held in servitude, to obtain their liberty; and till 1817, when an act of universal emancipation was passed, attended personally to nearly every one of several hundred suits for freedom which occurred each year. In 1816 he conceived the plan of a House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents, and for some years conducted the institution with wonderful success. Resigning his place as superintendent in 1826, he became a partner in an extensive manufactory of jewelry, and immediately set to work to organize a school for the intellectual training of the apprentices employed in the business. We must refer our readers to the Memoir for an account of this interesting and admirably managed enterprise. The last years of Mr. Curtis's life, from 1839 to 1856, — all that part of his time which was not required by business, — were devoted to the supervision and improvement of the public schools. This he made the crowning labor of his life; attending faithfully to the onerous work of examinations, rigidly enforcing order and thoroughness in pupils and teachers, contriving comfortable and convenient school furniture and effectual methods of ventilation, promoting good manners, kind feelings, and every praiseworthy habit. "If each school had been his own family," says Dr. Dewey, "he could hardly have taken more pride or pleasure in it"; and during the period of his

connection with them, the common schools of New York made unexampled progress.

Space does not allow us to give more than the barest hint of the career and character of this modest, untiring, warm-hearted friend of man and servant of God. In Miss Sedgwick's Memoir they are sketched briefly, but vividly, and with a cordial admiration that kindles sympathy. The story moves rapidly, and seems to flow rather from the lips than from the pen of the author, whose heart has been kept young by the same active love that preserved to more than three-score and ten the enthusiastic benevolence of her friend. It is a story of unflagging interest, and will afford equal pleasure to the young and to the old. It was written for "the young people of the public schools of New York," to *more than a million* of whom Joseph Curtis was known. We wish that this little book might be put into the hands of all these, and of every boy and girl in the land; but not less that it should be read by those of maturer years who need incitement to undertake or encouragement to pursue a career of energetic usefulness.

 Other notices of books received are unavoidably postponed.

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#### NOTE.

In a recent article on "Society and Woman," published in this Magazine, the writer said:—

"Many advocates of woman's rights place the question of her equal political recognition in the front rank, as the most important. To us it does not seem so. Political life does not occupy the large proportion of human existence which sometimes appears."

We are requested to say that many of the women who seek to obtain political recognition, *first of all*, would reply, that "they care very little about politics as such; but they seek the right of suffrage because without it they can never rest secure in any other right, whether educational or industrial. Our legislature has recently secured us in our right to property, and the possession of our own earnings; but precisely parallel manœuvres to those which secured this reform may deprive us of it in another session."

THE "MONTHLY" ADVERTISER.

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THE  
MONTHLY  
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
AND  
*Independent Journal.*

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VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1858.

No. 6.

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

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BOSTON:  
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,  
119 WASHINGTON STREET,  
OVER THE BOOKSTORE OF  
CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO.  
1858.

*Postage, 1½ cents each number, or 18 cents a year, in advance.*

## N O T I C E .

THE Proprietor of this Magazine would inform its readers that the work will be edited, after the present number, by

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, of Wayland, Mass., and  
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS, of Boston.

This arrangement, he trusts, will be satisfactory to the present subscribers, and to many others whom he hopes to receive during the coming year.

He would also take this opportunity to express his grateful thanks for the patronage which the Magazine has received since its establishment, fifteen years ago. He feels encouraged to hope that the same favor may be continued under the new Editorship, which he has reason to believe will fully sustain the character of the work, and make it acceptable to readers of different denominations.

N. B. Articles intended for publication in this work may be addressed to the Editors, and sent to the Publishing Office. Such as are accepted and printed will be paid for at the close of the volume. Those which the Editors do not propose to insert will be returned to the office within a month.

\* \* \* Publishers who may wish books noticed will please send a copy to the Editors as soon as issued from the press; such books will receive early attention, and the number of the Magazine containing the notice will be sent to the publisher of the work.

\* \* \* The few subscribers who have forgotten, probably, to pay the present year's subscription, will confer a favor by an early remittance.

\* \* \* The Magazine will hereafter be published from the Bookstore of CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co., 117 Washington Street, where subscriptions will be received and the business department attended to by the subscriber.

LEONARD C. BOWLES.

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1892, March 26.

*Divinity School.*

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

## INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

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VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1858.

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### WITHDRAWAL OF THE EDITOR.

WITH this number of the *Magazine* closes its twentieth volume. The present editor has been connected with it since it was started, at the beginning of the year 1844. One year he served as junior in an editorial partnership with an esteemed and kind associate, for whose friendship he is still most grateful; during fourteen years more he has had the whole editorial charge. Considering the mutabilities of modern journalism, this is long enough to establish a respectable reputation for constancy. Considering all things, it is long enough for edification. And so, wishing relief from these engagements, and time for other studies, the editor retires.

It is due to the proprietor — who also has kept his connection with the Magazine from the beginning — to say, that this step is taken from no decline of fidelity on his part or of patronage on the part of the public. On the contrary, a natural regret is felt at bringing to a close the relations that have existed so long, and with uniform good-will, between the literary and the business supervision; while the subscription-list, which has justified repeated enlargements in the form of the work, seems never to have shown a

more generous or firm support than at this time. The original design of the periodical was to furnish profitable reading, of a miscellaneous but principally of a religious character, to Christian families. In the first number issued it was announced as the intention of its conductors to make it a means of promoting the "spiritual growth" of its readers. These aims have not been widely departed from. The primary purpose has never been literary nor theological. Christian truth has been very little exhibited here in its more elaborate intellectual forms or its scientific relations. Neither in the body of the work nor in the review of current literature have the appropriate pursuits of a student in theology been represented, except in the most incidental and cursory way. On the other hand, the labors that have pressed upon us continually in a busy profession have rendered it quite unavoidable that the editorial duty should be discharged, from month to month, very hastily, in hours rescued with difficulty from other demands. We have been obliged to fill the pages, for the most part, with such articles as friendly hands and sympathizing hearts have furnished, with little solicitation or correspondence,—always grateful for the thoughtful and appropriate papers that have come in to us, in prose or verse, from regular or occasional correspondents, and always admiring the providence of the supply, that has rarely left us lacking much, or inconveniently abounding. These circumstances, together with the necessary limitations in the resources that support such a publication, are the only apology we have to offer for defects of which we have been continually growing more and more painfully conscious. With the proprietor, at least, the facts have always been understood; and probably they were too plain to most of the subscribers to be the occasion of much disappointment.

In the department of book-notices we have taken some pains to be true to our own judgment and conscience, irrespective of the private views of publishing houses and au-

thors, regarding that office of every editor as a trust of great sacredness and solemnity, at present much under the two-fold damage of self-interest and carelessness. Not that we have here anything to boast of: we only wish to take the opportunity to record our sense of the religious importance of commending or reproving the issues of a prolific press, according to the highest standard of what is pure in letters, elevating in morals, sound in influence on manners and life, and true in doctrine. The way of real independence, however, in this respect, will not be found altogether pleasant to the feet. Independence is a comely creature, and easy to be commended, at a distance, or when it happens to jump with our notions. We all prize it when it does not cross our own path, criticise our own party, or clash with our own pride. When it does that, most editors, we suspect, could tell, in humiliating recitals, how apt even men reputable for magnanimity are to construe independence into impertinence, and to find that they can dispense with the visitor who does not agree with their opinions, or think well of their performance, or deal gently with the prejudices of their sect. After all, perhaps they only exercise their rights, or follow their affinities, or vindicate their convictions. Let us be patient with one another, and forget whatever it is not good to remember.

As to different religious denominations, our endeavor has been to treat them all, when we have had occasion to refer to them, with justice, and something more than justice. But that is too difficult a virtue to let us rest with any complacency in the dream that we have achieved it. Under a strong sense of the injury that true piety and the Redeemer's honor have to suffer in so many quarters, including some where it would be least expected, from sectarian suspicion, narrowness, and bigotry, we have wished to keep our little province clear of all that mischief. In the confidence that the future progress and prosperity of the Church depend on a nobler catholicity, a more simple and direct communion

between the believer and the person and heart of Christ, we have striven hard not to speak of any religious organization, or any earnest disciple, with bitterness. But he must be a slight observer of the mysteries of his own nature, who does not know that these biases creep upon us with awful subtlety, and that harsh judgments go out from us in unsuspected signs. We are not unwilling to acknowledge that we have printed some words, under what now seems a mistaken impression of duty, which we would gladly blot out. For all needless offences, against men or bodies of men, we sincerely declare our shame, and ask forgiveness.

According to the general plan already referred to, as directing our course, no attempt has been made to turn this Journal into a vehicle of the editor's theological belief. We have not been anxious that a complete creed, not even that our own creed, should be gathered from its pages. On many points, and those not the least vital to Christianity, regarded as a body of truth addressed to the mind, our views have undergone serious modifications since we slipped, half accidentally, into this editorial chair. There has been no time when we could say, that in all these respects we regarded our conclusions as finally and irreversibly determined. Indeed, if we must confess to having spent fifteen years of work in the active world, and of thought on the highest themes, without great interior changes, we should be obliged to own a more deplorable degree of short-coming than any now in mind. About two years ago, finding that the *Magazine* was supposed by some persons to be under some sort of constructive obligation to favor the views of Unitarians, — as it had done in its earlier years, — we took immediate pains to disabuse the reader of that error, and an alteration to that effect was made in the title. Having the Unitarian movement in esteem for its early protests against intolerance, for its needed counterpoise to some prevailing extremes and extravagances in the forms and phraseology of doctrine, for its earnest application of Christian principles to common

business and present duties, for its practical reform on a scholastic style of discourse, for the excellent spirit and ability of many of its adherents, and for its prompt espousal of the domestic humane enterprises of the modern Church, we must reserve the right to suggest that its efforts to correct errors had extensively run into the denial or oblivion of truths. Dissatisfied, at several points, with its interpretations, definitions, and measures, we wished, without any presumptuous forwardness, or calculating backwardness, to be perfectly free to say so. Holding such convictions respecting the sublime facts of the Divine influence,—the gracious Incarnation and Mediation of the Saviour,—the meaning of the Baptismal formula,—the necessity and sufficiency of the Divine sacrifice to win and redeem the world,—the Lordship of the Son of God,—his blessed, endearing personal relations to his Church and people,—the primal and moving action of the Holy Spirit as a supernatural power in all the regenerative exercises of the soul, with a universal need of that action;—holding convictions, we say, on these subjects, such as our reading in Unitarian literature had not made us acquainted with, or at most only in glimpses and hints,—and such as Unitarian writings often directly denied,—we desired to escape misconception, and make the way stand open for a frank utterance of our faith as often as there should be occasion.

The immediate cause of this change was the publication of a sermon and several articles, written by men of different creeds, all in excellent temper, on the nature and efficacy of the Atonement in Christ. The discussion—which, but from the circumstance that the first of these papers had a practical purpose, and went to show how the author's doctrine connected itself with “holiness” of character, would have been a departure from the general scope of this publication —was of course incomplete. But an attempt was made to suggest that the relations of that august and central act in the world's history,—that mysterious and affecting agony

borne for human sin, which renders the Cross the one universal symbol of Christendom, — are not confined to the operation of an exemplary virtue, and the presentation of a disinterested proof of human sincerity, consistency, and benevolence, but are strictly Divine in their origin and character, and are indispensably interwoven in the principles by which God governs and saves mankind, — as in the accepted apostolic expression, that He, our God, by coming to us in suffering, “ might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” Of these two views, the former — which, however, we do not attribute to any body of persons, because we have no means of knowing by how many it is received — seems to us not only to stand convicted as inadequate and unscientific by the facts, unphilosophical by the reasons, jejune by the religious affections, and unhistorical by the past, but to put upon the Gospel itself the aspect of a stupendous self-misunderstanding. The profounder, richer, and more inspiring doctrine, however imperfectly set forth as yet in any extra-Scriptural statement, lies at the heart of the New Testament, has its majestic foreshadowings in the Old, and has given its historic impulse to the life of the Church. It yields a fragrance to the ancient litanies, a tenderness to the piety it awakens, humility to the postures of the penitent soul, joy and grandeur and jubilant ascription to the worship of the great congregation.

Not a few encouraging indications have been lately given, that advanced and adoring minds, from among those which have long been reckoned as seeing no truth here, are gladly and gratefully catching a new light in this direction. Who knows but the result, slowly and providentially evolved, if we are only patient with each other’s crudities, and instant in prayer, may yet be at least a proximate affirmation of doctrine, at once acceptable to the common reason, and satisfying and comforting to faith? At the same time a phrase has appeared and been applied — we have no knowledge by whom originally — to those that embrace this belief, in its

various forms, which is meant to bear an opprobrious signification, but which is to be eagerly adopted, and worn with thankful honor. Excepting as all names are apt to become vulgarized by flippant use, and to lose their dignity in partisan associations, we should rejoice to be numbered among those who are distinguished as "sacrificial" believers. It is a happy and descriptive title,—descriptive of those who find "sacrifice" to be the inmost and commanding idea of our religion,—happy for those who can give it an unqualified welcome and a consistent exemplification in their lives. It is broad and high, clear of all that is technical, or merely traditional or sectarian, in creeds and constructions. So long as the one characteristic burden of preaching shall be "Christ and him crucified"; so long as the Bible shall remain a story and celebration of Divine and human suffering voluntarily borne for the offences and sins of others; so long as self-abnegation is the glory of all heroism, the charm of all the fairest dreams of imagination, the grace of every ideal of humanity, and the energy that stirs our loftiest enthusiasm; so long as it remains true, on the Saviour's own word, that except a man take up his cross he cannot be his disciple, and the cross continues the distinctive Christian sign; so long as the immortal angels bend round the throne in homage "to the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world"; and so long as in the homes and habitations of the children of men meek and silent *sacrifices* of ease, comfort, pleasure, reputation, and property, and every earthly good, go on, for the dear sake of affection towards God and man,—so long will the true Church of believers entreat that they may be accounted worthy to bear the designation of "sacrificial" Christians. Yes; that is the "blood-theology,"—a term for which our taste is not responsible, but of which we cheerfully consent to bear our share of the reproach, in the name—would to God it were with the temper!—of Him whose blood was verily poured out for us,—the last proof of his wondrous sympathy and infinite com-

passion. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," says the Apostle John. That is what we want of a "theology." "Having made peace through the blood of his cross," says Paul,—a work worthy of any theology. "For this is my blood," says the Holy Saviour, when he is appointing the great ordinance by which his Church is always to remember him,—"my blood, of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Let theology draw near, and behold, and wonder, and praise. This is the theology of boundless Love,—Love in its unutterable anguish, Love in more than the mortal pain and passion of death,—Love rising into serene and perfect and everlasting joy, through the sorrows of a life freely laid down — say, rather, offered up — for Truth, for Heaven, for God, for the salvation of the erring and guilty children of men. Blood is the element of life. Pouring it out of the heart is the most complete pledge of the sinner's ransom, the most significant earthly emblem of self-denial. Heaven pity a blood-less theology!

To chronicle any tokens of a growing and deepening conviction like this, has been one of the privileges of our place. Believing that in the illuminating grace of the Spirit they are to come to light in richer profusion, by the exchange of a partial and mechanical for large and spiritual expositions of the theme, and by the apprehension of a sympathetic instead of a mercantile substitution, we congratulate those who will have it in their power to note and register that progress, as grand as any that theology has to make. But, again, let Charity keep her watch, even until the morning breaks. We all see, yet, through a glass, darkly. They that remember this, waiting without presumption while they labor without despair, and loving all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, are the true Israel of God.

Since the period referred to, the *Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal* has included sermons and arti-

cles from men of very various religious names, and embracing different systems. We have felt a new comfort and interest in the conduct of such an organ,—the organ not of a sect, but of the Christian Liberality which is willing to hear earnest and reverential voices from any sect. This course has thoroughly commended itself to our taste and judgment, and proved most happy in the experience. It has brought us into acquaintance with many friends and brethren, far and near, who stand with large and open hearts, scholarly intellects, and stout hands, ready to welcome and to serve the kingdom of heaven on earth. The possession of these friends, of their fellowship, confidence, and the assurance of their intercessions, will be a joy remaining, after this mode of communication with them has passed from our control.

It passes into the charge of strong and trustworthy men, as we learn from the proprietor, into whose hands we relinquish it, and as he will announce to the public. Not only by their superior ability and accomplishments, but by the combination of their twofold wisdom and time, and other resources, they will doubtless be seen to raise the general standard of the work, and to increase its attractions. Of the principles they will follow in reference to the matters touched in the preceding paragraphs, it does not become us to speak, nor have we the knowledge how to speak. They will speak and act for themselves. Their faithfulness, learning, devoutness, and intent to honor the Master, need no vouchers. To them, to the proprietor, to the list of subscribers, to all our fellow-editors, to all our readers, friendly helpers, and brethren in Christ, we offer our cordial good wishes and a respectful parting salutation.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

## ETERNAL LIFE.

AMID the diversity of human pursuits there is one object that interests all hearts ; and that is life, unending life. True, we see one absorbed in gain, another fired by ambition, a third devoted to pleasure ; and with these and innumerable other things which they set before themselves daily, how, it will be asked, can you say that all men are pursuing the ways of religion ? I do not say that religion is the universal aim, but the *gift* of religion, which is life, and not mere breath and being either, but an interminable happiness, — that every human creature desires and thinks to pursue.

And this is the boon promised in the New Testament. “Eternal Life” there means, not simply a perpetual existence, nor yet holiness alone, but a state of blessedness. And now how are we required to secure this precious possession ? The way is plain. “This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.”

Two points here present themselves. First, we must know the true God ; and what is it to know God ? The Bible tells us he is a Spirit; to become acquainted with him, then, we must be spiritually-minded. Flesh and blood cannot comprehend him ; there is nothing in our mortal part that can take cognizance of God. But there are principles and sentiments within us, there is a living soul, by which we can apprehend him, and draw nigh to and love him. And as the Father hath life in himself, so does he give to the Son to have life in himself ; and through him he breathes a quickening influence on the soul that seeks his face ; he infuses a vital energy into every one who comes with a childlike, earnest purpose to ask it.

The Holy Spirit is conveyed to our souls by various means and methods. Now it is given directly in answer to prayer ; and now we receive it through channels and instru-

ments. The voices of experience, of history, and the multitudinous ministrations of human life, are eloquent with spiritual instructions. "The words that I speak unto you," said our divine Redeemer, "they are spirit and they are life." The Holy Spirit is shed through the reverent reading of the inspired volume. We never dwell on its heaven-descended truths, and imbibe its holy influences, without receiving an unction from on high.

And we are required, as a preliminary to and accompaniment of eternal life, to know Jesus Christ, whom the Father hath sent. He is to be received, not as a mere mortal, a man like ourselves, but as a Divine being. God in Christ, and Christ in God, that is the sacred cable that is to unite us to the eternal world. This doctrine is not one for the understanding; "no one knoweth the Son"—intellectually—"but the Father." The redemption through him is to our feeble powers a mystery; the height and depth of that work no finite mind can measure. It is not to be comprehended, but apprehended, taken in by the lowly and submissive heart. Jesus Christ is a rock of offence to our shallow logic; but the affections embrace him with a cordial joy. No one can truly accept Christ until it is done by his inmost experience. How are we to possess the eternal life, while as yet unacquainted with those gracious dispositions that constitute the very germ of the life hidden in Christ? To sound the depths of the message, we must appreciate the spirit of the messenger. In fine, let us start from whatever point, we shall never reach that blessed goal, "eternal life," except through Him who alone is the way, the truth, and the life.

And if we can never know the Father and the Son by any merely mental process, still less can it be accomplished by external means, translations and vehicles alone. "Life!" Look at it, what does the word signify? Is it an outward thing? Can the human body be kept alive by the motions of its exterior parts alone? No, within, at the very centre

of the frame, there must be a vital energy. If the heart be not active, if it be not incessant in its work, the members soon languish and die. You may apply an ingeniously contrived instrument to a lifeless body, that shall cause the eye to roll and the arms to move. But no one calls this life ; neither can an outward obedience alone vivify the soul. These decent appearances will no more avail toward the "eternal life," than the machine that acts upon and agitates the corpse can infuse into that life and vigor. All our confidence in these inert externals, in the forms of godliness, is leading to disappointment and woe. To every one who leans on worldly prudence, human commendation, and seemly moralities, Christ will at last say, as he did to the young man in the midst of his loveliness, "One thing thou lackest" To enter into life, you must sell all that you have, keep back nothing, but bring your whole heart and "follow me."

It follows next, that eternal life is not like a garment we may put on our person ; it cannot be conferred upon us as a gift outright. Suppose we should find what seemed a distinct record that God in his infinite and indiscriminate love would make an unconditional donation of eternal life to the whole human family ; nothing was to be done on their part, and by no amount of guilt could they alienate the gift. From the nature of the soul and the nature of the donation, we might decide that such an act was impossible. God can produce a new being, and give it a present life. This he did in the formation of our bodies. But does the body live on unconditionally ? Let us cease to breathe, and its functions are at once suspended, and life soon departs. Neither can the soul live without inhaling the spiritual atmosphere. Do you say the Creator will give it eternal life in such a way that it cannot help being for ever blest ? We answer, that such a position disregards the fundamental law of our being. He bestows physical life, and with it a capacity for continued existence. But if we cease to take food and to employ the various means of supporting animal

life, the body dies. So, if we neglect to take spiritual food, the means and aids for the health of the soul, that also must die,—die to holiness, die to happiness, die to heaven.

We are prone to think of heaven as a place, to which if our souls can once be conveyed, we shall be immediately and for ever blest. And if eternal life were that outward thing which some esteem it, then those who are “dead in trespasses and sins” might have ground to hope for it,—to expect in some inexplicable way to reach it. But the mere removal of the spirit from earth to heaven can no more breathe into it a new and ever-during life, than the bearing of an inanimate body from one room to another can raise it from the dead. We must carry with us a vital energy, regenerated affections, holy principles, a living union with the living Christ, a genuine love of goodness and sympathy with all good beings, or the fairest mansions will only serve by the contrast to aggravate our sufferings.

Let us illustrate. How little do we enjoy this world, with all its enchanting sights and melodious sounds, when prostrate on the bed of sickness! How vain it is to present him that is burning with fever dainties for the appetite! We do but enhance his sense of privation and wretchedness. So would it be with the carnal man if offered the luxuries of “eternal life.” He has no taste for them, no moral appetite to enjoy them. They are for the spiritually-minded alone; and he lacks every disposition and habit that can render such scenes agreeable; he needs the inward health to relish these pleasures. It were but a mockery of his pains to hold up such gifts before him.

This language may appear to some minds extravagant and unwarrantable. Nothing is more common than to hear men speak of salvation as if it were a gift that might, if God so pleased, be bestowed in its fulness on every one. The preparatory state, the mind and heart, are made in this way virtually of no account whatever. Passages are often cited from the Scriptures to the effect that any individual can in

and of himself, at any moment, be his character what it may, receive the heavenly life. The lot of the righteous and the wicked will be hereafter, it is implied, essentially the same thing. But the Bible must be misinterpreted in such views; its philosophy cannot be so poor as this. Until it can be demonstrated that sickness and health, life and death, are all one in their nature and essence, we cannot obliterate the great boundary-lines of revelation. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit"—and he alone of course—"shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." This is plain language; and it is as rational as it is Scriptural. Take a person who cannot distinguish one note from another to a concert of music. Is he entertained? Can you compel him to enjoy those strains of harmony? How strange this expectation that in religion, as in nothing else in existence, it is wholly immaterial whether there be a taste for its peculiar joys or not; and that, whether the capacity for its holy exercises have been exercised or all unused, the enjoyment of its future scenes and awards is inevitable to the whole race!

Then, again, whence does it appear that the life to come is so unlike the spiritual life in this world that no special fitness of character for it is required? The New Testament represents the case as otherwise. "He that hath the Son *hath life*," hath a foretaste of it already. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me," saith the Redeemer, "shall never die,"—showing that the life promised in the Gospel commences upon earth. Hear the beloved John: "These things have I written that ye may know that ye *have* eternal life." That is now, while he is addressing them, they have in themselves an earnest of the eternal life.

It will not then do for the Bible Christian to say of heaven that it is to be an entirely new gift, something wholly unlike the experiences of this world. It is a pure delusion, this idea of being made hereafter, by some inexplicable transformation, safe and happy, all saturated though we

should be with guilt and pollution. The true heir of future blessedness must be enjoying here an antepast of the celestial feast. He knows the Father, who is himself life and love, by holy living and sanctified affections; he knows the Son as sent from the Father, by breathing the same elevated and vivifying atmosphere with him, and by walking in fellowship with them both. This is life eternal, inwardly obtained, comprehended on earth, not indeed to perfection, yet constituting in its nature, its kind, and its operations the very germ of heaven; and so is the kingdom of God possessed already by the consecrated heart.

If the views now presented are correct, then is it manifest there is but one way of entering the fold of Christ. It is to those "who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor, and immortality, that God will render eternal life." We must gain a spiritual knowledge of the Father and the Son according to the law laid down by Jesus Christ; that is, it will not all flash on the mind in a moment, but must be patiently and perseveringly sought. The misuse of any period of life will leave its marks on the soul; and though heaven is not earned, yet its conditions are inflexible. We look with compassion on one who, through neglect in his infancy or mistreatment in childhood, is now dwarfed and maimed. For we know that he can never attain to the healthy proportions and the full stature of manhood. But how much more pitiable is it to be dwarfed in one's spiritual man! To feel that, through the neglect and the sins of our early days, this our soul is to be for ever crippled, deformed, unsightly, a monument of an irreparable heedlessness and guilt! And, if we do not begin here and now to live the life of God within, then for certainty in the day of judgment we must see our spirit-members, as in a mirror, shrivelled and shrunken, their beauty and strength departed; and though God should then lift us to the society of the redeemed, we could not enjoy that blessed company. A sense of our inward disease would haunt our souls, and a

stricken conscience break our peace and spread gloom over the far-stretching and fearful future.

Now, then, while we stand on this side the stream that parts time and eternity, let us avert that melancholy doom. If we will but come to the river of life, and, like thirsty, dying men, drink of its waters, they will send health, renovation, grace, and power through our whole being. The Holy Spirit will then be with us, not as the guest of a day, but to abide in our hearts, and make us heirs of an eternal life.

And what a glorious heritage this is!—to feel that we no longer rank with things that perish, but, while change, decay, and death are rolling, wave upon wave, across this outer world, there is that within us which takes hold, not only of immortality, but of unending blessedness! Glorious promise! You who are born of God shall be joined in communion with Christ, the ever-living One, the ever-present Strength of the soul,—joined too here below, with saints and angels; and these die not;

“ In one eternal round they go and come ;  
And where they travel, there hast thou a home  
For thy far-reaching thoughts. O Power divine !  
Has this poor worm a spirit so like thine ?  
Unwrap its folds, and clear its wings to go.”

But no, let us rather stay, and, accepting the grace of God, by the toils of earth patiently performed, and by its trials meekly borne, let us make sure of our heavenly place. So, when this corruptible has wrought out its tasks, and this mortal has fulfilled its whole office, we shall be divinely clothed upon, and mortality be swallowed up in life.

A. B. M.

## THE PROVIDENTIAL FITNESS OF THE TIME OF JESUS'S BIRTH.

A SERMON BY J. G. HERDER.\*

LUKE ii. 1:—"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed."

AFTER all the announcements which we have cleared up to the present time, how, we must ask, would the King appear? how would God mark his birth, and indicate it at once to the world? Not as we should suppose. Poor and lowly was he announced: so, too, was he born. In a strange town, hidden he lay naked in the manger, and found no reception in the inn.

There were, besides, two Divine announcements,—a star beamed from the poor manger out into the deep night; but only in the night, only a streaming of light in the sky, and it had vanished. Again, there came a sign to the lowest people who could be found, the shepherds, and to these as they were in the fields in solitude and night; and to them there was but a message and a hymn of praise, and all had gone. And they remained in their solitude, and the child in its manger, and Judæa in its sleep.

There must thus be another Power which God is making ready, and the foundations of which God's wisdom is laying in this lowest deep, in humbleness, night, silence, and under the curtain of poverty. Mary, and those whom these things most nearly affected, who, it may be said, were directly under the cloud of destiny, could not see far beneath this cloud; under the hand of God they endured and believed and hoped. But we,—who live in such later times, and stand on such an eminence, where we see a part of the results of the birth of Jesus already unfolded,—when we look back and note the wisdom of God, exclaim, What footpaths of the Maker in

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\* Preached in the Court Church at Darmstadt, Germany, 1773. Translated by Rev. W. L. Gage.

all this! In the smallest things which make up the greatest events of history, in the lowest deeps from which a height arises, what traces even there of the providence and the wisdom of God! The germ of what should grow so high and strong could not bury itself still enough nor deep enough, and we cannot spend a meditative hour more worthily to-day than, standing near the manger of Jesus, to note those footsteps of Providence, and with reverence and humility learn to be His instruments, as was Jesus Christ throughout his life.

The Evangelist introduces it as a matter worthy of note, that Jesus was born during the time of the Roman possession of Judæa, and at the period when, according to our text, the Emperor had issued his decree that all the world should be taxed.

1. This he does with the special view of connecting this imperial taxing with the village of Bethlehem, and of exhibiting how it comported with the plan of God that Mary and Joseph in all their poverty had to come from a distant part of Judæa to this very town, which had been long before designated as the birthplace of Jesus. In Micah (ch. v. 1) the prophecy is written; and that this was not only an undeniable prophecy of the future, as the perusal of it will make clear to every one, but that it also was at that time universally construed to refer to the Messiah, the well-known passage referring to the wise men (Matt. ii. 5) shows, where no one was at a loss to consider the birthplace of Jesus identical with the very city with reference to which an undoubted prophecy was quoted.

Thus easy was it for God to foreordain and carry into execution every act of his government, through agencies which were not aware of the place which they themselves held. The Romans taxed the whole world, and therefore Judæa too, and therefore a little city in Judæa, and so too the poorest family that enrolled itself belonging to this town; yet the Romans thought of nothing less than why

a birth should occur just at this time and just at this place; but God, who comprehends in one glance the whole course of events, the smallest and the greatest fortunes,—God thought upon it! And to the human race there came a sign of truth.

2. The birth of Jesus depends, therefore, on a noted event, which embraced the entire world, in the universally known course of political history, and thus the announcement of his birth establishes the historical truth of the record. That the Romans were now really masters of the world, and that, under Cæsar Augustus, the great tide that had so long been in commotion had subsided,—that the Roman eagle, which before had sought its prey from afar, now quietly alighted, and noted and reckoned with greater ease what he should now seize under the very shadow of his wings,—all this is the established truth of history. The history of Jesus runs, therefore, into universal history; and this appears where, for example, at the death of Jesus and in the Acts of the Apostles, the Romans enter the scene,—we always notice in the great system of universal truth where one corner meets and joins the bordering of some other part, and thus universal history becomes universal truth. Never can an unskilled writer interpolate the falsehoods of his own invention into universal history so that all things coincide,—nothing jars, but all is harmony. The great volume of Roman history, in its brightest, most flourishing, golden era, is therefore, where it touches upon Christianity, a witness of its historical truth.

3. Without doubt more weighty plans of God were connected with this, that he had fixed the birth-time of his Son during this period of the Roman supremacy; and when Paul says that in the fulness of time God sent his Son, a portion of this same fulness was comprehended in this epoch of the ancient world, as is in part clearly seen in our later times, and upon the eminence on which we stand, and also in the course of the centuries which lie behind us. Let us

the time of the Roman dominion there was Jesus! He, destined from all eternity, and upon whom, as on a central pivot, all the epochs of the world's history rested,—he, the central point, must be seen and known, just in the very midst of time or in the last days, when the world was ripe for him. As the years had past which God had appointed as the seasons of preparation and of youth, in the fulness of time God sent his Son. Just at this time, when the law had passed at Rome that all the world should be taxed,—at this time, in this culminating point, in this universally diffused light, was Jesus born.

II. This very era appeared, if any has ever done so, to need that renewal from the forces of God and religion which came by the birth of Jesus. The oldest religions of the world were at that time outlived and superseded, and philosophy, which had desired to displace them everywhere, only showed how far *their* powers reached; showed, too, what man's highest wisdom could not attain, what it was not, and what might be expected of it. Philosophy cleared difficulties up; that was its mission; more it could not do. To give power, to create activity, as the result shows, was not its to give. On the contrary, sophistry had weakened mankind, and the countries that were called the most enlightened and the most civilized were in other respects at the same time the most fallen and pitiable. Wretched morals, luxury instead of simplicity, pride and languor instead of the old strength and wisdom,—that is always the result in the onward coursing of humanity, and, true to itself, it appeared even then. The peace which Rome gave to the world was no peace worthy of the human race, but it was bondage, it was the stupefying quietus of the world's decline. Every nation threw back at once the old boundary-lines of its former feeble virtue; and as the strange ideals which flitted before them were not less than preachers of virtue, where were not frivolity, disorder, giving up the old standard of simplicity, activity, and happiness, the legitimate

result? The relation between tyrant and slave is never the most favorable means for the development of noble capacity and lofty deeds; and perhaps a tyrant in the dress of a conqueror is the most harmful, because he commonly surrounds himself with the externals of pride and dazzles the eyes of simple men. Just thus did the Romans! They were at the very culmination of that haughtiness and pride, which always go before weakness and decline; the spirit of their constitution, that made them Romans, had departed, and Roman virtue hardly survived in the world. The nations under their yoke had lost what they before had had, and what they received did not make good their loss. What now can renew their strength? Since all is parched and dry, what spring of virtue can gush forth?

So Providence was preparing a strength-inspiring draught, where and whence no one was expecting it. Among the sterile hills of Judæa, not long before the crumbling of the Jewish nation, a religion was germinating, that was destined to advance to what an arena, and to work out such grand results on what a field! Roman virtue was lost, and this new religion had to supply what the Roman virtue lacked in universal applicability, in purity and eminence. The old idolatry of all lands was past; the arena was open, and the old images would no longer suffice to meet the people's wants; the new religion stepped upon the arena, and through crooked paths and intricate wanderings was destined to lead to unknown heights. The most profound philosophy was powerless and fading; religion had to do what philosophy failed to effect; an onward pressing horde of wild beasts, barbarian tribes, who were already meditating an invasion of Rome,—even these, when they had laid waste everything in their rage, religion was destined to soften, to put fetters upon them, which she alone could do, that they might people the waste which they should make; religion was destined to be the leaven that was to interfuse itself into the whole human race, and prepare it for purity and higher

aspirations! The leaven was made ready and kneaded in at the most seasonable time,—Jesus, the new Light and Strength of the nations, was born in the fulness of time. He became the boundary-line of the ancient and modern world, of light and shadow, idolatry and the kingdom of truth.

III. But to be chiefly instrumental in spreading the new Christian religion over the world, the era of Roman dominion, which God chose, was the most fit and favorable.

Before this, when nations were isolated, and in their government and religion were like little islands, what new religion could rise on the ruins of an older, as its antagonist and supplanter, without soon finding its grave under those very ruins?

In a small compass, too many eyes would have been fixed upon it; too many desires and prejudices clung to old habits, even though musty with age; it would have found no place to act, it would have been killed in the germ. How different in the Roman world! Their dominion was too large to concern themselves about every little cloud that obscured the sky. How grand a root could strike down under the wide, dark shadows of that lofty tree, before it came to open day or appeared to merit observation! The Roman spirit was directed to quite different things, and just to those things from which a new religion, a new faith, was farthest removed; its root could therefore sprout a long time in quiet, and be despised! In Judæa it could sprout forth the most freely, because that nation was the most despised: it was and only could be known to the Romans from the side of superstition, cowardice, narrow doubting, and cherished hatred of the nations; and in times when one superstitious sect destroyed another almost daily, when one false Messiah after another appeared and disappeared,—in such a harvest of wild weeds could the good grain that God had sown grow so well, so deep and peacefully! Besides, universal toleration of religion was almost the only good thing,

excepting a kind of common law, that the Romans carried over the world; not only that they themselves never persecuted religious sects, but they prevented all nations under their shade from doing it; and we know how difficult it was for the Jews to bring Jesus to the cross without Roman permission, and only by that means under the appearance of another crime than the breaking of the Jewish law. It was there alone, under this universal tolerance of all religions, that the religion of Jesus began, grew, and gradually struck its roots down strong and sure; now for the first time it had the open air that it could shoot and prosper.

Lastly, as the Romans were now masters of the world, what ways were there opened for the diffusion of this religion among all peoples, and in all known lands. Formerly everything was only narrowly national; every people was like an island surrounded by walls. How was the entrance of strangers closed, especially of such strangers as brought new divinities! with what horrors and impossibilities beset and guarded! — and lo, all was open! All lands linked together, and only one land! An open way to all parts of the world, and only one Roman world! Rome thus reached to Judæa, as Judæa did to Rome; a single language, the Greek, could extend to the opposite confines of the world,— the road was paved, and when the word was on its course, whither did it not run, and whither could it not run! For this no times before these events would have answered, and no times since have witnessed a situation of the world like that to receive a new religion.

And when at last the great empire fell,— when, according to the vision of that prophet, a rude stone fell from the heaven and overthrew that lofty image, and hordes of ravagers pressed upon the arena, and a new and universal sorrow came upon the world,— how men could fly to this new religion for consolation! With its spiritual, lofty, heavenly virtue, it was an antidote against evil, against which no medicine was grown elsewhere in the world. Early in the

world's history this medicine was prepared ; it was received and cherished by all these nations ; it has come down to us, for the birthday of Jesus is the birth of what enlightenment, salvation, and comfort to the world ! and how wisely and kindly has God prepared that comfort for us !

Thoughts of this kind strengthen us more in our belief in God and his providence, than whatever is dreamed of lofty power or supernatural agency ! When we see him visible in the affairs of mankind, when we trace his footsteps, how everything is and shall be in its time, how he scatters every grain of seed-corn in its own best place, guards and blesses it, — what a belief in God must this contemplation produce in us, that our grain of seed-corn has fallen in its place, that we are also the instruments, in the most fitting form, for Him who holds all things in his hand, to mould in the speediest and most effective way. Every occurrence that befalls us, therefore, is as much a carefully determined pencil-touch in God's great gallery, as we ourselves are, as the world itself is.

And if we see this truth especially in the greatest work of time and eternity, in Religion, traced in footsteps clear as light, what trust in God must we have also in this great work, even where we do not see it ! Everything is but a picture from his hand, down to the smallest events of time. A picture from his hand can contain naught but good, and even there it can contain naught but good where we, as often happens in the history of religion, cannot see everything or think we see the opposite. So the system of God, which reaches over the whole human race, even to eternity, only eternity can unfold to us.

## CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Now the swift revolving sphere  
Swings into a glad new year!  
Christmas prophesies its birth,  
And its peaceful reign on earth,  
Ushers in the happy day,  
Tells it near, prepares the way.  
Presents fly from hand to hand,  
Blessings run from heart to heart,  
Happy faces fill the land,  
Happy voices joy impart.  
Man begins a newer life,—  
Wears a smile of sunny youth.  
Goodness in the air is rife,  
Like the sunshine flows the Truth.  
Gayer sound the children's voices,  
Wilder chime the merry bells,  
Fuller joy the heart rejoices,  
Higher praise to heaven swells!  
Brighter beams the sun now launches,  
Bluer skies his rays release,  
Clearer gleam the crystal branches  
Of the ice-incrusted trees.  
Thus the swift revolving sphere  
Swings into a glad new year!

Coming, coming,— going, going,—  
So the stream of Time sweeps on,  
With its sure, though silent flowing,  
Bearing to its mystic bourne.  
On its bosom sailing, sailing,  
Scarce we note its silent way,  
Busied with the stars at evening,  
Or absorbing tasks by day,  
Till some night we pass the tower  
Limiting each fleeting year,

Where Time's clock the solemn hour  
Knells upon the startled ear.  
Now, O friends ! that tower we're passing :  
List the year-clock's measured peal !  
Ah ! the thoughts that now are chasing  
Through each heart, who may reveal ?  
Who shall tell the pangs of sorrow,  
Who the thoughts of deep regret,  
Disappointment, or repentance,  
Coming till the cheek is wet ?  
Happy he, who, looking backward,  
Sees the pathway he has trod  
Blossoming with deeds of goodness,  
Leading ever up to God.  
And if any course may vary  
From intention at the start,  
O, despair not, do not tarry,  
But press on with braver heart !  
For the stream is onward, onward !  
And unless we shape our way,  
We shall effortless be drifted  
From the great eternal Day !

While the wingéd weeks fly o'er us,  
Many a change is swiftly wrought.  
Where are they, who, late before us,  
Now are with us but in thought ?  
As the shell, from shore a prisoner,  
On the air no music flings,  
Yet to trustful ears will murmur  
All the song the ocean sings,  
So, divine Imagination,—  
Glad we own thy potent skill,—  
Touch our eyes ! and in their vision  
All the past is with us still !  
Still the face of sister, brother,  
Smiling flits from room to room,  
Still the laugh and shout of children  
Put to rout the gathering gloom,—

Merry shouts, that shoot in volleys  
 Glittering through the darkening air,  
 Till, like owls with sunlight dazzled,  
 Shrink the ghosts of sad Despair.

- Even Fancy's busy fingers  
 Weave from out her magic loom  
 The bright woof of absent faces,  
 And a thousand joys to come.  
 See, O see that lovely vision !  
 Is 't a child, an angel child,  
 Strayed away from fields Elysian  
 To this wintry, wintry wild ?  
 No ! our Nannie ! 'T is our Nannie !  
 There the curls, the laughing eye,  
 There the coy, enticing beauty,  
 Jewel worth the earth and sky.

So the swift revolving sphere  
 Swings into a glad new year !  
 Man begins a newer life,—  
 Wears a smile of sunny youth.  
 Goodness in the air is rife,  
 Like the sunshine flows the Truth.  
 Gayer sound the children's voices,  
 Wilder chime the merry bells,  
 Fuller joy the heart rejoices  
 Higher praise to heaven swells !

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### THE BAPTISM OF SORROW.

“ Is there no hope, Doctor ? ”  
 “ I fear not.”  
 “ And my boy must die ! ”  
 “ Heaven knows that I would encourage you were it  
 possible.”

"It is unfortunate that I left the city, since the sea-breeze has not invigorated Frederic, for here I am without the comforts of home. Are you sure, Doctor, that nothing will calm the fevered pulse of my child, for life seems ebbing with every renewed throb? All my wealth, every treasure I possess, I would gladly lay at your feet, if you would restore the wasting strength of my boy, and insure to me his precious life."

"Earthly assistance is, I fear, unavailing; but as He, the Son of God, offered up supplications that his cup of sorrow might be removed, why should we hesitate to approach the throne of grace, when the portals of the grave seem opening for one dearer to us than life?"

"Had I faith in the efficacy of prayer, I would wrestle as Jacob did, till I obtained the desired blessing; but as, in my prosperity, supplication was an unmeaning word, now, in my adversity, it will avail me nothing. O Doctor, the agony of this hour surpasses that of the martyr at the stake, for faith supported him; but, to my vision, illimitable space is void; the throne of the universe vacant!"

"Mother!" said the dying child, "Mother!"—and Mrs. Ingraham bade the Doctor an abrupt farewell, and in a moment was beside the couch of her boy. "Take me in your arms, mother, for I am tired, and sing me to sleep." The mother put back the clustering locks from the forehead of her child, and, imprinting a kiss upon his brow, sang in low tones his favorite song. As the last note died upon his ear, he said: "Mother, the angels are calling me, saying, 'Come up here; the songs are sweeter, the flowers more beautiful, than they are with you.' Shall I go, dearest mother?"

"No, my sweet boy, I cannot give you up! Live! live, my child!" she said, convulsively, "and every moment of my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

"Mother, do *you* hear them, saying, 'Here you will be always happy,—come!'" And the eyes of the child flashed with unearthly light, and, spreading out his arms, he uttered an almost inaudible sound, sank back, and expired!

In an agony of woe, the mourner exclaimed, "My child! my Frederic! wake! wake! Who dares to rob me of my dearest treasure?"

"Mrs. Ingraham," said a voice, modulated to the deepest tone of sympathy, "does a child of earth dare to arraign the purposes of the Infinite God,—dare to sit in judgment upon Him, the giver of life and its blessings!" The speaker approached the mourner, and, taking her hand, said, "The blessing resumed was but the blessing bestowed; give thanks that it was yours so long, and that you are now the mother of an angel."

"Sinclair, how came you here? Have you sought me out in my hour of grief, to triumph over the prostration of my hopes? You are avenged now! Leave me; I would be alone."

"Do you not need human sympathy?"

"No! neither human nor divine; nor God nor man can comfort me! All I wish for is death and annihilation!"

"The latter, I fear, will be a boon denied you."

"I but quote from your own text-book, the Bible,—'The soul that sinneth it shall die!' What have I done but set at naught the commands there enjoined, and if so, supposing immortality to be true, will not the spark enkindled in me be extinguished at death? How read you the book of inspiration, as you designate it?"

"I read, that after death cometh the judgment; that for every idle word we are to give an account at the tribunal of God; how much more, for a whole life devoted to pleasure and frivolity! I would not, however, speak of this now; I sympathize with you in the death of that cherub in your arms. Can it be that you believe that his beautiful soul has exhaled like a drop of dew! that his young life is extinct!"

There was a momentary pause, and Mrs. Ingraham, closing the eyes of her child, said, "From this deep sleep I fear there is no waking. Who has entered and returned?"

"There is One. He who brought life and immortality to

light passed through the dark valley to give us convincing evidence that the soul lives when its earthly shrine is commingling with the dust. Can you disbelieve the miracle wrought to assure us of our own immortality, and that of the lovely ones who fade from our sight? Why turn you from the book of inspiration? Is there no consolation in the words of Him who said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven’? O my friend! you are madly trampling under foot the blood of the everlasting covenant, when it would speak to you better things than the fascinations, the attractions, of the happiest life.”

“Would that your faith were mine, Sinclair; but my father’s scepticism found response in the mind of his daughter, and when, in conformity to his dying command, I refused the hand of one whom I loved as I have loved no other but this beautiful child, I cared but little whether there was or was not an hereafter; for I determined to substitute gold for love,—determined that pleasure should fill up my capacity for happiness. Sinclair, it was a dark destiny which separated us; for you would have engaged me in higher aims.”

“My friend,” said Mr. Sinclair, with great emotion, “the servant at God’s altar erected a rival shrine, and there offered up the heart’s richest incense, and He whose first command is, Keep yourselves from idols, hurled mine to the dust, that He alone might be worshipped. But,” he continued, “never allude to this subject again; promise me that, or we meet no more.”

“Never! I pledge my word,” was the reply.

“Can I do nothing for you?”

“Nothing. Mr. Ingraham will be here to-night, and he will make all necessary preparations for our return home, and for the burial of our child. You will officiate?”

Mr. Sinclair bowed low and retired.

To account for Mr. Sinclair’s rejoinder to Mrs. Ingraham’s ejaculatory words, it is only necessary to state that they were both passing a brief period at the same watering-place.

Mrs. Ingraham for the health of her child, the young clergyman for a little recreation. This was their first interview, for the lady had engaged rooms in a very secluded house upon the sea-shore, near which was a beautiful grove, combining woodland scenery with an extensive ocean view. The romantic situation of the house attracted the attention of Mr. Sinclair, an Episcopal clergyman of refined tastes and deep religious feeling, who, as we have seen, was once a favored lover of the reigning belle, afterwards Mrs. Ingraham. She would have married him, had she not promised her dying father, previously to their acquaintance, never to wed a man devoted to the service of God,—a promise which his scepticism exacted from her. Thinking it impossible that she could form a second attachment, and being reckless of consequences, she married a man of immense wealth, and plunged deep in the dissipations of a city life. No gratification which money could purchase was denied her, and in a whirl of frivolities her life was passed, and nothing occurred, till the sickness and death of her son, to arouse her from her dream of pleasure. But now the spell was broken, the enchantments were over.

Upon Mr. Sinclair's leaving her, after she had engaged him to read the burial-service at the grave of her boy, Mrs. Ingraham consigned her lifeless child to the charge of its nurse, to be arrayed in the habiliments of death, and gave herself up to uncontrollable grief. "Why did he die?" she asked, and the reply forced itself home upon her, "There is a God, the throne of the universe is occupied, and his ever-watchful care has removed my child from the baneful influence of an irreligious and worldly mother." In bitterness she said, "I have carved out my own destiny, I have sealed my own doom; to my own recklessness is the death of my child attributable!" Just then the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and in a few moments Mr. Ingraham was at her side, offering her consolations which but lacerated her heart.

At the dawn of day Mrs. Ingraham arose from her sleep-

less pillow, and, throwing open the casement which looked out upon the broad Atlantic, seated herself. It was a glorious midsummer morning; not a cloud skirted the horizon, and, saving the bird's hymn, no sound broke the stillness of earth but the dash of the waves upon the jutting rocks. "On, on, sounding for ever," she said. "And is it for ever? Is not the period approaching when all will be folded into the buried past, when in one dread sepulchre earth and all that it contains will be entombed, and afterwards — O, is it so? — the judgment! Yes, we must be judged for the estimate which we have set upon the gift of life, and the evil or good resulting from that estimate. There is no escaping this condition of our being. If thou doest well, thou shalt be accepted; if not, woe, rayless woe, here and hereafter. How came we here, and whence return we? Does Nature respond not to the soul's deep question? Comes there no voice, in her deep solitudes, to solve the problem of life, to disentangle the web of destiny? On, on, the mighty ocean sweeps, — and in the dense forest the rustling pine echoes, on on, — and the waves of light from their golden urn rush on, on, — and can the soul pause in its career? can the grave be the impenetrable wall beyond which it cannot pass?"

"Therese, my love," said Mr. Ingraham, "shall we return to the city this morning, to make preparations for the burial of our boy?"

"Yes; but let him be buried, not in the family tomb, but where the flowers bloom, and the stars keep watch at night, that there he may wake."

A few weeks after the death of his child Mr. Ingraham returned home one evening in great perturbation of spirits, which awakened the anxiety of his wife. "You are troubled," she said to him; "is the shock which is paralyzing so many affecting you?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Indeed! tell me the worst."

"I am bankrupt, not worth the fraction of a penny!"

"This loss of property does not come with the crushing weight which it would have done if we had not recently borne the deepest of life's sorrows, particularly as dishonor does not attach to your name."

Mr. Ingraham started. "Therese," he said, "could you bear disgrace?"

There was a momentary pause. "Possibly; tell me the worst."

"The worst is, your husband is considered a defaulter; but there are mitigating circumstances. The money, which belonged to the bank to which I had access and appropriated to my business, was borrowed, if I may use the term, with the expectation of its being refunded in a few weeks; and it would have been but for this fearful crisis. Therese, it was the apprehension of the mortifications which would result to you from being obliged to retrench, and very possibly forfeit your place in society,—it was that alone, for you were then a votary of pleasure, which induced me to jeopard my good name by taking this false step. To-morrow I leave this country, and, to save you from the disgrace of being the wife of a defaulter, my next step will be to petition for a divorce."

"Do you suppose that I would consent to a proceeding which would shut you out from all human sympathy,—which would make your heart a grave? No. If you leave this country, I will go with you. But would it not be more magnanimous to yield up every farthing of your property to liquidate your debts, and face the enemy by remaining here? By the most rigid economy, my patrimony, which was settled upon me, will defray our expenses. Let me entreat you not to flee, but if, after the difficulties in your business have been amicably adjusted, we find it for our happiness to leave New England, we will seek a home in the Old World."

"You are my guardian angel, Therese, and I would follow without hesitation your suggestion, if I thought that you could bear the odium attached to my blasted reputation."

"I have a brave heart,—braver than you suppose. What was my marriage vow? Did I not promise at the altar to take you 'for better, for worse'? Then why should we be separated in this your hour of adversity, particularly as it was my extravagance which induced you to take this downward step? Half at least of the guilt is mine, and shall I shrink from the penalty?"

Mr. Ingraham followed his wife's suggestion, and did not leave the country. By yielding up everything to his creditors, by his strict adherence to justice in the arrangement of his affairs, he regained, in a degree, the confidence of those who had been intimately connected with him in business, and had hitherto considered him a man of uprightness and integrity. But there were those who taunted him with feebleness in the hour of temptation, and there were others who looked down upon him because he no longer kept up a magnificent establishment, and had a numerous retinue of servants; these circumstances, combined with the upbraiding of conscience, induced him to propose to his wife to make arrangements to cross the Atlantic, and seek a home in Paris.

"I have but one reason for wishing to remain here," she replied, "and that is that here is reposing all that was mortal of our beautiful boy. However, if you wish it, I will make immediate preparations for a voyage to France."

In the course of a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham embarked for Europe, and as they approached the world's metropolis of gayety and refinement the latter remarked: "With what different feelings we enter this city now, and when, on our bridal tour, we visited it. A deep lesson has been read to us, revealing the nothingness of things seen, and the reality of things unseen. Truly does the word of inspiration say we must be born again before we can enter the kingdom of God."

The severe discipline through which Mr. Ingraham had passed within a few months, together with the ennui result-

ing from having no longer the excitement of business, so preyed upon his spirits, that a low nervous fever was the consequence. "Therese," said he to Mrs. Ingraham, "how mysterious are the purposes of Him who controls all events! Six months ago both of us were in high health and spirits, surrounded by all the elegances and luxuries of life; our boy was with us, a source of unspeakable pleasure; a large circle of friends contributed to our enjoyment. Now all is gone, and we exiled on a foreign shore! And should I die here, none but menials will perform for me the last offices, which should devolve upon those whom we have long known and loved."

"Ours has been a baptism of sorrow," was the reply; "but if it has baptized us into a regenerating faith, if it has made us disciples of Him who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, if it has opened for us an entrance into that way which leadeth to heaven, instead of murmuring, should we not rather kiss the rod? God grant, however, that we be spared this new trial, that of your death in this land of strangers."

In that gay city, with the songs of revelry in his ears, the summons came for the sick man to depart, for this was not his rest. Instead of sleeping beside his son, his remains reposed on a foreign soil. A deep gloom settled upon the mind of Mrs. Ingraham under this new affliction. "Every hope is blasted," she said, in the agony of her soul; "wherefore do I live? I am alone in a strange land! Truly has deep called upon deep, and the voice of God thundereth. O for words of consolation from Him who said to the troubled waves, Peace! and there was peace."

After her husband's death, Mrs. Ingraham, having no longer any motive for remaining in France, made preparations for returning to this country, and embarked for New York. Immediately upon landing in that city, she gave orders to be driven to the railroad station, as it was her intention to return home. She had scarcely taken her seat in

the ears, before the tones of a well-known voice reached her ear, and, in a moment, Mr. Sinclair was at her side. "Mrs. Ingraham," he said, "Heaven be praised that you are once more in this country, and that the fiery ordeal through which you have passed has not ended your life. The judgments of God are a great deep, and clouds are his pavilion; but the eye of faith can pierce them, and enable us to see Him with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. God sits as a refiner and purifier of silver. O, may your image be so reflected, that, in the day of final account, you may be of those who have a right to the tree of life, and enter through the gates into the city."

"The chalice of pleasure," said Mrs. Ingraham, "of which I have drunk deeply, is drugged with death, and it was a dispensation of mercy which dashed it from my lips. And, when all our efforts are crowned with success, when our lightest whisper is echoed by the shout of applause, unless the current sets against us, shall we not be drifted on that shore where no sunlight enters,—the land of the shadow of death?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sinclair, "till the day-star arises in our hearts, we are like the men in Plato's cave, who hug their chains, and fix their gaze upon the shadows on the wall; but when the spiritual becomes the real, then the scales drop from our eyes, and the things of earth stand out in bold relief, and we, seeing them as they are, understand their true value. How many are our aspirations to immortality! Were this span of life the whole of existence, how inexplicable would be our intense yearning to be enshrined in the memories of our friends! And what is the poet's and sculptor's desire of an immortality on earth, but this upward tendency, as it were, inverted,—they seeking an immortality below which the Christian seeks above? Natural as well as revealed religion proclaims that death is the gate of life,—that folded in this cement of clay is the germ of immortality, which, like the seed-corn planted in

the earth, needs the air and sun of a higher sphere to cause it to put forth and bud."

"Mr. Sinclair," said a friend of his, the summer following the return of Mrs. Ingraham, "so you are about proclaiming to the world that your faith is shaken in the only injunction of Romanism to which you were ever accused of attaching any importance, namely, the celibacy of the clergy. Has Rumor's tongue belied you, or are you engaged to the still beautiful Mrs. Ingraham?"

"Yes, we are engaged," was the laconic reply.

"Then receive my warmest congratulations; but it is a treasure which I am afraid that you will possess but for a brief period."

"Why so?"

"Because your bride elect needed but one excellence to make her perfect,—that is, religious feeling; and, now that her spiritual tendencies are rightly directed, there seems to be no reason why she should be subjected longer to life's casualties. However, your constancy deserves to be rewarded, and God grant that your wedded life be crowned with joy."

"Hers has been a baptism of sorrow," said Mr. Sinclair; "but she will tell you, that, instead of being so steadfast in the faith as to relinquish the Christian armor, she has but just girded herself with it for the battle of life. She will tell you that the good seed has been sown in tears, and that now, by strenuous effort, she is to bind the sheaves and prepare for the harvest. There is one passage of Scripture which we are apt to forget at our own commencement of the Christian course, and that of our friends, and it is this: 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.'"

**"MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."**

BROUGHT home through sorrow's way  
 That lay among the graves,— they whose free tears  
 Have fallen like rain upon an April day,  
 Though from such weeping springs the bloom of May,—  
 Not barren, nor all desolate their years ;  
 The paths that led to those green graves wound through  
 Bright hours where blossoms grew.

They whose need it hath been  
 That in their souls the iron should enter deep,—  
 With hearts grown hard and swollen with agony  
 That knows no tears, — 't were pastime could *they* weep :  
 O God ! thou know'st the furnace-fires were hot  
 Where thou didst temper them, and spared them not.

And they who walk their way  
 Serene beneath God's sunshine and his storms,  
 But of their own light-heartedness can say  
 Only "it was," but not "it is," or "will be"; — they  
 Wearing the bend of grief's great burden in their forms,  
 Who cheerful go, and with uplifted eyes  
 Take discipline, nor wish it otherwise ; —

They who on stormy waves, leaving their bark,  
 Essay to walk, sinking through want of faith, —  
 Faint-hearted children feeling in the dark  
 For their lost Father, — unto whom he saith,  
 "Why art thou faithless, O my tremulous child ? "  
 The night is dark, the waters may be wild, —  
 Trust, and thou yet shalt see  
 They all are safe who walk the waves with me " ; —

And they who from the mount of solitude,  
 Of wrestling, and of prayer,  
 Come down to grapple with the world, — whose mood

Gathered its might to conquer, even there ; —  
And she who “ hath done what she could ” ; —

Perfect through suffering made !  
Loss, loneliness, and anguish over sin, —  
Crushed aspiration, noble work delayed,  
And the dull aching of the “ might have been.”

Yet, if our Master human life hath borne,  
And faltered not, nor failed, nor suffering spared,  
If he the scourge hath felt, and to the thorn  
His grief-worn temples bared ; —  
If he hath borne death-agony, and lain  
In the lone sepulchre, and risen again  
For our redemption from our weight of sin, —  
Shall we, weak hearts, complain,  
The while we follow where He entered in ?

So, lead us home, O God,  
Through thine own way, — sharp though the flints may lie,  
And intricate the windings, and the sky  
. Dark with descending floods ;  
So only we are led by thy right hand  
With face and footsteps towards the Better Land,  
We will be patient while we do, or bear,  
That which shall fit us for thy presence there.

H. W.

## THE FOLD OF JESUS.

A SERMON BY REV. J. M. HOPPIN.

JOHN x. 16: — “And there shall be one Fold, and one Shepherd.”

THE Shepherd and the Sheepfold are sacred images. Taken out of the Bible, how many soothing allusions constantly occur to the idea of the shepherd and his flock. How affectingly has the custom of the Alpine shepherds been used for spiritual things; that, as he can induce the sheep to climb the tremendous mountain precipices, to find the soft, green, hidden, higher pasturage, only sometimes by taking their lambs in his arms and carrying *them* up first,— so God at times takes the little ones up to himself, in order to draw the souls of their parents away from earth to heaven. A sick man told me, not long since, that in his sickness he had continually repeated the twenty-third Psalm, beginning, “The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.” During the days and nights of his burning fever, when his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, the words of this Psalm were more strengthening and restoring to the soul than any medicines to the body. The tenth chapter of John is Christ’s own use of this image, in some tender, profound, and extended lessons. He begins by saying, that “He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.” This evidently refers to all the false ways of men, in all ages, in their attempts to come to God,— to all merely human religions, that pass by Christ, and have some other way to heaven. Soon after Christ says, “I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.” There is but one true way of salvation, and of a higher and eternal life. Christ is the Mediator of the sinful soul with God. He is the only way of access to God and his kingdom.

If any man enter in through him, the door, by faith, he shall be saved. Our Lord then changes the imagery somewhat, and says, "I am the good Shepherd"; and adds, in feeling allusion to the way in which he imparts his life and salvation to men, through his own atoning death, "The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." His death was the means of giving his divine life to a dead and sinful world,—to the souls of all men who would receive it. He then speaks of the faithful, intimate, affectionate relationship between himself and his people, so different from that of the hireling and the flock. "The hireling fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the *good* Shepherd; and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep." And not for these few sheep only, these Jewish believers and followers, to whom he then spoke, but for thousands and millions who were yet unborn, of all nations, peoples, and tongues. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this Fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one Fold, and one Shepherd." These are beautiful, peaceful, and profound words,—"*there shall be one Fold, and one Shepherd.*" We might almost forget what they distinctly teach, in dwelling upon the reposeful, prophetic, and sublime idea which they bring before the mind. It would be a delightful and kindling theme of the imagination, to picture that serene and glorious assembling-place of the just, where all who love the Lord Jesus, out of every earthly kingdom, and from the deadly conflicts of the world, are gathered together in one; where the powerful mind and the burning heart meet; where the martyrs, the thinkers, the doers of the faith, the strong heroes of Christ who have made the world shake with their victories over error and sin, and the meek, suffering disciples who have sowed love and peace along lowlier paths, are united, to know as they are known. But these words of Christ, "*there shall be one Fold, and one Shepherd,*" have

also an immediate, present application. They undoubtedly comprehend the truth of the kingdom of God here on earth, as well as that in heaven ; and this kingdom of God, this Fold of Christ on earth, is best represented, with all its imperfections, by the Church of Christ. There may be those, it is true, who are out of the Church, who are of the true Fold of Christ ; and there may be those who are in the Church, who do not belong to this spiritual Fold, and who have climbed in by some other way than Christ ; but the Church alone, of all societies and institutions upon earth, represents this heavenly truth of "one Fold and one Shepherd." For the Church is the united company of believers in Jesus,— the living community drawn out from the world, who have received a new life from Christ, and have confessed him before men as Redeemer and Lord. Even on earth, then, in the Church of Christ, this peaceful and glorious truth of "one Fold and one Shepherd" may be realized. *This Fold of Christ on earth* is our theme. . It implies many strengthening and encouraging truths, that are profitable to those who are about to enter the Church of Christ; for the Spirit of the Lord has been abroad through the land, and the voice of Christ, calling out from the world, has reached many souls. The Fold of Christ's Church implies,—

1st. *Unity of Faith.* "One Fold, and one Shepherd," signify the gathering in one of all those who have come essentially into one faith,— who rest their hope of salvation upon one foundation. There must be a unity of faith somewhere. There must be one Divine religion, which applies to all men and to every soul, if it come from Him who is the one only living and true God. He who made the one law of gravitation to rule all the possible and complex movements of his universe, would make but one law of true spiritual movement and redemption. This divine simplicity distinguishes the faith of Christ from all human faiths. Their life and glory generally lie in the assertion, that there are many kinds of belief, even as there are many kinds of minds ;

that the same faith for all minds is impossible and unessential; and that every man should have the largest liberty in the exercise of his own way of salvation. This is the everyday claim of human religions, that every person should have his own creed, and enjoy and practise his own theory of coming to God and heaven. Politically, this is true; but spiritually, it is untrue. In direct contrast to this many-sided theory, we meet the calm words of Christ, "And there shall be one Fold, and one Shepherd." There shall not be this eternally unsettled, soul-tearing diversity of faiths, but one settled, restful faith. There shall be in the things of the soul an essential unity of belief among all those who are embraced in this Fold of Jesus. There are walls about this Fold that separate it from the clashing, fighting, unsettled world. It is not left open for all to straggle into it, in every way they choose. There is but one door of entrance into it. There is but one "Shepherd and Bishop of souls" in it, whose voice the sheep hear in their hearts, through and above all the confusing voices of the world. One mark is upon all within the fold,—the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, the crimson mark of faith in him, who laid down his life for the sheep. His blood purifies all their hearts. His love makes them all one. His spirit is seen in all their spirits. We say nothing now about the unbounded freedom that they have,—that they "go in and out, and find pasture," and that the whole universe and all the riches of God are theirs to enjoy; that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"; that, while made one in Christ, they are yet many in themselves, and the selfhood of each is sacredly kept; but now we point to the simple fact, that all who belong to this Fold, however differently they clothe it in their various terms and languages, must have come into one faith, must have passed through the same deep spiritual experience, must have had their sins forgiven and taken away through the atoning love of one Redeemer of them all, and have received from one Spirit, of one life,—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

The Fold of Christ's Church implies,—

2dly. *Safety*. Those who are truly members of the Church of Christ are eternally folded from all evil. “By me if any man enter in, *he shall be saved*.” The first idea of a Fold, which in the East is a large inwalled area, open to the sky, but shut off from the robber and the prowling beast of prey, is that of safety. Safety—*Salvation*—is written over its low door. The walls about the Sheepfold of Jesus are the arms of Omnipotence. “My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” Men wish above all to know how they can be saved. This is the old question of questions. Sinful men, spotted with selfishness and impurity, like the jailer, who see that their life is short, and that an untried eternity is soon to break upon them, do not care so much for other and minor questions; but they send forth the piercing cry from the deeps, “What must I do to be saved?” This is the natural cry of the awakened soul. “How can I, with sin in my life, and sin in my heart, come to the holy God, and have his arms of fatherly forgiveness and love thrown around me, and *know* that I am his,—his everlastingly? You may settle your controversies upon science and æsthetics as you please, but my soul searches the way to the living God, and his salvation. Tell me how I can find it? Tell me where I can find it?” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,” is the only, yet abundant, answer to this question. “He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.” He is the ever-open door of the Sheepfold, wherein there is perfect salvation;—salvation from sin, whose guilt is taken away, and whose power is broken;—salvation from death, because they that are Christ’s shall rise with him into a new and eternal life;—salvation from all kinds of evil, earthly or spiritual. “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trib-

ulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Fold of Christ's Church implies, —

3dly. *Peace.* "There shall be one Fold, and one Shepherd." These words of Christ breathe peace into the soul. The weary soul, seeking peace and finding none, shall be folded. Not many folds, not many shepherds, is now the distracting thought of the soul, pulling it here and pulling it there, but "one Fold, and one Shepherd." Many minds are in a sadly painful and chaotic state. Old faiths have crumbled, new faiths are insufficient. They go from one human teacher to another. They change the place without the pain. The vague sense of one's own sinfulness, and the ignorance of its being the cause of the pain, and the ignorance of its cure, create this unhappy state of mind. Blessed is it, if at this point the peaceful Fold of Jesus is presented to the eye. There, the sinful will yielded, and the soul sweetly and thoroughly reconciled to God in Christ, it finds peace. There is "peace in believing," not in thinking, feeling, doing. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is an immediate, deep, and true rest for the soul, in leaving all human trusts that perpetually fail us, and trusting the Divine Word, the Divine Work, the Divine Love,—in being folded in Jesus. Coming up out of the low, narrow enclosures of man, continually broken up, and continually changing, the soul enters into the one high, heavenly, peaceful Fold of God, above the storms of the world, and there is rest. "The kingdom of God is joy and peace." The

Shepherd who stands in the midst of this Fold says, “*My peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*”

The Fold of Christ’s Church implies,—

4thly. *The Supply of all Wants.* “By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.” A sinful and yet immortal spirit has deep and crying wants ; and there is nourishment for all these in this Fold of Christ. There is a Shepherd who knows his sheep, and their wants, and who knows all the heavenly pastures. There is a continual supply for their deepest and largest necessities. God himself shall feed them. Believers are forbidden no good thing. They are led by the Spirit into all truth. The Fold of the Church is the very place appointed for their instruction and nourishment in divine things. And there is to be no stinted nourishment, no narrow supply, to the soul. Perpetual progress and growth is the very law of their life. “I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly,” says Christ. His people are not kept back from anything in the universe that is true and pure and good. All that is manifested of God, whether in his word, or in nature, or in the human mind, or in eternal things beyond, is their ample and illimitable field to range. They are stimulated ever to seek and to ask. They are led by the good Shepherd himself along all the living waters of eternal truth, and up the steeps of divine knowledge. Every doubt shall be satisfied. Every desire shall be fed. And still there are ever higher fields, and greener spots, and hidden pastures, far up the mountain of God.

The Fold of Christ’s Church implies,—

5thly. *Christian Fellowship.* Christ’s heart was a heart of love. He purposed to rear on the earth a fellowship or society, pervaded by his own affectionate spirit, which should be the nursery of the world’s redemption. He never permits his disciples to live a solitary, unloving, selfish life.

He never allows them to live away from the Church of God, from her communion-table and common altar. There is in the Church of Christ a bringing together of all who love the same great object, and who can entirely sympathize in the same high and holy things. "If we walk in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sins." What a high fellowship! These are the ones, if there are any on earth, who may form one peaceful, happy, holy Fold. They may be thoroughly independent in other and original characteristics, but all their hearts are one. The deep bond of a true society runs through them, and that is *love*. The bond of brotherly, Christian union, Neander tells us, was supposed to be by the old Romans a secret compact, which the police tried in vain to fathom. Neither can the worldly mind and sagacity fathom it now. The Church of Christ have one uniting Object, who is hidden from the world.

They have *one* Shepherd. "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. Here is a union which grows more and more compact and perfect and beautiful, like an expanding and well-knitting body, by an inward, ever-working, vital law. The Church of Christ, therefore, is the only truly successful and perfectly united society on earth. Its differences are local, human, and temporary ; its union is divine and eternal. We believe that the last prayer of Christ is blessedly fulfilled in regard even to his Church on earth ;—“that they all may be one ; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.”

The Fold of Christ's Church implies,—

Lastly, *Training for holy Service*. “And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him ; and they know his voice.” There is everything in that truth, “and the sheep follow him.” When men follow Christ, they follow a perfectly holy example. He will lead them away from every evil path. He will lead

them to the overcoming of the world. He will lead them to the enlarged and peaceful subdual of their own lusts and selfishness. He will lead them into all the fulness of the obedience and service of God. Christ trains his true followers to be in every respect like himself. He would have his Church carry on *his* work in the world. He has a service for them all to do, and to do it only through their united effort. No one can come into his Fold who will not follow him, and he sometimes leads over rugged and dizzy paths. It is not merely for salvation, but for service, that he calls his own out of the world. Now his kingdom is a Fold, and now it is a vineyard. It is a Fold for the supply of divine strength, and a vineyard for the putting forth of human effort. He who is like Christ is continually striving for the service of God, is ever going about to do good, and to win erring and world-entangled and lost souls. As is the Shepherd, so are the sheep. As the Shepherd laid down his life for others,—for those even who hated him,—so his disciples should be willing to lay down their lives cheerfully for others.

No one is rightly in the Fold of Jesus who does not partake of that spirit. This is the unmistakable sign of the disciple. The deep and deathless lesson of the Cross, which every Christian who has felt the power of that Cross has learned, is *the willing, loving, entire sacrifice of self for the good, and eternal good, of others.*

Welcome, then, those who are about to enter the Church of Christ! Welcome from the wintry, disappointing, sinful, selfish world! Welcome to the peaceful home, the abundant provision, the happy society, the holy service, of the Fold of Jesus! Welcome to a true and substantial peace, and to a real salvation! Remember that you are saved by Christ from *sin*; therefore contend in his strength against all and every sin, to the last moment of life. Remember that your rest is not in ease, but in believing. Never be ashamed of Him who died for you. Never so rejoice,

as when you can do anything, or suffer anything, for him. Yes, strive to "know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." Always show his spirit of love and self-sacrifice, especially by bringing as many as you can into the kingdom and Fold of Jesus, knowing that all in the world who *will* hear the voice of Christ may come into it. Hearing yourself his voice, "come up higher" into his higher life, and his full and perfect salvation, and do not stay, starving, pining, and dying, down in the low places. So truly know Christ, and enjoy him and serve him and love him, that you may come into his heavenly Fold, his glorious abode, and with all the children of God, through eternal ages, "there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd." Amen.

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## MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

### No. II.

WHEN we came in sight of Sharon Boarding-School, I found it a large, square building, with an observatory on the top. Its most unpretending architecture had more of the quaint Quaker angularity, than of the immortal curves of Beauty. But the flat lawn around was laid out very prettily in circles and curves; and the trees were scattered about in graceful groups, and flowers were trailed over trellises, here and there, showing that the owner was not the victim of any sectarian prejudices, but worshipped *toward* the Spirit of Universal Beauty, and "considered the lilies of the field, how they grow."

The size of the house was immense. He had enlarged it continually, as his school had gradually increased. There were nearly a hundred girls in the school, and many came out to meet us; their playful greeting of the good man, and

his playful replies, showing the sweet spirit that pervaded their intercourse. I was presented not only to Mrs. Jackson, but to "Sister Jane" and "Sister Mary,—not sisters as I afterwards found by blood or by law, but by love and union of spirit. These ladies were two of the first four scholars with which the school began; for the principals were so modest they began with only four. These two had remained as assistants ever since they were pupils. In the course of the next few years, I came to learn, what I would hardly before have believed, that a perfect friendship and union may possibly exist between four people, living all the time together, provided they have a standard independent of themselves, and one with the Eternal Love that sympathizes with all his creatures, to which each can refer all thought and feeling for judgment, and thence derive guidance of their individual action. In these four very marked individuals, greater or less degrees of natural loveliness could be discerned; but no greater or less degree of the sense of duty, for that was absolute in them all; and no greater or less degree of faith in each other's principles, for the mutual confidence and love was equal. So manifestly pure were the sisters, so tenderly loved by the wife, and so faithfully they loved the wife, as well as the husband, that, in many years of acquaintance with them, I never saw a particle of jealousy of each other, or with each other, on either side. Mr. Jackson loved and respected his wife, as scarce ever wife is loved and respected; but it did not preclude the most brotherly tenderness and respect for these sisters of his soul, whose confidence towards him was free and unbounded. The purifying, harmonizing effect of true religion was never exhibited in social life more perfectly than in this rare friendship. And it was a powerful commentary on their simple method of seeking God's will *in the quiet of their own silent minds.* For the harmony was spiritually produced, their temperaments being singularly different. One of the women was very sensitive and imaginative, the tears lying close to

her eyes, and the April spirit ranging naturally through all the spheres of sentiment; another was calm and not sensitive, though affectionate and deep-hearted, fruitful in substantial gifts as September; the wife was of impassioned nature, vehement and intense. Here were all the elements of social tragedy. But union in duties towards hundreds of young people, requiring the constant exercise of all their varieties of faculty and sympathy, to meet so many characteristics, states, and moods of mind,—and union in faith towards the Divine Friend whose word was accessible and sought with equal fervency by each,—kept all sweet and healthy.

These four persons lived together for twenty years; and besides the school they kept, they brought up two daughters and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, without any serious disagreement, though the parents were very fond and indulgent. Truly these people had practically the secret of life, and had begun to live in the heaven which St. Paul so attractively describes as “the communion of the just.” But their intercourse was an entire plain-dealing;—

“Not too wise or good  
For human nature’s daily food,—  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.”

Something might have been added to the charm and elegance of the life, by a more specific, classical culture of the Imagination; yet hardly this, in the case of John Jackson himself. His nature was of a peculiar felicity; and then his idea of God was so large and ever-growing, and he worshipped so constantly in “the temple whose dome is the sky,” and “whose lights the sun, moon, and stars,”—“whose organs are ocean winds and thunder,” with choirs of birds mingling their songs with the waters and flowers for incense and exquisite ornament;—“that magnificent temple in which Jesus sat on a mountain and taught”;\*—that not only was his whole life a service of duty done to man for God’s

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\* These expressions are quoted from a remembered sermon of Dr. William E. Channing.

sake, but he instinctively felt that he was "put into the garden to dress it and keep it." When he had departed from the sight of those he loved, for the forever of this world, they found the grounds around his house consecrated with sweetest remembrances of him. "There is not a tree or shrub planted here," his widow said to me, "that we did not all consult upon, and agree to its exact locality."

Landscape-gardening and horticulture are doubtless the first service of man to Beauty; and thus was he led, by the hand of beautiful nature, *towards* the fine arts. It was a long way to go from a Quaker meeting-house, though he did not quite reach this last goal. His organization did not let in upon him the world of music; had it done so, he would doubtless have gone the whole way; as it was, "he had a testimony against music," on which he thought "much time was wasted." I was led about the house, to see its convenient arrangements. It was lighted by gas, which Mr. Jackson himself made in a neighboring building, and was altogether convenient and comfortable;—and I did not fail to mark that the two chambers of the assistant "sisters" were the most beautifully furnished in the house.

In the evening, the conference on history was held for several hours, all the scholars being present; and the latter, on their own petition, were made into a class, and before I left the instruction was initiated. "Sister Ann," who had recently become assistant, having been a pupil, superintended the reproduction of the chart by the pupils; and, with great zeal, hunted out in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and in other books which I named, and Mr. Jackson immediately procured, illustrations of the events, whose dates the scholars learnt to remember by means of Bem's simple symbol. Year after year, thenceforward, I visited the school, and saw class after class interested and instructed; and by this means I came into a very dear and close intimacy with these good people, and learnt that the origin of the school was not, as in most instances of private schools, the desire of gain or

the pressure of material necessity, but holy and spiritual,—truly a divine vocation,—as it ever should be.

The circumstances were these: in the first years of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson had lost an only child, which wrought deeply on the intense nature of the mother, and moved the tender heart of the father in sympathy with her. The impression came to the silent mind of each, in their individual communings with God, that it was their duty to devote themselves to the care of other people's children. Outward circumstances did not favor the plan at all; it was by no means a lucrative pursuit in their case, but in several ways a sacrifice. A sense of duty, however, compelled each to make known to the other the conviction they experienced, and the unity of spirit which they thus discovered "gave the assurance that it was the dictation of truth," and they did not feel at liberty to set this aside.

Mr. Jackson had, by his father's will, the homestead, a large farm, whose culture was affording an increasing income, as the neighboring city of Philadelphia was growing. If he kept school, he was obliged to take a partner to cultivate it, and receive but half its produce. The school could not be profitable in money, because he made the price of tuition and board the *minimum*, for the express purpose of attracting the farmers' daughters, and others of that class, to teach them how they might mingle science with common life, as he had done himself, and thereby ennable, refine, and dignify "plain living with high thinking." To make money was no part of the motive or plan. Their only concern was to provide everything needful for the instruction of the scholars, and not go beyond their means. I happened to be present once when the yearly accounts were settled. The income from all sources was so exactly balanced with the expenditures, that Mrs. Jackson remarked that the school was anything but remunerative. Mr. Jackson replied: "It balances; and could we live so usefully any other way, or

even so happily? We are educating our children to support themselves, and they will have the farm unencumbered. We might lay up more money if we did not keep school; but we should not so entirely employ all our faculties, and should not have 'Sister Mary' and 'Sister Jane' in our home, nor entertain so many interesting and intelligent strangers as visit us on account of our school. Our life is larger, freer, more of life in every respect. Could we spare our school?" Mrs. Jackson sympathizingly replied, and said she had not made the remark in the intention of expressing discontent: she was perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Jackson's plans were singularly liberal. His scholars brought their own elementary books; but his plan was a four years' course, requiring a gradation of works of higher and higher character. Persons generally have but one copy of the larger scientific works, with plates. But he would purchase enough copies of these beautifully illustrated works to supply large classes, lending them to the scholars, and the beauty and expense of these superior works produced a careful use of them. He supplied his chemical laboratory without stint. He spent five thousand dollars upon an astronomical observatory, providing it with the finest instruments, and when his scholars began to study history, although he had the Encyclopædia Britannica, he purchased all the books I advised (and only one of a kind was needed to teach according to the plan I laid down, as all the study, beside *the making and learning of the chart*, was listening to "Sister Ann's" readings). In the evenings of the last winters of his life Mr. Jackson himself read aloud these historical works to his wife and "the sisters," and they selected what was desirable, in their judgment, for "Sister Ann" to read to the scholars, and assist them to hang, as it were, on the trellis of the chart, which was an object of sight, the particulars of historical knowledge. To the last of his life he rejoiced in their adoption of the study, and this effectual method of teaching it.

But that life, to mortal eyes and judgment, seemed all too short. In less than five years from the time I first saw him, he died of a disease of the lungs, that was manifestly consuming him during my whole acquaintance with him.

I did not see him the last year of his life, nor visit the bereaved house for more than a year afterwards. When I next went there, the school was gone. He was the soul of its government, and the strength of the instruction of it. For some months the afflicted women struggled to keep it up. But "Sister Jane" was called home to her own family, by the increasing infirmities of her parents. "Sister Ann" was married. Mrs. Jackson and "Sister Mary" were convinced that it was necessary for them to rest; but, though claimed by her own relatives, rather importunately, Sister Mary still remained with the sorrowing widow, to carry on for a season the education of the youngest daughter, which was made social by the addition of a few children of the neighborhood. The income of the estate, when the expense of the school was taken away, was ample for the necessities of the family,—a striking proof that the school had been no mercenary object. I must not omit, however, to say, for this is characteristic of Mr. Jackson, that the assisting "sisters" had accumulated enough by their salaries to be at ease during their declining years. "Sister Ann," who had always spent her income for her family, had married wealth.

But the late busy place, overflowing with the music of youthful activity and manifold joy, did not seem to me dreary nor empty. It was illuminated with *a sacred presence*, which escaped the organs of grosser sense, but to a faith hardly less than beatific *fruition*, that had grown in the hearts of John Jackson's family, and was inevitably shared by all who came to commune with those who lived by constant thought with the "translated one," it was palpable.

I was shown letters and journals which had accumulated

from Mr. Jackson's active pen during his lifetime, and which his wife now gathered together. The family and their friendly visitors perpetually recalled past incidents and scenes to tell me; and at length his whole life lay before my mind's eye, and I obtained leave to put it into such feeble record as I could make, that its mild light might radiate in a larger circle.

(Some chapters of this life it is not proper, at present, to make public but some of them need not be kept back. They are a happy illustration of what culture and refinement are possible to any American family who live in the eye of nature, if only they can realize that every soul has free access to God. Mrs. Jackson is therefore reconciled to their immediate publication in this Magazine, in the confidence that a knowledge of the author of "The History of the Christian Ministry," a work involving Mr. Jackson's views of the true and universal nature of it, will lead to the perusal of that work, which was a cherished labor of his life, and which it was his last earthly work to see printed and made ready for publication. Like everything else he did, this was a free gift to his fellow-men; but it ought to have a wider public than any man's personal acquaintance, and is now to be found at the bookstores.)

E. P. P.

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#### EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*The Sabbath Hymn-Book; for the Service of Song in the House of the Lord.* Mason Brothers. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—There is much to be done in making a hymn-book besides selection. After weighing all the many reasons that may exist for the admission of a hymn, as personal taste, judgment, usefulness, association, authorship, doctrine, lyrical quality, &c., and after settling the equally perplexing

question, *what shall be left out*, there remain still the difficulties of arrangement, alteration, and reference. In nearly every respect, from the examination we have been able to give it, we should judge that the eminent compilers (Professor Park, Professor Phelps, and Lowell Mason, Esq.) had, in this collection, rendered a very important service to the Orthodox churches of the country. Of all the collections likely to come into comparison with it, we have seen none that possesses half of its excellences and attractions. It would seem that it must have, at once and for years to come, a vast sale and a wide-spread welcome. The Preface, as well as the body of the work, shows with what conscientious thoroughness and enlightened views the editors have considered every department of their responsibility, and studied the science and art of hymnology, and of musical worship. Nothing is easier than to criticise, to be sure. There is no end to the facility and complacency of men in *cutting up* hymn-books, whether to make new ones, or to prevent the sale of them. Individual preference nowhere has a freer play or a more emphatic expression. Thus, in the present instance, we confess that we could see at least one half of the 1290 hymns struck out, without a pang. We should ardently desire to cast away several. So we once helped to make a hymn-book including 872 hymns, from which we could now cheerfully spare 372. We doubt whether 500, or even 400, are not enough for all the possible occasions and exigencies of public worship; for really good hymns may be repeated with an almost liturgical frequency,—which is certainly far better than the singing of any poor ones. But we have no doubt the editors were sorely puzzled to *bring down* their number to the existing limits. As to alterations, the principle here followed, namely, to restore or adhere to the original reading, is correct; but it is plain that there is both a difficulty in finding out what that is, and a strong temptation, in certain circumstances, to alter it; and we can only wonder that the editors, having made so many verbal or even more extensive changes as they have, should have been able to stop where they did. The "Classification," Alphabetical Index of Subjects, Table of Scriptural References, and the Indexes of First Lines of all the Stanzas, show a marvellous outlay of labor and time, even disproportioned, as it seems to us, to the value of the result. But nobody can object to having so much painstaking thrown in.

We have seen an overdone pamphlet, issued in this neighborhood,

which attempts to injure this successful collection of psalmody by ridicule and invective. Taking out of it the adjectives and the anger, there is but little left. A very few errors are pointed out, such as must almost inevitably occur in so complicated and extensive an undertaking. But taking into account the *animus* of the writer, and the keen-scented hunt for faults, the effect of the criticism is only to show how few blemishes are actually to be found.

*The New Testament.* By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER.—A good deal of ability, study, work; too much for the end attained. This benefit may at least be expected,—that such applications of conscience and learning as are found here and in Professor Norton's posthumous work, while they throw some light on occasional passages, will serve to demonstrate the impossibility of substituting any individual rendering, in the popular regard, for the version of King James. It cannot be done; and, we would say it with all respect, we would rather be excused from reading much in the attempts. We rarely get through a page of any of them without meeting something that is so disturbing as to go far to neutralize the proper influence of the Scriptural writing. This may be very unreasonable; but so it is. The original does not affect us in that way, because it is the original, and we are never disappointed. But in any one-man translation of the Bible there is an element of hopeless inadequacy. We must make the best of what we have, correcting the few errors, and passing over the slight imperfections, as we best can. Mr. Sawyer has expended research and toil on his volume; in some cases his translation is nearer to the original sense than the common version; and, whatever the effect on the reader, there is every evidence of a reverential mind in him. The books are arranged in the supposed chronological order, and are divided into paragraphs, according to subjects, as was done by Griesbach, Bengel, and Knapp. But more than this,—that division into verses, which Robert Stephens is said to have performed on horseback, riding from Paris to Lyons, in 1551, is ignored, even in the margin. But considering that this arrangement is now so inextricably wrought into the whole theological and pulpit literature, to say nothing of the general letters, of three centuries, how can this be afforded? In a proper examination of the work, there would be thrown open a wider field of exegetical and philological remark than belongs here.

*Lord Montagu's Page: an Historical Romance of the Seventeenth Century.* By G. P. R. JAMES. For sale by Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—As graphic and as tedious, as entertaining and as diffuse, as most of the novels written by this author of “one hundred and eighty-eight volumes of the post-octavo size.” T.

*Christian Hope.* By JOHN ANGELL JAMES. For sale by Gould and Lincoln.—An earnest and evangelical discussion of the nature and the grounds of that Christian hope which “maketh not ashamed,” and by which we are saved. T.

*A Light for the Line; or, The Story of Thomas Ward, a Railway Workman.* By the Author of “English Hearts and English Hands.” For sale by Gould and Lincoln.—Another simple and touching history of the power of Christian love to melt strong hearts and to inspire courage and tenderness in working Englishmen, and a vivid picture of the glory imparted to the humblest soul by the illuminating presence of God and his Son. T.

*Lectures to Children.* Second Series. By REV. JOHN TODD, D. D. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman, & Co.—This book is a success where most experiments have been failures. It does “familiarly illustrate important truth,” without being silly and insulting to the minds of children. No higher praise can be given to it. T.

*The Sheepfold and the Common; or, The Evangelical Rambler.* For sale by Gould and Lincoln.—The religious narrative told here is thought by the author to be very dramatic and interesting, but to us it seems eminently stale, flat, and unprofitable. The “Evangelical Rambler” attacks Worldliness and Tractarianism, and complacently smiles at their overthrow. Yet Oxford and the world are so self-deluded as not to suspect they are dead. T.

*Rays of Light.* Second Series. OTIS CLAPP.—These Rays of Light purport to come “from the interior truths of the Divine Word through Emanuel Swedenborg,” and they have the spiritual, mystical, and diffuse qualities of the medium. T.

*Safe Home.* Gould and Lincoln.—There was, in the little girl whose brief and touching history is recorded under this title, a very extraordinary development of religious sensibility, personal love

for the Saviour, and sympathy for those great forms of Christian activity, which commonly engage the interest only of older persons. It was a striking instance of spiritual pre-maturity. We do not know why such cases are not to be expected in God's various and wonderful economy. They require a degree of judgment, care, and genial restraint, on the part of parents and friends, proportioned to their own vitality. Then they become beautiful extremely, and reveal to us, as in this instance, what rich gifts of his grace God may bestow on little children. Then they may teach us how to stand in awe of the pure soul of a consecrated childhood, without leading us to forget that the true religion of a child is simple, glad, and natural, and that the Good Shepherd calls lambs into his fold, not that he may diminish, but increase their joy. The little life here portrayed must have left an influence of sanctity in the scenes that knew it, which will never pass away.

*An Elementary Grammar of the Italian Language, progressively arranged for the Use of Schools and Colleges.* By G. B. FONTANA. Phillips, Sampson, & Co.—Mr. Fontana has found out what is actually wanted in a text-book by a large experience as a teacher of his native language. He has also been a faithful and intelligent student of the English, unremitting in his attention to the structure and philosophy of his adopted tongue, and has made good attainments as a general philologist. Considering the simplicity of the plan, the pains taken to lead the pupil on understandingly from one step to another, and the convenience of the mechanical arrangement, it would be strange if this book of grammar and exercises should not become popular and successful.

*The Voice of Christian Life in Singing; or, Hymns and Hymn Writers of many Lands and Ages.* Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—Burke, with the remarkable reverence of his nature, loved the castles and keeps that "come down to us covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages." Age lends a peculiar sanctity and beauty, not only to institutions, but to written words of truth, to "voices" and symbols. We doubt whether the real and reverent postures of a worshipping soul are more favored by any ministry than by these holy lyrics of ancient faith. There is a quality in them that we miss in almost all modern writings, even the

more devotional. The publication of the "Lyra Apostolica" and "Lyra Catholica" is both an encouraging sign and influence for the life of the Church. In the valuable and delightful collection before us,—such a book as we have often desired to see,—we have not only the great Greek, Latin, Mediæval, and Northern hymns, but accounts of their origin and authorship, with other interesting matter. Our readers will do well to remember it for Christmas.

*The Religion of the Heart and Home.* Two Sermons, preached by Rev. Daniel March of Woburn. Woburn: John J. Pippy.—It is not surprising that these discourses were earnestly approved, and sought for publication, by the preacher's society. They open the great truths of our holy faith in a clear and direct style, with a happy proportioning of argument and illustration, with a solemnity that never trifles and is never gloomy, and with a forcible apprehension and statement of the grand principles of personal and domestic piety.

*Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth.* By REV. W. H. FURNESS, D. D. Phillips, Sampson, & Co.—This is a succession of brief passages, presenting meditations and suggestions, always admirably expressed, on different aspects of the great subject. The general aim and tone are the same that are recognized in the previous volumes of the same author,—the "Biographers" and the "History" of Jesus; namely, to exhibit the *reality* of his character, the spiritual beauty and symmetry of his earthly life, and the truthfulness and power of his teachings. To a particular attitude of scepticism, we have always regarded these writings of Dr. Furness as bringing a very useful argument and a subduing influence. There are some passages in the first of the two works just named, especially, which we find ourselves reperusing with delight every year. Whatever was lovely and grand and wonderful in the *human* character of Christ, this author has a rare insight in apprehending and great skill in representing. It is hardly necessary to add, that when we pass from the moral to the theological elements of the theme, we find a want of what is, in our belief, most peculiar to Revelation, most satisfying to faith, most comforting to penitence and grief,—the real distinction between the Saviour and all men. We even find what is painful and oppressive, sometimes, as below the due honor of our Lord. The natural and supernatural, the human and the divine,

seem to lie, in the author's mind, not only under the mystery which necessarily overshadows those august realities, but in a confusion which results from a negation of what the Gospel affirms; namely, that in the Christ on earth dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and that he is literally and properly a necessary and sufficient Redeemer for the sins of the world.

*The New Testament; or, The Book of the Holy Gospel of our Lord and our God, Jesus the Messiah. A literal Translation from the Syriac Peshito Version.* By JAMES MURDOCK, D. D. Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—The history of this translation is interesting. Dr. Murdock undertook it with no view to publication, but for his personal gratification, and to keep up his knowledge of Syriac. It appears, however, that the simplicity, directness, and transparency of the style of this version, with "the pleasing thought that the words were probably, in great part, the very terms which the Saviour and his Apostles actually uttered in their discourses and conversations," so engaged the interest and awakened the enthusiasm of this patient scholar, that he longed to impart his pleasure to others. Of this feeling eleven years of study and this handsome octavo, including a learned appendix, are the result. The deviations of the Syriac from the Greek are noted in the margin. We cannot help regarding the substitution of the name "Vivifier" for that of "Saviour," though literal, as a sacrifice of essential fitness and sacred association to literality that is too costly. So "resuscitate" is a hard substitute for "save." It would be better to say, "revive his people." In 1 Tim. iii. 16, the reading is given which has been contended for by the anti-Trinitarians, but not in Rom. ix. 5, nor in Acts xx. 28. In the latter we have "acquired;" however, for "purchased," and "established you bishops" for "made you overseers."

*A Memoir of the Life and Times of the REV. ISAAC BACKUS, A. M.* By ALVAH HOVEY, D. D. Gould and Lincoln.—Isaac Backus was a man of no small figure in his day. The Baptists put him in their calendar of saints. A great spirit of earnestness and courage was in him; and, with spiritual weapons, he fought like a hero for "the faith once delivered to the saints." The time of his action was the latter part of the last century. He first came before the world

as "a Separate," in Norwich, Ct., — protesting against the lax views of church-membership held by Stoddard and others, demanding stricter evidences of regeneration both in the preacher and the communicant than the standard of the times and the neighborhood required, — himself having been converted in the Great Awakening that began in Northampton. Soon after he became a Baptist, and was a stirring, forcible, zealous champion, of few external attractions but genuine quality. In the course of his long life he was much connected with public affairs, and was a vigorous advocate of liberty. Professor Hovey has made a thorough and interesting biography, touching many interesting matters besides the particular subject of his memoir.

*Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time, with Other Papers.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Kingsley is more than a "man of letters." He is a man of things, of forces, of the living ideas and interests of his day and land. In collecting and issuing the stronger articles he has contributed to the periodicals, his publishers have done well to give the whole book the title of the principal piece. That paper in the "North British," "Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time," was a great piece of writing: genius enough in it alone to make a reputation; wit, fire, versatility, moral earnestness, imagination, and even something of the scope of a philosopher: though the author's brilliant gifts do not lie so much in this latter line. Mr. Kingsley is full of enthusiasms; but we doubt if there is a much stronger passion in him than his admiration of Queen Elizabeth. This and Amyas Leigh should be read together; as the lectures on "Alexandria and her Schools" should be read with "Hypatia." Then there are other congenial themes for this facile but never feeble pen: "Tennyson," "Burns," "The Mystics," "Plays and Puritans," "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," "My Winter Garden": stirring, vivid, vigorous compositions all. Let those who love to read the best things, and do not love to read long and systematic treatises, lay in this volume for the winter evenings.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Ticknor and Fields. — There are inspirations of the soul of poetry in this volume, so clear and full that we are not only thankful to meet them again and again, and all to-

gether, but we should be glad to have their embodied beauty and tenderness and solemn grandeur and holy pathos raised up and fixed on our study-walls, as perpetual companions. Such are "The Two Angels," — than which, in our judgment, there is nothing more genuine or perfect in the author's whole repertory, — "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," "Santa Filomena," "The Ladder of St. Augustine." The longer poem, which gives the book its name, is so well known wherever our English tongue is spoken or sung, that we have no need to dwell on its qualities or its designs. It will always remain associated to us with a very delightful October evening, when, with a little circle of chosen, dear, and listening friends, we read it through, with none but pleasant, favoring interruptions. We all thought Priscilla was a much bolder soldier than Miles, and forgave each other the Latin pun. The circle scattered; but the memory remains. One of the members sails the seas that Priscilla sailed; and will hear our true-hearted, humane poet's familiar praises, — as all ears hear, and as all tongues tell, — in the English homes that the Puritans forsook. The young girls of England to-day would rather kiss Longfellow's autograph than John Alden's.

*The Two Paths, and Other Stories.* By A. L. O. E. Carter and Brothers. Gould and Lincoln. — The writer has had practice in composing for children, and understands how to weave into the narratives that describe the fortunes and contrasts of rich and poor, in daily life, lessons of Christian charity and Christian faith.

*The New England Theocracy.* By H. F. UHDEN. Translated by H. C. CONANT. Gould and Lincoln. — The advantage of an ecclesiastical history of this country, written by a German, is the freedom from prejudice, from all the local and partisan influences of a native, together with the philosophical and scholarly character of the German mind. If there are disadvantages, on the other hand, they are not very apparent in this work. Mr. Uhden has gone about his undertaking in the German fashion; possessing himself, first, of all the leading authorities, appropriating their matter, studying it in the light of the laws of human nature and providential events, and thus evolving a result which embodies not only a narrative of facts, but a proper philosophy of the subject. It appears that he was prompted to this labor by Neander, who, from his own interest in the New England

Revivals of the last century, asked his young friend to prepare an account of them. This the author could not well have done without so extending his plan as to embrace a complete exposition of Congregationalism on this soil. This begins with the causes in Great Britain, and comes down through the first period, with a brief notice of the subsequent issues. A chapter is added on the "Great Awakening," which is understood to represent Neander's views; that great historian furnishing a Preface, which is made to conclude with this noble definition: "To desire and to labor that all the interests of humanity may be allowed each its rights, and a free development according to its own peculiar laws,—that no-one of them be sacrificed to another,—this is the genuine, this is the Christian liberalism."

*The Household Book of Poetry.* Collected and edited by Charles A. Dana. D. Appleton & Co.—A compilation of this character may be judged according to what it contains, or according to what it leaves out. By the latter mode of reckoning, the work before us will have to encounter many reproaches. It is true, it is a well-packed octavo of eight hundred pages less two, in double columns. But whoever imagines here is house-room for all that would willingly appear, in person or by their friends, has a very inadequate notion of the *Mater uberrima* of modern poets. Mr. Dana, with his best endeavors, will have to answer not only for many venial errors, but for some deeply dyed sins of "omission." And since he has ventured to open his Preface with this rash sentence,— "The purpose of this book is to comprise within the bounds of a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language," — we must own that the most generous good-nature is greatly provoked to join in with the fault-finders. We should not need much time to confront that sanguine audacity with a list of lyrics, which the irreversible verdict of the reading world has pronounced both "beautiful and admirable," not here "comprised," long enough to crowd the two octavo pages lacking from the eight hundred. But the collection is rich, various, and well-arranged. Laudable care has been taken to present the pieces in their original, unaltered form. There are treasures of real poetry enough to occupy the leisure of "a hundred nights." And every purchaser will get an equivalent for his money.

*Congregational Churches in Massachusetts, from 1620 to 1858.*  
By JOSEPH S. CLARK, D.D. Congregational Board of Publication.—

In the learned and laborious preparation of this record, the Secretary of the "Congregational Library Association" has performed a work very appropriate to his office, and full of interest to the religious community. Congregationalism in this Commonwealth has an honorable if not a very peaceful history. It is easy to see, in the light of a candid and Christian retrospect, how a great many of its internal difficulties might have been avoided. But even these were not without their lesson, and in the gracious Providence which perpetually overrules the temporary trouble for an abiding strength, bringing a deeper harmony out of the conflicts of opinion, and commanding us to be first pure and then peaceable, those struggles of honest difference will doubtless yield a final fruit for Christ and his kingdom. All readers, however fair-minded, cannot be expected to agree in every representation in a narrative touching so many warm controversies as are involved in the subject treated by Dr. Clark. In looking over his chapters, we have sometimes felt obliged to differ from him in some particular inference or judgment. We doubt whether the whole of the truth in reference to Professor Wigglesworth of Harvard College, for instance, and to the Whitefieldian dispute generally, is here brought out. Perhaps it never will be. But the treatise, as a whole, is a very valuable repository of very valuable facts. It must be plain to men of all parties that it is written in an honest spirit, and with a loyal desire to honor the Head of the Church.

*Sermons.* By the REV. JOHN CAIRD, M.A. Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—With entire consistency, these discourses sustain the impression given so suddenly and so extensively, both in Great Britain and America, by the fame of the sermon on "Common Life" before the Queen. There can be no question that, if a strict comparison were made between that performance and a hundred sermons that are preached, especially in this country, every month, there would be room to doubt whether its relative reputation was not partly due to the royal circumstances of its delivery and the royal pleasure that approved it. But royalty does not often show a better judgment; the direct style, broad sympathies, and earnest evangelical purpose of the effort gave a rare confirmation to the courtly and the popular voice; and nobody can be jealous of a distinction that is associated with such genuine merits. The sermons now printed lend a further support to the same excellent eminence. They are all on practical subjects, and follow a practical mode of treatment, not

disjoined from intellectual energy. The preacher speaks like a man who has a spiritual message to his fellows, and utters it out of love to them and faith in his Master. He evidently gives the best care and thought to his pulpit exercises. And he conveys, even through the printed page, a feeling that he is so faithful and affectionate a soul, that a personal knowledge would only gain for him an increased confidence and love.

*The Pilgrim's Progress.* By JOHN BUNYAN. With twenty illustrations. Robert Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—No matter how many editions we have of the inimitable Dream,—so much more real than most realities. The object of the present one seems to be to suit the taste of children. The story is given on spacious and clear pages, with colored engravings, all in handsome binding; good for Christmas or any other day in the year.

*The Harvest and the Reapers; Home-Work for all, and How to do it.* By REV. HARVEY NEWCOMB. Gould and Lincoln.—The aim is directly at the heart of the great practical interest of Christendom,—bringing “the members of our churches generally into living contact with the unevangelized masses around them,” and making the benefits of the present period of religious interest perpetual, by engaging every renewed life in some direct service for the spiritual welfare of others. Nothing is more legitimate, more needed, more noble than this. By an ample and skilful array of statistics, arguments, persuasions, anecdotes, maxims, and cogent appeals, the author makes a strong exhibition, not only of the tremendous necessity of more disinterested enterprises for the conversion of the heathendom that lurks in the bosom of civilization, but of the reasons for personal consecration to this work, the encouragements to it, and the Divine promises that it shall be accomplished.

*The Higher Christian Life.* By REV. W. E. BOARDMAN. Henry Hoyt.—The title awakens a great hope. Christianity will hardly win its appropriate triumphs abroad, till those who have received it into their consciousness press on to its “higher life,” rise above the meagre conceptions of discipleship which are now so prevalent, purge out the frightful element of selfishness which remains a subtle poison in so much of our nominal belief, deadening devotion, vitiating profession, and acting as a constant plea for infidelity with the world outside. We rarely meet a strain of religious thought and

aspiration in modern literature pitched to the loftiest key. It does not seem to be given to this very estimable and busy modern age to sing in the choir with the saints of old, or to worship with the mysteriously bended humili and majesty of their adoration. What the higher Christian life is,— how attained,— its progress and power,— with a careful consideration of mistakes, stumbling-blocks, and hinderances,— these topics form the outline of this author's glowing and interesting work. Out of a large observation and a well-stored memory he brings a throng of pertinent examples. From a wide range of place and time he summons a "goodly fellowship and a glorious company" of witnesses to testify to the immortal and heavenly truths he brings to view. Sometimes there is introduced an original and happy exposition or illustration of some difficult doctrine; and often there is a spirited, ringing appeal, that stirs the blood and rouses the soul. This we say, not overlooking the fact that there are many fields of thought suggested by the title which are scarcely entered here, that there is a possible type of genuine piety as rich and fair as any here described, and yet unlike any of them, and that there are heights of spiritual contemplation, in which devout minds of a certain cast love to expatiate, lying apart from the fervid line of remark here so successfully followed. We cordially agree with the author in his general proposition : "Jesus is the Way ; Full Trust the Means."

*Cornell's Grammar-School Geography.* D. Appleton & Co.— In what appears at first like an ordinary atlas of about a hundred pages, Mr. Cornell has contrived to compress quite a complete geographical survey and summary, with a surprising amount of other information about the institutions and manners of the several nations, with lively engravings.

*The Contemplations and Letters of HENRY DORNAE, of Utry, Gloucestershire.* W. F. Draper.— In quaint, simple, and sometimes broken-hearted language, this godly man uncovers his breast, and lets us hear his groans of penitence, his controversy with his natural desires, his longings after holiness, his joy in Christ Jesus. Sometimes there is a gleam of genuine poetic thought ; sometimes a homely, forcible figure that fixes the point in the memory ; very often a lofty and hearty aspiration to the bosom of the Father. In those parts of the book that we have read,— and we intend to read more,— we have

seen nothing to dissent from. The several treatises and letters, together with an obituary notice, are now republished, as an act of pious gratitude to one of the liberal benefactors of the Andover Theological Seminary,—Madam Phillips,—who had a special delight and comfort in them.

*Sunday Afternoons in the Nursery.* Carter and Brothers. Gould and Lincoln.—This is an attempt, and quite a successful one, to render into simple, almost monosyllabic terms, some of the more affecting stories in the Book of Genesis, for very young children.

*The New Testament.* New York: Collins and Brothers.—The object of this edition is to present the received text, as pointed and written by Bagster, Eyre, and Spottiswoode, without the divisions into chapter and verse, and with quotation-marks to designate the speeches of persons or passages cited. The type is large and plain. The book looks as little like a Bible as it well could.

*Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the one System of God.* By REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. Charles Scribner.—This great work of thinking and learning arrives in our hands just as we go to press, and too late for a notice at all comporting with its importance. Knowing something of its solemn and stately growth in the author's fruitful mind, we have long been looking for its completion, and expecting the pleasure of presenting an outline, at least, of its contents to our readers. It will be everywhere read with three kinds of interest: that which is personal, and is everywhere felt in the man thinking and teaching; that which is intellectual, seeking and finding a rare play of original mental power on the highest theme; and that which is theological or theoglico-religious, looking here for light and help, for clear direction and sound conclusions, on one of the very profoundest and holiest questions of the Church, the age, and the individual heart. Perplexed at the apparent opposition in the claims of Christianity between the natural and the supernatural, some men incline to resolve the supernatural into the natural; others, to resolve the natural into the supernatural. The mind that dwells in the realm of sequences, or rather of definable cause and effect, and therefore commonly called the scientific mind, takes the former course. The mind that dwells in the realm of original and unexplained forces, which is an atmosphere of faith, i. e. the

mystical mind, takes the latter course. It is between these two tendencies that Dr. Bushnell, in his chosen and exalted office of interpreter and reconciler of conflicting ideas in philosophy and religion, undertakes to mediate, — extricating the truth in each view, and the more comprehensive truth including both. The discussion, after clearing its own way, by some definitions which are treatises in themselves, attended by some bold criticisms on received systems of creation, strikes the main subject at the point of sin, or a broken law, here encountering at once human freedom and Divine order. Here the argument grapples with the whole problem, — psychological and moral, — historical, legal, and pathological. In the remedy for sin lies the real solution, — the restoration of a cosmical and spiritual order, — because it was there that nature and God had come to issue. The explanations and theories of naturalism are tried, both by physical and metaphysical science, and by logic. A miraculous Revelation is found, and not apologetically justified, but confessed, in grand generalizations of thought and faith, the only possible answer to the facts of the universe and the soul. Not able to pause where the general belief of Christendom will consent with him, the author then passes on to show reasons for believing that in the regular processes of a "world governed in the interests of Christianity," or a "Christly Providence," the miraculous element does not die out, but remains normal and permanent amidst its own conditions. We have only space to congratulate the writer on what he probably regards as the principal single labor of his mortal life, and all thoughtful people on the rich gift and strong exercise here offered to their minds and hearts.

#### PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

The truly Christian and elevated discourse of Dr. Robbins, on "*The Central Power of the Gospel*," preached at the installation of Rev. Mr. Reynolds at Concord, with the other exercises; all excellent: the *Forty-ninth Report* of the unrivalled organization of Christian philanthropy, — the *American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions*: the *Ninth Annual Report* of a smaller, but not less genuine charity, — the *Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute*: the First Number of the *Mathematical Monthly*, a new enterprise, conducted by the ablest masters of mathematical science in the country, and promising to meet an existing want with a satisfactory supply: and a *Sermon by Rev. W. B. Sprague, D.D., of Albany*, on "*The Completion of the Atlantic Telegraph*," characterized by the broad views and lofty sentiments that belong to all the productions of that eminent divine.

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## GOULD & LINCOLN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**The New England Theocracy**; a History of the Congregationalists, of New England to the Revivals of 1740. A Contribution to the Church History of North America. By H. F. UHDEN. With a Preface by the late DR. NEANDER. Translated from the Second German edition, by H. C. CONANT. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

This work was undertaken at the suggestion of DR. NEANDER. It is a German View of New England Ecclesiastical History. The New England Church is regarded as *sui generis*; its development is logically as well as historically traced; and it is viewed as having an important bearing on the world at large. The great merit of the work is its *impartiality*. The scales are evenly held between the Congregationalists on the one hand, and the Baptists, Episcopalians, and Quakers on the other. For each of these, the work possesses the interest of an umpire.

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This is an important contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the last century. It gives a clear and full account of the origin of the "Separate" churches in New England; of the struggles of the Baptists for religious liberty, of the legislation for the Church against which they contended, and of various other interesting topics.

**The Harvest and the Reapers**; Home-Work for All, and How to Do it. By HARVEY NEWCOMB, Author of "How to be a Lady," &c., &c. 18mo. Cloth. Price, 62 cents.

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